

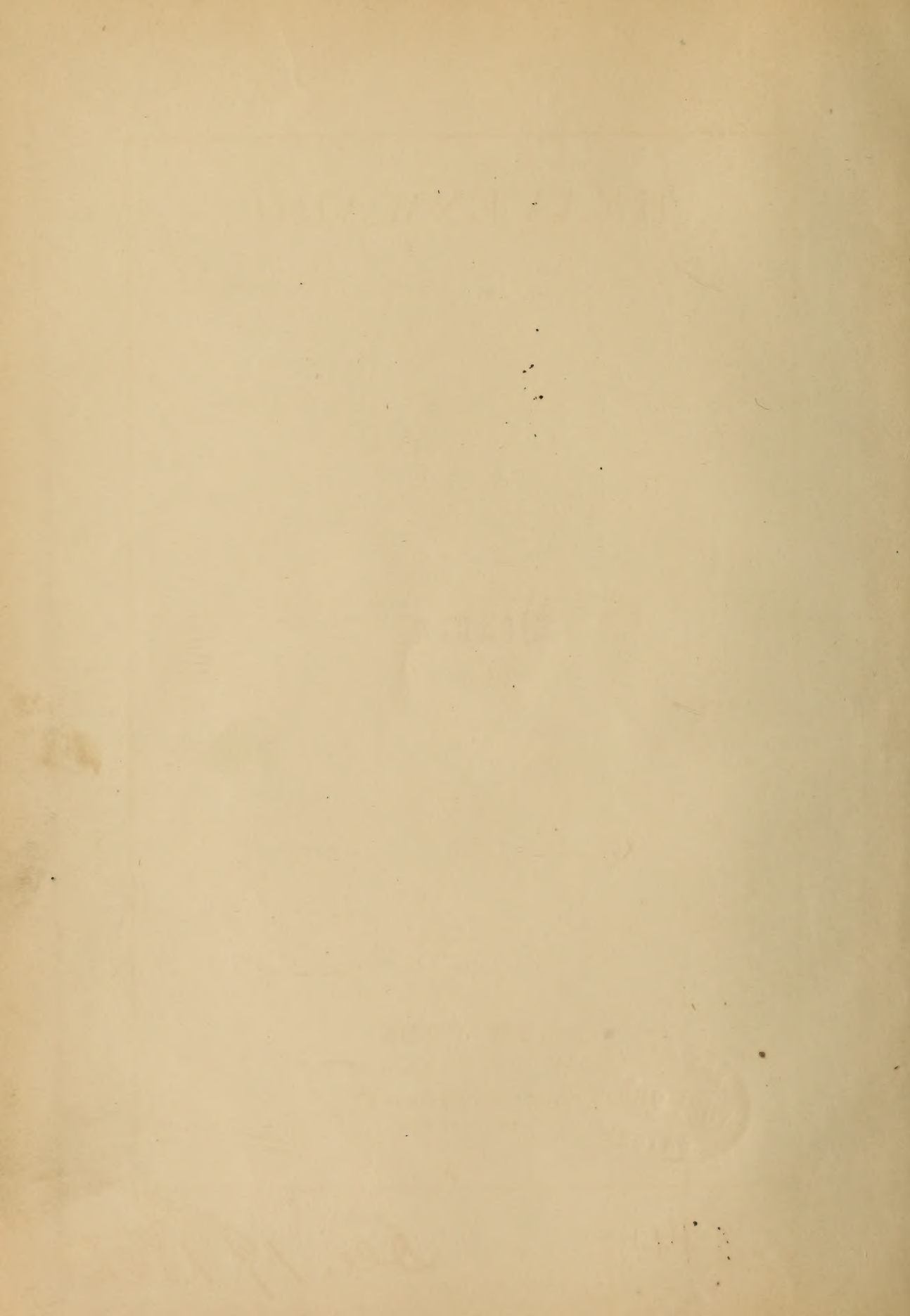
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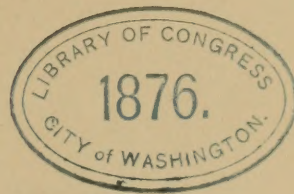


✓ HEAVENWARD:

A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND POEMS OF CONSOLATION.

And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove!
For then would I fly away, and be at rest.—PSALM.



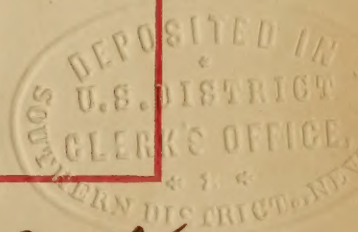
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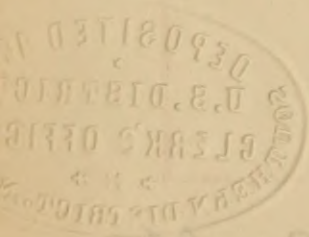
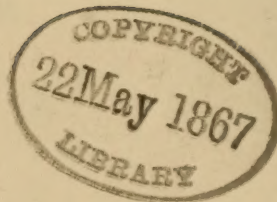
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IN MEMORIAM.

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal, the soul within.

But for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise—
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
But that large grief which these enfold,
Is given in outline, and no more.

TENNYSON.

TO MY CHILDREN,
THESE SELECTIONS, CULLED FOR THEM,
ARE OFFERED, WITH A MOTHER'S
TRUE LOVE.

SEPT., 1866.

Heaven.

This selection of gems from the rich mine of Sacred Poetry, which was made to beguile the weary hour in a season of sorrow, is now presented to mourning hearts, in the hope that it may be of benefit in ministering consolation in trials, in soothing the distressed, and in cheering the heavy-laden in their aspirations Heavenward.

HEAVEN'S GLORIES.

Cardinal Damiani.

1003-1072.

IN the Fount of life perennial, the parchéd heart its thirst
 would slake,
And the soul, in flesh imprison'd, longs its prison walls to
 break—
Exile, seeking, sighing, yearning, in her Fatherland to wake.

When with cares oppress'd and sorrows, only groans her
 grief can tell,
Then she contemplates the glory which she lost, when first
 she fell ;
Present evil but the memory of the vanish'd good can swell.

Who can utter what the pleasures and the peace unbroken
 are,
Where arise the pearly mansions, shedding silvery light
 afar?
Festive seats and golden roofs, which glitter like the even-
 ing star !

Wholly of fair stones most precious are those radiant struc-
 tures made ;
With pure gold, like glass transparent, are those shining
 streets inlaid :
Nothing that defiles can enter, nothing that can soil or fade.

Stormy Winter, burning Summer, rage within those regions
never,
But perpetual bloom of roses, and unfading Spring for-
ever ;—
Lilies gleam, the crocus glows, and dropping balms their
scents deliver.

Honey pure, and greenest pastures, this the land of prom-
ise is ;
Liquid odors soft distilling, perfumes breathing on the
breeze ;
Fruits immortal cluster always, on the leafy, fadeless trees.

There no moon shines chill and changing, there no stars
with twinkling ray,
For the Lamb of that blest city is at once the Sun and Day ;
Night and time are known no longer, day shall never fade
away.

There, the saints like suns are radiant, like the sun at dawn
they glow ;
Crownéd victors after conflict, all their joys together flow,
And secure they count the battles where they fought the
prostrate foe.

Every stain of flesh is cleanséd, every strife is left behind,
Spiritual are their bodies, perfect unity of mind ;
Dwelling in deep peace forever, no offence or grief they find.

Putting off their mortal vesture, in their Source their souls
they steep—

Truth by actual vision learning, on its form their gaze they
keep—

Drinking from the living Fountain draughts of living wa-
ters deep.

Time, with all its alternations, enters not those hosts among ;
Glorious, wakeful, blest,—no shade of change o'er them is
flung ;

Sickness cannot touch the deathless, nor old age the ever
young.

There, their being is eternal, things that cease have ceased
to be ;

All corruption there has perish'd, there they flourish strong
and free :

Thus mortality is swallowed up of life eternally.

Naught from them is hidden, knowing Him to whom all is
known,

All the spirit's deep recesses, sinless to each other shown,—
Unity of will and purpose, heart and mind forever one.

Divers as their varied labors, the rewards to each that fall,
But Love, what she loves in others, evermore her own doth
call ;

Thus the several joy of each becomes the common joy of all.

Where the body is, there ever are the eagles gatheréd ;
For the saints and for the angels, one most blesséd feast is
spread,—
Citizens of either country living on the self-same bread.

Ever filled, and ever seeking, what they have they all desire ;
Hunger there shall fret them never, nor satiety shall tire,—
Still enjoying whilst aspiring, in their joy they still aspire.

There the new song, new forever, those melodious voices
sing,
Ceaseless streams of fullest music through those blesséd
regions ring ;
Crownéd victors ever bringing praises worthy of the King !

Blesséd who the King of Heaven in His beauty thus behold,
And beneath His throne rejoicing see the universe unfold,—
Sun and moon, and stars and planets, radiant in His light
unroll'd !

Christ, the Palm of faithful victors ! of that city make me
free ;
When my warfare is accomplished, to its mansions lead
Thou me, —
Grant me, with its happy inmates, sharer of Thy gifts to be.

Let Thy soldier, yet contending, still be with Thy strength
supplied ;
Thou wilt not deny the quiet, when the arms are laid aside ;
Make me meet with Thee forever, in that country to abide !

HEAVEN'S JOYS.

Thomas-a-Kempis.

1380-1471.

HIGH the angel choirs are raising
Heart and voice in harmony ;
The Creator King, still praising,
Whom in beauty there they see.

Sweetest strains from soft harps stealing ;
Trumpets, notes of triumph pealing ;
Radiant wings, and white stoles gleaming,
Up the steps of glory streaming ;
Where the heavenly bells are ringing ;
Holy, holy, holy ! singing—
To the mighty Trinity !
Holy, holy, holy ! crying ;
For all earthly care and sighing
In that city cease to be !

Every voice is there harmonious,
Praising God in hymns symphonious ;
Love each heart with light unfolding,
As they stand in peace beholding

There the Triune Deity !
Whom adore the seraphim
Aye, with love eternal burning ;
Venerate the cherubim,
To their Fount of honor turning ;
Whilst angelic thrones adoring,
Gaze upon His majesty.

O how beautiful that region !
And how fair that heavenly legion,
Where thus men and angels blend !
Glorious will that city be,
Full of deep tranquillity,
Light and peace from end to end !
All the happy dwellers there
Shine in robes of purity,
Keep the laws of charity,
Bound in firmest unity ;—
Labor finds them not, nor care.
Ignorance can ne'er perplex,
Nothing tempt them, nothing vex ;—
Joy and health their fadeless blessing,
Always all things good possessing !

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

Bernard, of Clugny, Twelfth Century.

Translated by DR. NEALE.

.
BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending—
The tearless life, is There.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown,
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown :
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope ;—
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced—

That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chased.
Amidst the happy chorus,
A place however low,
Shall show Him us, and, showing,
Shall satiate evermo.

For thee, O dear, dear Country !
Mine eyes their vigils keep :
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only Mansion,
O Paradise of Joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,—
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall ;—
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays ;

Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
 Thou hast no Time, bright day !
Dear Fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy Tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And Thine the golden dower.

Jerusalem the Golden !
 With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed.
I know not, O I know not,
 What social joys are There !
What radiance of glory,
 What Light beyond compare !

They stand, those halls of Syon,
 Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng ;
The Prince is ever in them,—
 The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And There, from toil released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white !

Jerusalem the glorious !
The glory of th' Elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect !
Even now by faith I see thee—
Even here thy walls discern ;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

Jerusalem the onely ;
That look'st from Heaven, below,
In thee is all my glory,
In me is all my woe ;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain—
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

O mine, my golden Syon !
O lovelier far than gold,

With laurel-girt battalions
 And safe victorious fold !
 O sweet and blessed Country,
 Shall I ever win thy grace ?
 I have the hope within me
 To comfort and to bless !
 Shall I ever win the prize itself ?
 O tell me, tell me, yes !

HERE AND THERE.

Lange.

WHAT no human eye hath seen,
 What no mortal ear hath heard,
 What on thought has never been
 In its noblest flights conferred—
 This has God prepared in store
 For His people evermore !

When the shaded pilgrim-land
 Fades before my closing eye,
 Then revealed on either hand,
 Heaven's own scenery shall lie ;—
 Then the veil of flesh shall fall,
 Now concealing, darkening all.

Heavenly landscapes, calmly bright,
 Life's pure river, murmuring low ;

Forms of loveliness and light
Lost to earth long time ago ;
Yes, mine own lamented long,
Shine amid the angel throng !

Many a joyful sight was given,
Many a lovely vision here—
Hill, and vale, and starry even,
Friendship's smile,—affection's tear ;
These were shadows sent in love,
Of realities above !

When upon my wearied ear
Earth's last echoes faintly die,
Then shall angel-harps draw near,—
All the chorus of the sky ;
Long-hushed voices blend again
Sweetly in that welcome strain !

Here, were sweet and varied tones—
Bird, and breeze, and fountain's fall ;
Yet creation's travail-groans
Ever sadly sighed through all.
There no discord jars the air—
Harmony is perfect There !

When this aching heart shall rest,
All its busy pulses o'er,
From her mortal robes undrest
Shall my spirit upward soar.

Then shall unimagined joy
All my thoughts and powers employ.

Here, devotion's healing balm,
Often comes to soothe my breast.
Hours of deep and holy calm—
Earnests of eternal rest.
But the bliss is here unknown,
Which shall There be all my own!

Jesus reigns, the Life, the Sun
Of that wondrous world above ;
All the storms and clouds are gone,
All is light, and all is love ;
All the shadows melt away
In the blaze of perfect day !



THE DWELLING-PLACE ABOVE.

Bishop Mant.

THERE is a dwelling-place above ;
Thither, to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go ;
There is a paradise of rest ;
For contrite hearts and souls distrest
Its streams of comfort flow.

There is a goodly heritage,
Where earthly passions cease to rage ;
 The meek that haven gain.
There is a board, where they who pine,
Hungry, athirst, for grace divine,
 Many feast, nor crave again.

There is a voice to mercy true ;
To them who mercy's path pursue
 That voice shall bliss impart—
There is a sight from man concealed,
That sight—the face of God revealed
 Shall bless the pure in heart.

There is a name, in Heaven bestowed,
That name, which hails them “ Sons of God,
 The friends of peace shall know :
There is a kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with God on high,
 Who serve him best below.

Lord, be mine like them to choose
The better part,—like them to use
 The means Thy love hath given.
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That Death be welcome as a birth
 To life and bliss in Heaven !

THE GOODLY LAND!

Mrs. Anne Steele.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Far distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more!

There, pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom—
And endless pleasure reigns.

From discord free, and war's alarms,
And want, and pining care,
Plenty and peace, unite their charms,
And smile unchanging There.

There, rich varieties of joy,
Continual feast the mind;
Pleasures which fill, but never cloy—
Immortal and refined!

No factious strife, no envy there,
The sons of peace molest ;
But harmony, and love sincere
Fill every happy breast.

No clouds those blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of mortal woe
Can never enter There.

There, no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory, from the Sacred Throne
Spreads everlasting day.

The glorious Monarch, There displays
His beams of wondrous grace ;
His happy subjects sing His praise,
And bow before His face.

Oh, may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our spirits rise and join,
The chorus of the sky !

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

"Lpra Apostolica."

THE Holy Jerusalem
From highest Heaven descending
And crowned with a diadem
Of angel bands attending.
The Living City built on high
Bright with celestial jewelry!

She comes the Bride, from Heaven's gate,
In nuptial new adorning,
To meet the Immaculate
Like coming of the morning.
Her streets of purest gold are made—
Her walls, a diamond palisade.

There with pearls the gates are dight
Upon that Holy Mountain ;
And thither come forth day and night,
Who in the Living Fountain
Have washed their robes from earthly stain,
And borne below Christ's lowly chain.

By the hand of the Unknown,
The living stones are moulded
To a glorious shrine All One,
Full soon to be unfolded :

The building wherein God doth dwell,
The Holy Church Invisible.

Glory be to God, who layed
In Heaven the foundation ;
And to the Spirit who hath made
The walls of our salvation
To Christ Himself, its Corner Stone ;
Be glory to the Three in One.

THE SEAT OF GLORY.

Drummond.

IF with such passing beauty, choice delights,
The Architect of this great round, did frame
This palace visible, short lists of fame,
And silly mansion of but dying wights ;
How many wonders, what amazing lights.
Must that triumphing Seat of Glory claim,
That doth transcend all this All's vastly heights,
Of whose bright sun, ours here is but a beam !
O blest abode ! O happy dwelling-place !
Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign ;
Blest people, who do see true Beauty's face,
With whose far shadows, scarce He earth doth deign .
All Joy is but annoy, all concord strife,
Matched with your endless bliss and happy life.

THAT LAND.

Oh! land.

THERE is a land where beauty will not fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye ;
Where true hearts will not sink nor be dismayed,
And Love will never die.
Tell me—I fain would go—
For I am burdened with a heavy woe ;
The beautiful have left me all alone ;
The true, the tender, from my path have gone,
And I am weak and fainting with despair ;
Where is it ? tell me where ?

Friend, thou must trust in Him, who trod before
The desolate path of life ;
Must bear in meekness, as He meekly bore
Sorrow, and toil, and strife.
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths has trod ;
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe ;
Think of His loneliness in places dim,
When no man comforted or cared for Him ;—
Think how He prayed, unaided and alone,
In that dread agony, “ Thy will be done ! ”
Friend, do thou not despair,
Christ, in his Heaven of Heavens, will hear thy prayer.

THE FATHER-LAND.

From the German, by Dr. Mills.

Know ye the land?—On earth 'twere vainly sought
To which the heart in sorrows turns its thought ;
Where no complaint is heard—tears never flow—
The good are blest—the weak with vigor glow !
Know ye it well ?

For this, for this
All earthly wish or care, my friends, dismiss !

Know ye the way—the rugged path of thorns ?
His lagging progress there, the traveler mourns ;
He faints, he sinks,—from dust he cries to God—
“ Relieve me, Father, from the weary road ! ”
Know ye it well ?

It guides, it guides,
To that dear land, where all we hope abides.

Know ye that Friend?—In Him a man you see ;
Yet more than man, more than all men is He ;
Himself before us trod the path of thorns,
To pilgrims now His heart with pity turns.
Know ye Him well ?

His hand, His hand
Will safely bring us to that Father-Land.

PILGRIM SONG.

Gerhard Terstegen.

COME, brothers, let us onward—
Night comes without delay,
And in this howling desert
It is not good to stay.
Take courage, and be strong,
We are hasting on to Heaven ;
Strength for warfare will be given,
And glory won ere long.

The Pilgrim's path of trial
We do not fear to view ;
We know His voice who calls us,
We know Him to be true.
Then, let who will contemn ;—
Strong in His Almighty grace.
Come, every one, with steadfast face
On to Jerusalem !

Here, all unknown we wander,
Despised on every hand ;
Unnoticed, save when slighted—
As strangers in the land.

Our joys they will not share—
Yet sing, that they may catch the song
Of Heaven, and the happy throng
That now await us there!

Come, gladly, let us onward—
Hand in hand still go,
Each helping one another
Through all the way below.
One family of love,—
Oh, let no voice of strife be heard,
No discord, by the angel-guard
Who watch us from above!

O brothers! soon is ended
The journey we've begun—
Endure a little longer,
The race will soon be won!
And in the land of rest,
In yonder bright, eternal home,
Where all the Father's loved ones come.
We shall be safe and blest!

N O T V E R Y F A R .

Bonar.

SURELY yon Heaven, where angels see God's face,
Is not so distant as we deem
From this low earth !—"Tis but a little space,
The narrow crossing of a slender stream ;—
'Tis but a mist which winds might blow aside.
Yes, these are all that us of earth divide
From the bright dwellings of the glorified ;—
The Land of which I dream.

These peaks are nearer Heaven than earth below,
These hills are higher than they seem ;
'Tis not the clouds they touch, nor the soft brow
Of the o'erbending azure, as we deem :
'Tis the blue floor of Heaven that they upbear,
And, like some old and wildly rugged stair,
They lift us to the land where all is fair,—
The Land of which I dream.

These ocean waves, in their unmeasured sweep,
Are brighter, bluer than they seem ;
True image here of the celestial deep,
Fed from the fullness of the unfailing stream ;

Heaven's glassy sea of everlasting rest,
With not a breath to stir its silent breast,
The sea that laves the land where all are blest,—
The Land of which I dream.

And these keen stars, the bridal gems of night,
Are purer, lovelier than they seem ;
Filled from the inner fountain of deep light,
They pour down Heaven's own beam ;
Clear, sparkling, from their throne of glorious blue,
In accents ever ancient, ever new,
Of the glad home above, beyond my view,—
The Land of which I dream.

This life of ours, these lingering years of earth,
Are briefer, swifter, than they seem ;
A little while, and the great second birth
Of Time shall come,—the prophets' ancient theme.
Then He, the King, the Judge, at length shall come,
And from this desert, where we sadly roam,
Shall give the Kingdom, for our endless home,—
The Land of which I dream !

THAT CITY!

Helen L. Parmlee.

I KNOW the walls are jasper,
The palaces are fair,
And to the sounds of harpings
The saints are singing There ;
I know that living waters
Flow under fruitful trees ;
But oh, to make my heaven,
It needeth more than these !

Read in the sacred story,
What more doth it unfold,
Beside the pearly gateways
And streets of shining gold ?
No temple hath That city,
For none is needed There,
No sun nor moon enlighteneth ;—
Can darkness then be fair ?

Ah, now the bright revealing,
The crowning joy of all !
What need of other sunshine
Where God is all in all ?

He fills the wide ethereal
With glory all His own,—
He, whom my soul adoreth,
The Lamb amidst the throne !

O Heaven, without my Saviour,
Would be no heaven to me ;
Dim were the walls of jasper—
Rayless the crystal sea.
He gilds earth's darkest valleys
With light, and joy, and peace ;
What then must be the radiance
When Night and Death shall cease ?

Speed on, O lagging moments !
Come, birthday of the soul !
How long the night appeareth,
The hours, how slow they roll !
How sweet the welcome summons
That greets the willing bride !
And when mine eyes behold Him,
“ I shall be satisfied.”

“*HOW CAN WE KNOW THE WAY?*”

From the German of F. Schiller.

FROM out this dim and gloomy hollow,
Where hang the cold clouds heavily,
Could I but gain the clue to follow,
How blesséd would the journey be!

Aloft, I see a fair dominion,
Through time and change, all vernal still ;
But what the power, and where the pinion,
To gain the ever-blooming hill?

Afar, I hear the music ringing,
The lulling sounds of Heaven's repose ;
And the light gales are downward bringing
The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.

I see the fruit, all golden glowing,
Beckon, the glassy leaves between :—
And o'er the winds that there are blowing,
Nor blight nor winter's wrath hath been.

Ye suns that shine forever yonder,
O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee ;—
The very zephyrs there that wander,
How healing must their breathing be!

NONE IN HEAVEN BUT THEE.

Sir Robert Grant.

LORD of earth! thy bounteous hand
Well this glorious frame hath planned;
Woods that waive, and hills that tower,
Ocean, rolling in his power,
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought;—
Friendship,—gem transcending price,
Love, a flower of Paradise;—
Yet, amid this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
“Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?”

Lord of Heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in Love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall join again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze, a glorious company;—
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings;

Oh, that scene is passing fair!
Yet, shouldst Thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
“Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?”

Lord of earth and Heaven! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest;
I was lost—thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child;
I was blind—Thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse array;
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe;
Yet should once Thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were Heaven or earth to me?
“Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?”

IN HEAVEN ALONE IS REST.

Not in this weary world of ours
Can perfect rest be found;
Thorns mingle with earth's fairest flowers,
Even on cultured ground.
A brook to drink of by the way,
A rock its shade to cast,
May cheer our path from day to day,
But such can not long last;

Earth's pilgrim still his loins must gird
To seek a lot more blest ;
And this must be his onward word,—
“ In Heaven alone is rest.”

This cannot be thy resting-place,
Though now and then a gleam
Of lovely nature, heavenly grace,
May on thee briefly beam ;
Grief's pelting shower, care's dark'ning shroud,
Still falls, or hovers near ;
And sin's pollutions often cloud
The light of life while here ;
Nor till it “ shuffle off the coil ”
In which it lies depressed,
Can the pure spirit cease from toil,—
“ In Heaven alone is rest.”

Rest to the weary, anxious soul,
That on life's toilsome road
Bears onward to the destined goal
Its heavy galling load ;—
Rest unto eyes that often weep,
Beneath the day's broad light,
Or oftener painful vigils keep
Through the dark hours of night ;
But let us bear with pain or care,
As ills to be redressed ;—
Relying on the promise fair,
“ In Heaven alone is rest.”

MORE BLEST THAN EDEN.

Bishop Cox.

THERE is a land like Eden fair,
But more than Eden blest ;
The wicked cease from troubling There,
The weary are at rest.

There is a land of calmest shore.
Where ceaseless summers smile,
And winds, like angel-whispers, pour
Across the shining isle.

There is a land of purest mirth,
Where healing waters glide ;
And There, the wearied child of earth
Untroubled may abide.

There is a land where Sorrow's sons
Like ocean wrecks are tossed ;
But There revive those weeping ones,
When life's dull sea is crossed.

There is a land where small and great
Before the Lord appear ;
The spoils of fortune and of fate,
Whom heaven alone can cheer.

There is a land where star-like shine
 The pearls of Christ's renown ;
 And gems long buried in the mine
 Are jewels in His crown.

There is a land like Eden fair,
 But more than Eden blest ;
 Oh, for a wing to waft me There,
 To fly, and be at rest !

HIS THRONE AND TEMPLE.

Rev. W. A. Muhlenburg.

SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
 Such radiant gems are strewn,
 Oh, what magnificence must glow,
 My God, about Thy throne !
 So brilliant here those drops of light—
 Where the full ocean rolls, how bright !

If night's blue curtain of the sky,
 With thousand stars inwrought,
 Hung like a glittering canopy
 With royal diamonds fraught,
 Be, Lord, Thy temple's outer veil
 What splendor at the shrine must dwell !

The dazzling sun, at noontide hour,
 Forth from his flaming vase
 Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
 Till vale and mountain blaze,—
 But shows, O Lord, one beam of Thine,
 What, then, the Day, where Thou dost shine!

Oh, how shall these dim eyes endure
 That noon of living rays;
 Or how my spirit, so impure,
 Upon Thy glory gaze?
 Anoint, O Lord, anoint my sight,
 And robe me for that world of light!

TO BE THERE!

We speak of the realms of the blest,
 Of that country so bright and so fair—
 And oft are its glories confessed,
 But what must it be to be There!

We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Of its walks decked with jewels so rare,
 Of its wonders and pleasures untold—
 But what must it be to be There!

We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,

From trials without and within—
But what must it be to be There!

We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the Church of the First-born above—
But what must it be to be There!

Do Thou, Lord, midst sorrow and woe
Still for Heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be There!

THE OTHER WORLD.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

It lies around us like a cloud,—
A world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us There to be!

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,—
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard;

The silence—awful, sweet, and calm—
They have no power to break ;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,—
As fain to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream, in loving arms
To swoon to That—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,—
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts—into our prayers
With gentle helpings glide.

Let Death between us be as naught—
A dried and vanished stream ;
Our joy, be the reality—
Our suffering—life, the dream.

H E A V E N N E A R .

Oh, Heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future, that stretches on
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle on a boundless main,
No brilliant, but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go, to return no more.

No, Heaven is near us—the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
And we cannot see the angel bands
On the shore of Eternity.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Will open the next in bliss ;
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world,
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends,
To the arms of the loved and lost,
And those smiling faces will greet us There,
Which on earth we have valued most.

Yet oft, in the hours of holy thought,
To the thirsting soul is given
That power to pierce through the mist of sense,
To the beauteous scenes of Heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall ;
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angels' call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long or dark shall the passage be,
To the realms of endless day.

HEAVENLY ASPIRATIONS.

Bohles.

O, TALK to me of Heaven ! I love
To hear about my home above ;
For there doth many a loved one dwell
In light and joy ineffable.
O tell me how they shine and sing,
While every harp rings echoing ;
And every glad and tearless eye
Beams, like the bright sun, gloriously.
Tell me of that victorious palm
Each hand in glory beareth ;
Tell me of that celestial calm
Each face in glory weareth.

O happy, happy country, where
There entereth not a sin ;
And Death, who keeps those portals fair,
May never once come in.
No grief can change their day to night ;
The darkness of That Land is Light.—
Sorrow and sighing God hath sent
Far thence, to endless banishment.
And never more may one sad tear
Bedim a burning eye—

For God shall soothe away all fears,
And make all glad through endless years.

O happy, happy land ! in thee
Shines the unveiled Deity,
Shedding through each adoring breast
A holy calm, a halcyon rest,
And those blest souls whom death did sever
Have met to mingle joys forever.
O, soon may Heaven unclose to me ;
O, may I soon that glory see !
And my faint, weary spirit stand
Within that blissful, happy land !

THE CITY OF REST.

“ Household Words.”

Oh birds from out the east, oh birds from out the west,
Have ye found that happy City, in all your weary quest ?
Tell me, tell me, from earth's wanderings may the heart
find glad surcease ;
Can ye show me, as an earnest, any olive-branch of peace ?
I am weary of life's troubles, of its sin, and toil, and care ;
I am faithless, crushing in my heart so many a fruitless
prayer ;
Oh birds from out the east, oh birds from out the west,
Can ye tell me of that City, “ the name of which is Rest ?”

Say, doth a dreamy atmosphere that blessed City crown?
Are there couches spread for sleeping, softer than eider-
down?

Does the silver sound of waters, falling 'twixt its marble
walls,

Hush its solemn silence, even into stiller intervals?

Does the poppy shed its influence there, or doth the fabled
Moly

With its peaceful, leaden Lethe, bathe the eyes with
slumber holy?

Do they never wake to sorrow, who after toilsome quest,
Have entered in that City, "the name of which is Rest?"

Doth the fancy wile not there for aye? Is the restless
soul's endeavor

Hushed in a hymn of solemn calm, forever and forever?

Are human natures satisfied of their intense desire—

Is there no more good beyond to seek, or do they not aspire?

But weary, weary, of the oar, within its yellow sun

Do they lie and eat the lotus-leaves, and dream life's toil
is done?

Oh tell me, do they there forget what here hath made them
blest?

Nor sigh again for home and friends, in the City calléd
Rest?

Oh, little birds, fly east again; oh, little birds, fly west;
Ye have found no happy city, in all your weary quest;—
Still shall ye find no spot of rest where'er ye may stray,
And still like ye the weary soul must wing its weary way!

There sleepeth no such city within the wide earth's
bound—

Nor hath the dreaming fancy yet its blissful portals found!
We are but children, crying here, upon a Mother's
breast'

For life, and peace, and blessedness, and for eternal rest.

Bless God! I hear a still, small voice, above life's
clam'rous din,

Saying, "Faint not, oh weary one, thou yet may'st enter in.
That City is prepared for those who well do win the fight,
Who tread the wine-press, till its blood hath washed them
pure and white ;

Within it is no darkness, nor any baleful flower
Shall There oppress thy waking eyes with stupefying
power ;

It lieth calm, within the light of God's Peace-giving
breast ;

Its walls are called Salvation—*that* City's name is
'Rest.'

ABOVE THE STARS.

Boddridge.

YE golden lamps of Heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light ;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed ;
My soul that springs beyond thy sphere
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of Eternal Light
Shall There His beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day !

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

There, all the million of the saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

NO NIGHT SHALL BE IN HEAVEN.

Thomas Raffles.

No night shall be in Heaven,—no gathering gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come ;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers
That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

No night shall be in Heaven,—no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power ;—
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,
To dim the sunlight of the enraptured soul.

No night shall be in Heaven. Forbid to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep ;
Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away,
They gaze undazzled on Eternal Day.

No night shall be in Heaven,—no sorrows reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain,
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there—
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

No night shall be in Heaven,—but endless noon ;
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon ;
But There the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

No night shall be in Heaven,—no darkened room,
 No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb ;
 But breezes ever fresh with love and truth
 Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth !

No night shall be in Heaven. But night is here—
 The night of sorrow and the night of fear ;
 I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,
 And shrink from others that may yet impend.

No night shall be in Heaven. Oh, had I faith,
 To rest in what the Faithful Witness saith,
 That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,
 And leave no night henceforth on earth to me !

NO GRAVES ARE THERE.

R. A. Rhces.

“No graves are there,”
 No willow weeps above the grassy bed
 Where sleeps the young, the fondly loved, the fair,
 The early dead !

No funeral knell
 Blends with the breeze of spring its mournful tone,
 Bidding henceforth the balmy breezes tell
 Of loved ones gone.

O'er the cold brow
No bitter tears of agony are shed ;
None o'er the still, pale form, in anguish bow,
Whence life has fled.

"No graves are there,"
Nor sunny slope, green turf, or quiet grot,
Those sad mementoes of departure bear,
For death is not.

That fearful foe !
Here, ever bearing from us those we love,
Resistless as his power is owned below,
Has none above.

No ! in the tomb
Ends his dominion ;—there his power is o'er,
And they who safely tread its path of gloom
Shall die no more !

"No graves are there ;"
Father, we thank thee that there is a clime
Guarded alike from death, and grief, and care,
Untouched by Time.

We praise Thy name
That from the dust and darkness of the tomb
We can look up in faith, and humbly claim
Our future home.

Hasten the day
When, passing death's dark vale without a fear,
We, as we reach that heavenly home, may say
No graves are here!

A T T R A C T I O N S O F H E A V E N .

No sickness There—
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair ;
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken heart, are There !

Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song ;
Its surging billows toss and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit-throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies ;
Its wailings blend not with the voice of Spring,
As some too tender flow'ret fades and dies.

No night distills
Its chilling dew upon the tender frame ;
No morn is needed There ! the light which fills
The land of glory, from its Maker came.

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep—
No bed of death—enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep !

No withered flower,
Or blasted bud, celestial gardens know !
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle-word
Startles the sacred hosts with fear and dread ;
The song of Peace, Creation's morning heard,
Is sung wherever angel footsteps tread !

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul !
Look up, thou stricken one ! Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With Faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to tread the way,—
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the Haven of eternal day ?

ALLUREMENTS OF HEAVEN.

Rev. E. P. Bickersteth.

THUS Heaven is gathering one by one, in its capacious breast.
All that is pure and permanent, and beautiful and blest ;
The family is scattered yet, though of one home and heart.
Part militant in earthly gloom, in heavenly glory part :—
But who can tell the rapture, when the circle is complete.
And all the children, scattered now, before the Father meet ?
One fold—one Shepherd—one employ—one universal home !
“ Lo, I come quickly.” Even so—“ Amen—Lord Jesus,
come !”

REUNION.

Bishop Mant.

I COUNT the hope no day-dream of the mind,
No vision fair, of transitory hue,—
The souls of those whom once on earth we knew
And loved, and walked with, in communion kind.
Departed hence, again in Heaven to find !
Such hope to nature's sympathies is true ;
And such, we deem, the holy word to view
Unfolds, an antidote for grief designed ;—

One drop from comfort's well. 'Tis true we read
 The book of life ; but if we read it not amiss,
 By God prepared, fresh treasures shall succeed,
 To kinsmen, fellows, friends, a vast abyss
 Of joy, nor aught the longing spirit need
 To fill its measure of enormous bliss !

Bishop Ken.

THE saints on earth, when sweetly they converse,
 And the dear favors of kind Heaven rehearse,
 Each feels the other's joys, both doubly share
 The blessings which devoutly they compare.
 If saints such mutual joy feel here below,
 When they each other's heavenly foretastes know,—
 What joys transport them at each other's sight,
 When they shall meet in the empyrean height !
 Friends e'en in Heaven one happiness would miss,
 Should they not know each other, when in bliss.

THE MEETING-PLACE.

Bonar.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen—
 Freshen never more to fade ;
 Where the faded sky shall brighten—
 Brighten never more to shade ;

Where the sun-blaze never scorches,
Where the star-beams cease to chill ;
Where no trumpet stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill ;
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong ;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song ;—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blessed !

Where no shadow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er,
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more ;
Where the bond is never severed,—
Partings, claspings, sobs and moans,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noon-tide,—all are done.
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds her child ;
Where dear families are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild ;—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blessed !

Where the hidden wound is healéd,
Where the blighted life reblooms,
Where the smitten heart, the freshness,
Of its buoyant youth resumes ;

Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of Time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,
In an ever spring-bright clime ;
Where we find the joy of loving
As we never loved before—
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once, and never more !
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blessed !

Where a blasted world shall brighten,
Underneath a bluer sphere ;
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Sheds its healing splendor There ;
When earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on her robes of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been,—
Where a King, in Kingly glory,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the Righteous Sceptre,
Claim and wear the holy crown ;—
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blessed !

M E E T I N G A B O V E .

Leggett.

If yon bright stars which gem the night
 Be each a blissful dwelling sphere
Where kindred spirits reunite
 Whom death hath torn asunder here ;—
How sweet it were at once to die,
 To leave this blighted orb afar !
Mixt soul and soul to cleave the sky,
 And soar away from star to star.

But oh, how dark, how drear, how lone,
 Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant one,
 We failed to meet the loved of this !
If there no more the ties shall twine
 Which Death's cold hand alone could sever,
Ah, would those stars in mockery shine,—
 More joyless, as they shine forever !

It cannot be—each hope, each fear
 That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
 Than this bleak world that holds us now.

There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain ;
'Tis Heaven that whispers—"Dry your tears,
The pure in heart shall meet again."

HEAVEN'S REST.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

LORD, Thou wilt bring the joyful day!—
Beyond earth's weariness and pains,
Thou hast a mansion far away,
Where for Thine own a rest remains.

No sun there climbs the morning sky,
There never falls the shade of night ;
God and the Lamb, forever nigh,
O'er all shed everlasting light.

The bow of mercy spans the throne,
Emblem of love and goodness there ;
While notes to mortals all unknown,
Float on the calm celestial air.

Around the throne bright legions stand,
Redeemed by blood from sin and hell ;
And shining forms—an angel band,
The mighty chorus join to swell.

There, Lord, Thy way-worn saints shall find
The bliss for which they longed before ;
And holiest sympathies shall bind
Thine own to Thee, forevermore.

O Jesus, bring us to that rest,
Where all the ransomed shall be found,
In Thine eternal fullness blest—
While ages roll their cycles round.

THE GATES OF THE CELESTIAL CITY.

I SEE them far away,
In their calm beauty, on the evening skies ;
Across the golden west their summits rise,
Bright with the radiance of departing day.
And often, ere the sunset light was gone,
Gazing and longing, I have hastened on,
As with new strength, all weariness and pain
Forgotten, in the hope those blissful heights to gain !

Heaven lies not far beyond ;—
But then these hills of earth—our changeful air
Circles around them, and the dwellers there
Still own Mortality's mysterious bond.
The ceaseless contact, the continued strife,
Of sin and grace, which can but close with life,

Is not yet ended, and the Jordan's roar
Still lies between their path and the Celestial shore.

But then—the pilgrims say,
On those calm heights, the tumult and the noise
Of all our busy cares and restless joys
Has almost in the distance died away.
All the past journey, “a right way” appears,
Thoughts of the future wake no faithless fears,
And through the clouds, to their rejoicing eyes,
The City's golden gates and pearly gates arise.

Courage, poor fainting heart!
These happy ones, in the far distance seen,
Were sinful wanderers once, as thou hast been,
Weary and sorrowful, as now thou art.
Linger no longer on the lonely plain—
Press boldly onward—and thou too shalt gain
Their vantage-ground ; and then, with vigor new,
All thy remaining race and pilgrimage pursue.

Ah ! far too faint, too poor
Are all our views and aims—we only stand
Within the borders of the Promised Land ;—
Its precious things we seek not to secure ;
And thus our hands hang down, and oft unstrung,
Our harps are left the willow-trees among.
Lord, lead us forward, upward, till we know
How much of heavenly bliss may be enjoyed below.

SYON THE GOLDEN.

Bernard of Clugny—12th Century.

HERE, brief is the sighing,
And brief is the crying,
For brief is the life.
The life There is endless,
The joys There are fadeless,
When ended the strife!

What joys are in Heaven!
To whom are they given?
Oh, whom—and to whom?
The stars to the earthborn,
“Best robes” to the sin-worn;—
The crown for the boon.

O Country the fairest!
O Country the dearest!
We press on to Thee.
O Syon the golden!
Our eyes now are holden
Thy light till we see.

Thy crystalline ocean,
Unvexed by commotion,
 Thy Fountain of Life!
Thy deep peace unspoken,
Pure, sinless, unbroken,
 Thy peace beyond strife.

Thy meek saints all glorious,
Thy martyrs victorious,
 Who suffer no more.
Thy halls full of singing,
Thy hymns ever ringing
 Along the bright shore.

Like the lily for whiteness,
Like the jewel for brightness,
 Thy vestments, O Bride!
The Lamb ever with thee—
The Bridegroom aye near thee—
 With thee to abide!

We know not, we hear not,
All human words show not,
 The joys we may reach—
The mansions preparing
The bliss for our sharing
 The welcome for each!

O Syon the golden !
My eyes still are holden
Thy light till I see.
And deep in Thy glory
Unveiléd before me,
My King, look on me !

Death and Resurrection.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

George Croly.

EARTH to earth, and dust to dust !
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron, and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid ;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering ;
Here the sword and sceptre rust :
“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

Age on age shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng ;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep ;
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more ;
Death shall keep his silent trust :
“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

But a day is coming fast,
Earth thy mightiest and thy last ;

It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder ;
It shall come in strife and spoil ;
It shall come in blood and toil ;
It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones ;
Then, ambition, rule thy lust :
" Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

Then shall come the judgment sign ;—
In the east, the King shall shine,
Flashing from Heaven's golden gate,
Thousands, thousands round his state,
Spirits with the crown and plume.
Tremble, then, thou sullen tomb ;
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turned to living light,
Kingdoms of the ransomed just :
" Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

Then, thy Mount Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem ;
Then, shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise ;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God ;—
Till are dried the martyrs' tears,
Through a thousand glorious years.
Now in hope of Him we trust :
" Earth to earth, and dust to dust !"

SOARING TO GOD.

Топлady.

DEATHLESS principle, arise !
Soar, thou native of the skies !
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before His throne,
Deck the mediatorial crown ;
Go, His triumphs to adorn,
Born for God, to God return.

Lo, He beckons from on high !
Fearless to His presence fly ;—
Thine, the merit of His blood,
Thine, the righteousness of God !
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend,
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to Heaven.

Is thy earthly house distressed,
Willing to retain its guest ?
'Tis not thou, but it, must die.
Fly, celestial tenant, fly !
Burst thy shackles,—drop thy clay—
Sweetly breathe thyself away !

Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love!

Shudder not to pass the stream ;
Venture all thy care on Him !
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossings, hushed its roar ;
Safe in the expanded wave ;—
Gentle as a summer's eve ;—
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there !

See the haven full in view ;
Love divine shall bear thee through ;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thine anchor—spread thy sail ;
Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade,
Ardent for thy coming o'er—
See, they throng the blissful shore !

Mount, their transports to improve ;—
Join the longing choir above ;
Swiftly to their wish be given ;
Kindle higher joys in Heaven !
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes ;
Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the shades of Death !

M O R T A L I T I E .

Samuel Speed.

LORD, what a shadow is the life of man !
A nothing, less than is a little span.
Just as a bird when as it takes its flight
From off the owner's hand, is out of sight.
Our present time is as a fading flower,—
A flying minute, or a running hour.
The time to come, after the present's fled,
Uncertain is ; next sun may see us dead.
Lord, in this hour, O make me sure of Thee,
Lest in the next I miss felicitie.

S I C V I T A .

Simon Wastell.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
E'en such is man—whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done ;—

The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth ;
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearléd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of the swan,
E'en such is man—who lives by breath,
Is here, now there—in life or death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dews descended ;
The hour is short, the span's not long,
The swan's near death—man's life is done.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

Bishop King.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like the wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—

E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.

The wind blows out ; the bubble dies ;
The Spring entombed in Autumn lies ;
The stream dries up ; the star is shot ;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

D E A T H E V E R I N L I F E .

Henry DeLaune.

EARLY set forth to your eternal race :

Th' ascent is steep and craggy you must climb ;
God, at all times, has promised sinners grace
If they repent ; but He ne'er promised *time*.

Cheat not yourselves, as most ; who then prepare
For death, when life is almost turned to fume :
One thief was saved, that no man might despair ;
And but *one* thief—that no man might presume.

Wealth, honor, friends, wife, kindred, all
We so much dote on, and wherein we trust,
Are withering gourds, blossoms that fade and fall ;
Landscapes in water, and deeds drawn in dust.

How many has the morn beheld to rise
In their youth's prime, as glorious as the sun,
Who, like a flower cropt, have had their eyes
Closed up by death before the day was done!

*TO DEATH.**Herrick.*

THOU bidst me come away,
And I'll no longer stay,
Than for to shed some tears
For faults of former years ;
And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times ;
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above ;
To gird my loins about
With Charity throughout ;
And so to travel hence
With feet of innocence ;
This done—I'll only cry
" God's mercy !"—and so die.

EMBLEM.

George Wither.

WHY, with a trembling faintnesse, should we feare
The face of deathe? and fondly linger here
As if we thought the voyage to be gone
Lay through the shades of Styx or Acheron?
Or, that we either were to travell downe
To uncouth deapthes, or up to heights unknowne;
Or, to some place remote, whose nearest end
Is farther than earth's limits doe extend?

It is not by one halfe that distance, thither
Where Death lets in, as it is any whither:
Noe, not by halfe so farre as to your bed:
Or, to that place where you should rest your head
If on the ground you layd your selfe, (ev'n there)
Where at this moment you abiding are.
This emblem shewes (if well you look thereon)
That, from your glasse of life, which is to runne,
There's but one step to death: and that you tread
At once among the living and the dead.

ETERNAL LIGHT.

Robert Farley.

THY light from whence it came, mounts still on high
Unto the Source of light that's never dry.
Like as the rivers to the ocean runne,
From whence their secret fountaines first begun ;
Like as the stone doth to the centre sway—
So to the spheres my light shall make its way.
No joyes, delights, and greatest weights of gold,
Nor pampering pleasures fast our soule can hold.
The panting soule rests not, untill it see
His Maker God, a Triune Deitie.

LIBERA NOS, DOMINE!

S. M. Waring.

BUT there's a tide remains at last
To pass, when all the rest are passed ;
And deep to deep proclaims afar
That Death's dark billows mighty are.
Yet Thou, who mightier art to save,
Did'st cross that Jordan's parted wave,
And bear into the land of rest
The graven jewels on thy breast.

Where Thou hast trod, we too will go ;
 For there no floods shall overflow.

With us in those waters be :

Libera nos, Domine !

And since once more Thou shalt appear,
 With trump that e'en the dead shall hear,
 Stamp now Thine image on this clay,
 And own it there in Thy great day :
 When wide unfurl'd all flesh shall see
 Thy perfect law ; and every knee
 Shall bend, and every tongue avow,
 " Thou, Lord, art righteous—only Thou !"
 If then the voice of prayer we raise,
 Ere prayer shall quite dissolve in praise,
 Faith shall breathe that latest plea,
Libera nos, Domine !

E A S T E R D A Y .

Crashaw.

RISE, heir of fresh Eternity,
 From thy virgin tomb ;
 Rise, mighty Man of wonders, and Thy world with Thee,
 Thy tomb, the universal east,
 Nature's new womb,—
 Thy tomb, fair Immortality's perfumed nest ;

Of all the glories, make noon gay,
 This is the morn :
 This rock buds forth, the fountain of the streams of Day :
 In joy's white annals live this hour
 When Life was born ;
 No cloud-sowl on his radiant lids, no tempests lower.

Life by this Light's nativity
 All creatures have ;
 Death only by this Day's just doom is forced to die :
 Nor is Death forced ; for he may lie
 Throned in Thy grave :
 Death will on this condition be content to die.

F U N E R A L H Y M N .

Prudentius—4th Century.

Al! hush now your mournful complainings,
 Nor mothers, your sweet babes deplore ;
 This death, we so shrink from, but cometh
 The ruin of life to restore.

Who now would the sculptor's rich marble,
 Or beautiful sepulchres, crave ?
 We lay them but here in their slumber—
 This earth is a couch, not a grave.

This body a desolate casket,
Deprived of its jewel, we see ;
But soon, her old colleague rejoining,
The soul reunited shall be.

For quickly the day is approaching,
When life, through these cold limbs shall
And the dwelling, restored to its inmate,
With its old animation shall glow.

The body we lay in dishonor
In the mouldering tomb to decay,
Rejoined to the spirit, which dwelt there,
Shall soar like a swift bird away.

The seed which we sow in its weakness,
In the Spring, shall rise green from the earth ;
And the dead, we thus mournfully bury,
In God's spring-time, again shall shine forth.

Mother Earth, in thy soft bosom cherish
Whom we lay to repose in thy dust ;
For precious these relics we yield thee :
Be faithful, O Earth, to thy trust !

This once was the home of a spirit,
Created, and breathed from its God ;
The wisdom and love, Christ imparteth,
Once held in this frame their abode.

Then shelter the sacred deposit ;
 Their Maker will claim it of thee ;—
The Sculptor will never forget it,
 Once formed in His image to be.

The happy and just times are coming,
 When He every hope shall fulfill,
And visibly then thou must render,
 What now, in thy keeping, lies still.

For though through the slow lapse of ages,
 These mouldering bones shall grow old,
Reduced to a handful of ashes,
 A child in its hands might enfold :

Though flames should consume it, and breezes
 Invisibly float it away,
Yet the body of man cannot perish ;—
 Indestructible through its decay.

Yet whilst, O our God, o'er the body
 Thou watchest, to mould it again,
What region of rest hast Thou ordered,
 Where the spirit unclothed may remain ?

In the bosom of saints is her dwelling,
 Where the Fathers and Lazarus are,
Whom the rich man, athirst in his anguish,
 Beheld in their bliss, from afar.

We follow thy words, O Redeemer,
 When trampling on Death, in his pride,
 Thou sentest to tread in Thy footsteps
 The thief on the cross at Thy side.

The bright way of Paradise opened
 For every believer her space ;
 And that garden again we may enter,
 Which the serpent once closed to our race.

Thus violets sweet, and green branches,
 Oft over these relics we strew ;—
 The names on these cold stones engraven,
 With perfumes we'll fondly bedew.

A FUNERAL SONG.

George Wither.

“I AM the Life,” (the Lord thus saith.)
 The Resurrection is through Me,
 And whosoe’er in Me hath faith,
 Shall live, yea, though now dead he be :
 And he forever shall not die,
 That living doth on Me relye.

That my Redeemer lives I weene,
 And that at last I raised shall be

From earth, and covered with my skinne
 In this my flesh, my God shall see ;
 Yea, with these eies, and these alone,
 E'en I my God shall looke upon.

Into the world we naked come,
 And naked back again we goe :
 The Lord our wealthe receive we from,
 And He doth take it from us too.
 The Lord both wills and workes the same ;
 And blessed, therefore, be His Name !

From Heaven there came a voyce to me,
 And this it willed me to record :
 The dead from henceforth blessed be,
 The dead that dieth in the Lord :
 The spirit thus did likewise say,
 For from their workes at rest are they.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

“*Utra Apostolica.*”

I THOUGHT no more to meet—so dreary seemed
 Death's interposing veil, and then so pure
 Thy place in Paradise—
 Beyond where I could soar.

Yet happier thoughts
Spring like unbidden violets from the sod
Where patiently thou takest
Thy sweet and sure repose.

The shadows fall more soothing : the soft air
Is full of cheering whispers like thine own ;
While memory, by thy grave,
Lives o'er thy funeral day.

The deep knell dying down—the mourners pause,
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate.
Sure with the words of Heaven
Thy spirit met us there,

And sought with us along the accustomed way
The hallowed porch, and entering in, beheld
The pageant of sad joy,
So dear to Faith and Hope.

O ! had'st thou brought a strain from Paradise
To cheer us, happy soul ! thou hadst not touched
The sacred springs of grief
More tenderly and true,

Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and low,—
Low as the grave, high as th' Eternal Throne,
Guiding through light and gloom
Our mourning fancies wild,

Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve,
Around the western twilight, all subside
 Into a placid faith,
 That even with beaming eye

Counts thy sad honors, coffin, bier, and pall ;
So many relics of a frail love lost,
 So many tokens dear
 Of endless love begun.

Listen ! it is no dream—the Apostle's trump
Gives earnest of the Archangel's ;—calmly now
 Our hearts yet beating high
 To that victorious lay,

Most like a warrior's, to the martial dirge
Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust
 Our treasure for a while :
 And if a tear steal down,

If human anguish o'er the shaded brow
Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth
 Touches the coffin-lid ;—
 If at our loved one's name,

Once and again the thought, " forever gone,"
Come o'er us like a cloud, yet, gentle spirit,
 Thou turnest not away,—
 Thou knowest us calm at heart.

One look, and we have seen our last of thee,
Till we too sleep, and our long sleep be o'er ;—
O cleanse us, ere we view
That countenance pure again,

Thou, who canst change the heart and raise the dead ;—
As Thou art by to soothe our parting hour,
Be ready when we meet,
With Thy dear pardoning words !

THE BURIAL SERVICE.

J. Williams.

BUT lo ! where by yon gleaming tower
The sun sinks to its western bower,
As weeping mourners stand around,
Like evening dews there fall around,
On hearts by sorrow withered,
The words of Him who woke the dead.

“ O Father of the fatherless, to Thee
We turn, sole Comforter, and seek release :
When shall Thy better kingdom come, and we
Be gathered to Thy feet, and be at peace ?

“ Thou giv'st and tak'st away, Thy name be blest ;
Fain would we have that cup to pass away ;
But may Thy will be done ! only our rest
To know that Thou art good, and to obey.

“Thy will be done on earth, as 'tis in Heaven ;
 Give us enough each day to bear us on,
 'Tis not our home ;—as we have forgiven,
 Forgive us e'er we die, for Thy dear Son.

“Look on us, for like leaves we haste away,
 And are not ; to Thy mercy let us cling,
 Till we have past this world of evil sway—
 Hide us beneath the shelter of Thy wing.”

THOUGHTS AT A FUNERAL.

“Christian Hear.”

Who says, the wan autumnal sun
 Beams with too faint a smile
 To light up Nature's face again,—
 And, though the year be on the wane,
 With thoughts of Spring the heart beguile !

Waft him, thou soft September breeze,
 And gently lay him down
 Within some circling woodland wall,
 Where bright leaves, reddening ere thy fall,
 Waive gayly o'er the waters brown.

And let some graceful arch be there
 With wreathed mullions proud,
 With burnished ivy for its screen,
 And moss that glows as fresh and green
 As though beneath an April cloud.

Even such a peaceful soothing calm
 We sometimes see alight
 On Christian mourners, while they wait
 In silence, by some church-yard gate,
 Their summons to the holy rite.

And such the tones of love, which break
 The stillness of that hour,
 Quelling th' embittered spirit's strife—
 "The Resurrection and the Life
 Am I : believe and die no more."

.

Unchanged that voice—and though not yet
 The dead sit up and speak,
 Answering its call ; we gladlier rest
 Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,
 And our hearts feel they must not break.

Far better they should sleep awhile
 Within the Church's shade,
 Nor wake till a new heaven and earth
 Meet for their new immortal birth
 For their abiding-place be made,

Than wander back to life, and lean
On our frail love once more.
'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in Faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb,
Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home.

Then calmly to your work again,
With hearts new-braced and set,
To run untired love's blessed race,
As meet for those, who face to face
Over the grave their Lord have met.

COMMUNINGS.

Southey.

NOT to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear :
The spirit is not there
Which kindled that dead eye,
Which throbbed in that cold heart,

Which in that motionless hand
Hath met thy friendly grasp—
 The spirit is not there !
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh,
That moulders in the grave ;
Earth, air and water's ministering particles
 Now to the elements
Resolved—their uses done.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
 Follow thy friend beloved ;
 The spirit is not there !—
Often together have we talked of death ;
 How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear !
 How sweet it were with powers
 Such as the cherubim
To view the depth of heaven !
O ! friend, thou hast first
Begun the travel of eternity !
 I look upon the stars,
 And think that thou art there,
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee !
And we have often said how sweet it were
With unseen ministry of angel power
 To watch the friends we loved.—
My friend, we did not err !
Sure I have felt thy presence ; thou hast given
 A birth to holy thought,

Hast kept me from the world unstained and pure.

My friend, we did not err !

Our best affections here

They are not like the toys of infancy,

The soul outgrows them not,—

We do not cast them off.

O, if it could be so

It were a fearful thing to die !

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,

Follow thy friend beloved ;

But in the lonely hour,

But in the lonely walk,

Think that he companies thy solitude,

Think that he holds with thee

Mysterious intercourse.

And, though remembrance wake a tear,

There will be joy in grief.

MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

OH, hearts that never cease to yearn ;

O brimming tears that ne'er are dried ;—

The dead, though they depart, return

As if they had not died !

The living are the only dead ;
The dead live—nevermore to die ;
And often, when we mourn them fled,
They never were so nigh.

And though they lie beneath the waves,
Or sleep within the church-yard dim—
(Ah, through how many different graves
God's children go to Him !)

Yet every grave gives up its dead
Ere it is overgrown with grass !
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,
Or need we cry, Alas !

Or why should Memory, veiled with gloom,
And like a sorrowing mourner craped,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb,
Whose captives have escaped !

'Tis but a mound—and will be mossed
Whene'er the summer grass appears ;—
The loved, though wept, are never lost ;
We only lose our tears.

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead,
By bending forward where they are ;
But Memory, with a backward tread,
Communes with them afar !

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more ;—
We look behind us for the past,
But lo ! 'tis all before !

CHRIST UNCHANGING.

CHANGE is written everywhere—
Time and death o'er all are ranging.
Seasons, creatures, all declare
Man is mortal, earth is changing.

Life, and all its treasures, seem
Like a sea in constant motion ;
Thanks for an eternal beam
Shining o'er the pathless ocean.

One by one, although each name
Providence or death shall sever ;—
Jesus Christ is still the same
Yesterday, to-day, forever !

D E A T H.

THERE are who fear thy summons, Death !
And all thy pale and cold array ;
The young, who with rejoicing breath,
Are opening on Life's sunny day.

Yes, all to them seems fresh and sweet ;
And as they gaze, with raptured eye,
On all the beautiful they meet,
They feel it would be hard to die.

There are, to whom thy call would come,
As to the exile's weary heart
Would be the summons to his home ;—
That home from which he wept to part.

There are, who, worn with cares and tears,
Look on thee as the blessed one,
Whose hand shall close their mortal years,
Before their faith and trust be gone.

And, Death ! there are who look to thee,
But as the minister of grace,
And who thy dark approach can see
With smiles, for they have won the race.

The good, the blest! to thee they trust,
To crown them with the' immortal wreath;
And fearless of the dreams of dust,—
As conquerors, welcome thee, O Death!

THE GLAD EVANGEL.

WE need no change of sphere
To view the heavenly sights, or hear
The songs that angels sing. The hand
Which gently pressed the sightless orbs erewhile,
Giving them light—a world of beauty and the friendly
smile,
Can cause our eyes to see the Better Land.

We need no wings
To soar aloft to realms of higher things,
But only feet, which walk the paths of peace,
Guided by Him whose voice
Greets every ear—makes every heart rejoice,
Saying, Arise, and walk where sorrows cease.

Visiting spirits are near—
They are not wholly silent—but we cannot hear
Nor understand their speech.
Our Saviour caught His Father's word,
And men of old dreaming and walking heard
The breathings of a world we cannot reach.

They mounted to the skies,
And read deep mysteries.
While yet on earth, they placed a ladder there,
Like Jacob's, that each round should lead,
By prayer outspoken, in a word or deed,
The soul to heights of clearer, purer air.

They saw no messenger of gloom
In him whom we call Death—nor met their doom
As prisoner his sentence, but naturally, as bud unfolds to
flower—
As child to man, so man to angel—
They, recognizing Death the Glad Evangel,
Leading to higher scenes of Life and power!

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Sir William Killegrew.

BUT thou that hast conversed with God and Death,
In speculation shall thy breath
Unwillingly expire into His hand,
That comes to fetch it by command?—
From God that made thee art thou loth to be
Possessed of thy felicity,
Because thy guide looks pale, and must
Convey thy flesh to dust?

Though that to worms converted be,
What is all this to thee?

Thou shalt not feel Death's sting, but instant have
Full joys and triumph o'er the grave ;
Where thy long-loved companion, flesh, shall rest,
Until it be refined, new drest—
For thy next wearing in that holy place,
That Heaven where thou shalt, face to face,
With saints and angels, daily see
Thy God, and ever be
Replenished with celestial bliss :
O my soul, think of this !

A LITTLE LONGER YET.

"Christian Register."

A LITTLE longer yet, a little longer
Shall violets bloom for thee and sweet birds sing,
And the lime branches, where soft winds are blowing,
Shall murmur the sweet promise of the spring.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn,
While tender grasses, and awakening flowers,
Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,
Nor fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Shall starry night be beautiful to thee,
And the cold moon shall look through the blue silence,
Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Life shall be thine—life with its power to will,
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer yet, a little longer
The voices thou hast loved shall charm thine ear,
And thy true heart, that now beats quick to hear them,
A little longer yet, shall hold them dear.

A little longer still, patience, beloved :
A little longer still, ere Heaven unroll
The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and divine, that waits thy soul.

A little longer, ere life, true, immortal,
(Not this our shadowy life) will be thine own ;
And thou shalt stand where winged archangels worship,
And trembling bow before the Great White Throne.

A little longer still, and Heaven awaits thee,
To fill thy spirit with a great delight ;
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart belovéd,
Shall beat forever with a love divine ;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows and lives, shall then be thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices
Shall break in heavenly chant upon thine ear ;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee ;
Belovéd, can we keep thee longer here ?

GONE INTO LIGHT.

Henry Vaughan.

THEY are all gone into a world of Light,
And I alone sit lingering here ;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth cheer.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove ;
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days ;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown ;
But what fair vale or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep ;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star be confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of Eternal Life, and all
Created glories under Thee ;
Resume my spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still, as they pass ;
Or else remove me hence unto that Hill
Where I shall need no glass.

GOING HOME.

Lange.

OUR belovéd have departed,
While we tarry broken-hearted ;
In the dreary empty house,
They have ended life's brief story,
They have reached the home of glory,
Over death victorious !

Hush that sobbing, weep more lightly,
On we travel, daily, nightly,
To the rest that they have found :
Are we not upon the river,
Sailing fast, to meet forever,
On more holy, happy ground ?

Whilst with bitter tears we're mourning
Thought to buried love returning,
Time is hastening us along,
Downward to the grave's dark dwelling,
Upward, to the fountain welling,
With eternal life and song !

Feel ye not the breezes hieing ?
Clouds, along in hurry flying—
But we haste more swiftly on—
Ever changing our position,
Ever tossed in strange transition—
Here to-day, to-morrow gone !

Every hour that passes o'er us
Speaks of comfort yet before us,
Of our journey's rapid rate ;—
And like passing vesper bells,
The clock of Time its chiming tells,
At Eternity's broad gate.

On we haste, to home invited,
There with friends to be united
In a surer bond than here ;
Meeting soon, and met forever !
Glorious hope ! forsake us never,
For thy glimmering light is dear !

Ah ! the way is shining clearer,
As we journey, ever nearer

To our everlasting home.
 Friends, who There await our landing,
 Comrades, round the Throne now standing,
 We salute you, and we come !

O U R D E A D .

THOU God of Love ! beneath Thy sheltering wings
 We leavé our holy dead,
 To rest in hope ! From this world's sufferings
 Their souls have fled !

Oh, when our souls are burdened with the weight
 Of life, and all its woes,
 Let us remember them, and calmly wait
 For our life's close !

P A R T I N G .

Spitta.

WHAT mean ye by this weeping,
 To break my bleeding heart ?
 As if the love that binds us
 Could alter or depart !

Our sweet and holy union
Knows neither time nor place ;
The love that God has planted,
Is lasting as His grace.

Ye clasp these hands at parting,
As if no hope could be ;
While still we stand forever,
In blessed unity !
Ye gaze as on a vision
Ye never could recall,
While still each thought is with you,
And Jesus with us all.

Ye say—" We here, thou yonder,
Thou goest—and we stay !"
And yet Christ's mystic body
Is one eternally.
Ye speak of different journeys,
A long and sad adieu !
While still one way I travel,
And have one end with you !

Why should ye now be weeping
Those agonizing tears ?
Behold our gracious Saviour,
And cast away your fears.

We tread *one* path to glory,
 And guided by *One* hand.
 And led in faith and patience
 Unto *one* Fatherland!

Then let this hour of parting
 No bitter grief record ;
 But be an hour of union
 More blesséd with our Lord !
 With Him to guide and save us,
 No changes that await,
 No earthly separations,
 Can leave us desolate !

THE LAND TO WHICH I'M GOING.

WHEN the death-dews dim my eyes,
 And my bosom panting lies,
 Ebbing life's receding sighs
 Shorter, fainter growing ;
 Ere my spirit breaks her way,
 Through her prison-walls of clay,
 Into realms of endless day—
 The land to which I'm going.

May the dear familiar band
 Of weeping friends that round me stand,
 Watching the decreasing sand,

Fast and faster flowing,
Chant some low strain, blending well
With the solemn passing bell,
Of the holy home to tell ;—
The land to which I'm going.

Let them sing "Thy Saviour, guide,
For thy guilty sake that died,
Even now is by thy side,
Comfort-thoughts bestowing.
Angelic forms their arms extend,
And smileth many a long-lost friend
Glad welcome to thy journey's end—
The land to which thou'rt going.

Then, as the burden of their song
In faint sweet cadence dies along,
One happy, radiant look among
That group of mourners throwing ;—
Just as they faded from my view,
I fain would breathe one fond adieu,
Till in that land we meet anew—
The land to which I'm going.

PASSING AWAY.

E. M. Arndt.

Go and dig my grave to-day !
Weary of these wanderings all,
Now from earth I pass away,
For the Heavenly Peace doth call ;—
Angel voices from above
Call me to their rest and love.

Go and dig my grave to-day !
Homeward doth my journey tend,
And I lay my staff away,
Here, where all things earthly end ;
And I lay my weary head
In the only painless bed.

What is there I yet should do,
Lingering in this darksome vale ?
Proud and mighty, fair to view,
Are our schemes, and yet they fail
Like the sand before the wind,
That no power of man can bind.

Farewell earth, then—I am glad
That in peace I now depart,
For thy very joys are sad,
And thy hopes deceive the heart ;

Fleeting is thy beauty's gleam,
False and changing as a dream.

And to you a last good-night,
Sun and moon and stars so dear,
Farewell all your golden light ;
I am traveling far from here,
To the splendors of that day
Where ye all must fade away.

Weep not that I take my leave
Of the world,—that I exchange
Errors that too closely cleave,
Shadows, empty ghosts that range
Through this world of naught and night,
For a land of truth and light.

Weep not, dearest, to my heart,
For I find my Saviour near,
And I know that I have part
In the pains He suffered here,
When He shed His sacred blood
For each sinner's highest good.

Weep not—My Redeemer lives ;—
Heavenward, springing from the dust,
Clear-eyed Hope her comfort gives ;
Faith, Heaven's champion, bids me trust ;
Love Eternal whispers nigh,
“ Child of God, fear not to die ! ”

THE FAITHFUL DEAD.

Charles Wesley.

HARK ! a voice divides the sky ;
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die :—
They from all their toils are freed.
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest ;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

Followed by their works they go,
Where the Head hath gone before ;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath opened Mercy's door.
Justified through Faith alone,
Here they know their sins forgiven ;
Here they lay their burdens down,
Hallowed and made meet for Heaven !

Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased ?
Let the world who know them not,
Call them hopeless and unblest ;—
When from flesh, the spirit free,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, " A man is dead,"
Angels sing—" A child is born."

D Y I N G W O R D S O F N E A N D E R .

"I'm weary—I'm weary—let me go home."

Rev. Ray Palmer.

I'M weary—weary—let me go !

For now the pulse of life declineth,
My spirit chides its lingering flow,
For her immortal life she pineth.

I feel the chill night-shadows fall ;—

The sleep steals on, that knows no waking ;
Yet well I hear blest voices call,
And bright above the day is breaking !

Not now the purple and the gold

Of trailing clouds at sunset glowing,
These dim and fading eyes behold ;
But splendors from the Godhead flowing !

"Tis not the crimson orient beam,

O'er mountain-tops, in beauty glancing ;
Light from the Throne ! a flooding stream !
"Tis the eternal Sun advancing.

As oft, when waked the summer morn,

Sweet breath of flowers the breezes bore me,
In this serener, fairer dawn,
Perfumes from Paradise float o'er me.

As when, by sultry heats oppressed,
I've sought still shades, cool waters keeping,
So long I for that holier rest,
Where Heaven's own living streams are sweeping.

The joy of life hath been to stand
With spirits noble, true, confiding.
Oh, joy unthought, to reach the band
Of spotless souls, with God abiding !

Ye loved of earth ! this fond farewell
That now divides us, cannot sever ;
Swift-flying years their round shall tell,
And our glad souls be one forever !

On the far-off celestial hills
I see the tranquil sunshine lying—
And God Himself my spirit fills
With perfect peace—and this is dying !

Methinks I hear the rustling wings
Of unseen messengers descending ;
And notes, from softly trembling strings,
With myriad voices softly blending.

O Thou, my Lord adored ! this soul
Oft, oft its warm desires hath told Thee !
Now, wearily the moments roll,
Until these longing eyes behold Thee !

Ah, stay my spirit here no more,
That for her home so fondly yearneth ;—
There, joy's bright cup is running o'er—
There, love's pure flame forever burneth !

*IT IS NOT DYING.**C. Malan.*

No, no, it is not dying
To go unto our God ;—
The glowing earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking
Along the starry road.

No, no, it is not dying
To hear the precious word ;
Receive a Father's blessing,
Forevermore possessing
The favor of the Lord.

No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown ;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious anthem swelling
Of Him whose love we own.

Oh, no, this is not dying,
 Thou Saviour of mankind!
 Streams, There, are overflowing
 Of love, no hindrance knowing ;—
 Dross only here we find.

THE GLORIFIED.

“ Irish Paper.”

CALL them not *dead*—the faithful whom
 Green earth closed lately o’er,
 Nor search within the silent tomb
 For those who “ die no more.”
 The cold earth hides them from our love,
 But not from His who pleads above.

They passed—as all must pass, the deep
 Dread portals of the grave ;
 But not in dull decay they sleep,
 Whom Jesus died to save ;
 To mortal eye their path is dim,
 But ’tis enough they rest in Him!

We saw the momentary cloud,
 The pale eclipse of mind,
 From earthly sight, that came to shroud
 The deathless ray behind ;

A moment more, the shade is gone—
The sun, the spirit, burneth on.

To die! 'tis but to pass, all free,
From death's dominion here,
To burst the bonds of earth and flee
From every mortal fear ;
To plunge within that gulf untried,
And stand beyond it—glorified !

Thou weep'st—perchance they weep for thee,
If heavenly tears can flow,
To think of all the ills that be
In this sad world below.
Oh! not for all its climes contain
Would they return to earth again !

Yet weep—for earth's a vale of care
And those who mourn are blest,
If He who hears the mourner's prayer
Send comfort to the breast ;
If hallowed hope break through the gloom
Earth has no teacher like the tomb.

HUSH! HEAVEN!

Last Words of the late Bishop of Durham.

"London Record."

HUSH! Heaven! he whispered soft and clear,
As notes angelic caught his ear ;
Then quitting earth and mortal clay,
His spirit soared to heavenly day.

Hush! stay your sorrows, loved ones stay!
I would not linger by the way—
Now Death for me has lost its sting!
I hear the welcome of my King!

Hush! from the everlasting hills
The glorious trumpet's echo thrills,—
The mighty Conqueror leads the band,
And I must ready waiting stand.

Hush! 'tis the song of lasting peace,
All struggles now forever cease,
Each bitter pang, each weary sigh—
My Saviour beckons from on high!

Hush! sin can ne'er disturb me more,
I'm treading close on Canaan's shore!
Oh, earth! be still! for I would fain
List to this new and wondrous strain!

Hush! 'tis a charmed spirit swell
Of sweetest chords. No tongue can tell
To earth the grandeur of its flow!
'Tis Heaven! Then life has closed below!

The gate of pearl wide open flew,
The Lord of glory shone in view!—
This gaze of wondrous love and light
Enrobed the saint in glory bright!

He fled! to join the brilliant throng,
To add fresh triumph to "the song"—
And, ere the link to earth was riven,
Death was dissolved in tasting Heaven!

THE SANCTIFIED.

Mrs. Howitt.

O SPIRIT, freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done!
The weary world's beneath thy feet
Thou brighter than the Sun.

Arise, put on the robes
That the redeemed win,
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified within!

Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime !
Awake to love which knows no change
Thou who hast done with Time !

Awake, lift up thine eyes !
See, all Heaven's host appears !
And be thou glad eternally
Thou who hast done with tears.

Ascend ! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth ;
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth !

THE NEW SONG.

Bonar.

BEYOND the hills where suns go down
And brightly beckon as they go,
I see the land of far renown
The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of Time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime,
The music of unjarring chords.

I bid it welcome ; and my haste
To join it cannot brook delay ;—
O song of morning, come at last,
And ye who sing it, come away !

O song of light, and dawn and bliss,
Sound over earth, and fill these skies,
Nor ever, ever, ever cease
Thy soul-entrancing melodies !

Glad song of this disburdened earth,
Which holy voices then shall sing :
Praise for Creation's second birth
And glory to Creation's King !

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

Bridges.

Lo ! on the slope of yonder shore
Beneath that lonely shed
A saint hath found his conflicts o'er
And laid his dying head !

No gloom of fear hath glazed his eye,
For though loud billows roll,—
The Aurora of Eternity
Is rising on his soul.

Champion of Jesus !—man of God,
 Servant of Christ, well done !
Thy path of thorns hath now been trod,
 Thy red-cross crown is won !

O'er the wide waste of watery waves,
 And leagues on leagues of land,
Amidst a wilderness of graves,
 With death on every hand.—

He flew to woo and win a world :
 That men might kiss the feet
Of Him whose banner he unfurled.—
 Father.—Son.—Paraclete !

His lips were love, his touch was power.
 His thoughts were vivid flame,
The flashes of a thunder-shower—
 Where'er, or when he came !

Around him shone the light of life ;
 Before him darkness fell—
Satan receded from the strife,
 And sought his native hell !

Yet who so humbly walk'd as he,
 A conqueror in the field,
Wreathing the rose of victory
 Around his radiant shield.

As silvery clouds, at eventide,
 Float on the balmy gale,
 Nor seem to heed the stars they hide
 Beneath their fleecy veil ;

So lowly sense of slightest worth
 Fresh graces o'er him threw ;
 For he unconscious lived on earth,
 Of all the praise he drew !

Champion of Jesus ! on that breast
 From whence thy fervor flow'd—
 Thou hast obtained eternal rest
 The bosom of thy God !

ON MANY SAINTS.

“Breviary.”

SING we the peerless deeds of many Saints
 Their glorious merits, and their portion blest ;
 Of all the conquerors the world has seen,
 The greatest and the best.

They trod beneath them every threat of man,
 And came victorious all these torments through ;
 For conscious innocence their souls upheld,
 And trials never could their faith subdue.

What tongues those joys, O Jesu ! can disclose,
 Which for thy martyr'd Saints Thou dost prepare ;
 Happy who in their pains, thrice happy those
 Who in Thy glory share !

Our faults, our sins, our miseries remove,
 Great Deity, supreme, immortal King !
 Grant us thy peace, grant us thine endless love,
 Through endless years to sing.

S A I N T S .

Henry Vaughan.

STARS are of mighty use : the night
 Is dark and long.
 The road foul—and where one goes right,
 Six may go wrong.
 One twinkling ray
 Shot o'er some cloud,
 May clear much way
 And guide a crowd.

God's Saints are shining lights : who stays
 Here long, must passe
 O're hills, swift streams, and steepe ways
 As smooth as glasse ;
 But these, all night,
 Like candles, shed
 Their beams, and light
 Us into bed.

A JEWISH APOLOGUE.

"Elegiac Poems."

UP and down his gardens paced a King,
In the blessed season of the Spring,

Lovely flow'rets there by him were seen
In their earliest bud and blossoming.

How should he those lovely flow'rets pull,
Half whose glory lay a hidden thing ?

When a few short days were gone again
Visited his garden-plots the King :

And those flowers so dewy fresh and fair,
Brighter than the brightest insect's wing,

Each was hanging now its drooping head,
Each lay now a wan discolored thing.

And he thought their scent and sweetness, I
Had rejoiced in earlier gathering.

So when in his gardens of delight
Did that Monarch pace another Spring,

And the folded buds again admired,
That did round him fragrant odour fling,

He with timely hand prevented now
The sad season of their withering,

Culled them in the glory of their prime,
Ere their fresh delight had taken wing ;

Culled the young and beautiful and laid
In his bosom gently, home to bring.

TO FLOWERS.

Herrick.

FAIR flowers, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run,
But to the Evening song :
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time as you to stay,
We have as short a spring :
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

O V E R T H E R I V E R .

OVER the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones who 've crossed to the further side ;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of Heaven's own hue ;
He crossed in the twilight—gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view,
We saw not the angels who met him there ;
The gates of the city we could not see—
Over the river, over the river,
Our loved one stands waiting to welcome me !

Over the river, the boatman pale,
Carried another—the household pet :

Her brown curls waived in the gentle gale—
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idols are waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,—
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart ;
 They cross the stream and are gone for aye ;
We may not sunder the veil apart,
 That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their bark's no more,
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

IN THE VALLEY.

Alice B. Haven.

GENTLY sloped the rugged pathway,
To her fainting, failing tread,
Downward to the dreaded valley,
By her Saviour gently led.
Day by day she neared the darkness,
Leaning on that steadfast arm,
As a child who fears no danger,
Shrinks not from approaching harm ;
Till she walked within the shadow,
Little dreaming where she trod,
Knowing not " the staff " sustaining,
As she passed beneath " the rod ;"—
Knowing not how short the distance,
To the home she longed to see ;
Thinking, in the far off future,
There were terrors yet to be.
For the Love in which she trusted,
Upward drew her waiting eyes,
Till we saw them change and brighten,
With a smile of glad surprise.
She had guessed not of the darkness,
Till she saw the breaking day,
Caught no glimpse of Death's dark shadows,
Till they changed and fled away.

Gentle life, with gentlest closing,
Could we wish for aught more blest,
Could we ask more sweet transition
To the promised Land of Rest?

SMILING IN DEATH.

“*Christian Examiner.*”

SHE'S dying—life is yielding place
To that mysterious charm
Which spreads upon the troubled face
A fixed, unchanging calm—
That deepens as the parting breath
Is gently sinking into death.

A thoughtful beauty rests the while
Upon her snowy brow ;
But those pale lips could never smile
More radiantly than now ;
And sure some heavenly dreams begin
To dawn upon the soul within.

Oh, that those mildly conscious lips
Were parted to reply—
To tell how Death's severe eclipse
Is passing from thine eye ;—
For living eye can never see
The change that now is wrought in thee.

Perhaps thy sight is wandering far,
Throughout thy kindred sky,
In tracing every brilliant star,
Amid the flames on high !
Souls of the blest, whose path is bent
Around the glorious firmament.

Perhaps thine eye is gazing down
Upon the earth below,
Rejoicing to have gained thy crown
And hurried from all woe,
To dwell beneath the throne of Him
Before whose glory Heaven is dim.

Thy life, how cold it might have been,
If it had grown to years !
How dark, how often stained with sin,
With weariness and tears !
How happy thus to sink to rest
So early numbered with the blest !

'Tis well, then, that the smile should lie
Upon thy marble cheek ;
It tells to our inquiring eye,
What words could never speak—
A revelation sweetly given
Of all that we can learn of Heaven.

DEATH'S IMPRESS.

R. C. Trench.

GENTLY speak, and lightly tread,
'Tis the chamber of the dead.
Now thine earthly course is run,
Now thy weary day is done,
Genoveva, sainted one!
Happy flight thy soul has taken,
From its plumes earth's last dust shaken.
On the earth is mournful weeping,
Round thy bier lone vigils keeping ;—
In the Heaven triumphant songs,
Welcome of angelic throngs,
As thou ent'rest on that day
Which no tears nor fears allay,
No regrets nor pangs affray,
Hemmed not in by yesterday,
By to-morrow hemmed not in!
Bear her forth with solemn cheer,
Bear her forth on open bier,
That the marvel that hath been
May of every eye be seen.
Wonderful! that pale worn brow
Death hath scarcely sealed, and now
All the beauty that she wore
In the youthful days before,

All the freshness and the grace,
 And the bloom upon her face,
 Ere that weary year's distress
 In the painful wilderness,
 Ere that wearing sickness came,
 Undermining quite her frame ;
 All come back—the light, the hue,
 Tinge her cheek and life anew.
 Far from her, oh ! far away
 All that is so quick to say
 “ Man returneth to his clay : ”—
 All that to our creeping fear
 Whispers of corruption near.
 Seems it as she would illumine
 With her radiance and her bloom
 The dark spaces of the tomb.

LET ME DEPART.

Lady Flora Hastings.

GRIEVE not that I die young ; is it not well
 To pass away ere life hath lost its brightness ?
 Bind me no longer, sisters, with the spell
 Of love and your kind words. List ye to me ;
 Here, I am blessed, but I would be more free ;—
 I would go forth in all my spirit's lightness :
 Let me depart.

Ah, who would linger till bright eyes grow dim,
 Kind voices mute, and faithful bosoms cold ?
 Till carking care, and toil, and anguish grim
 Cast their dark shadows o'er this fairy world ;—
 Till fancy's many colored wings are furled,
 And all save the proud spirit waxeth old ?
 I would depart.

Thus would I pass away. Yielding my soul
 A joyous thank-offering to Him, who gave
 That soul to be, those starry orbs to roll ;—
 Thus, thus exultingly would I depart,—
 Song on my lips—ecstasy in my heart !
 Sisters, sweet sisters, bear me to my grave !
 Let me depart.

G O I N G H O M E .

Æ. Æ. Æ.

CALL it not dying, when we cast
 This mortal part away,
 And plume our wide expanding wings
 For realms of cloudless day.

Call it not dying, when we see
 By faith the open door,
 Alluring us to that bright world
 Where we should sin no more.

Call it not dying, when we snap
Our prison bars in twain,
And our freed spirits rise above
The reach of care and pain.

Call it not dying, when we go
To that dear home above,
To life with Christ, the Crucified,
Where all the air is love.

Call it not dying, when we'll meet
The loved of other years—
Where God's own hand has guided them,
And wiped away their tears.

Call it not dying, timid one,
Nor fear to cross the stream
That lands thee on the beauteous shore,
Where heavenly glories beam.

No! call it *going home to God*;
Call it a peaceful rest;
Call it departing from this world,
To dwell among the blest.

INTO THE CITY.

III. B.

INTO the City, in silence deep,
The pearly gates unclosed once more ;
Hushed was the fall of her parting feet,
As gently she passed the threshold o'er ;
Only the light of that peaceful brow
Reflecting splendor earth never guessed,
Told that the spirit had entered in
The holy City of love and rest.

Into the City, a little way,
Our faith may follow her shining trace,
May see in vision the Jasper walls,
The golden streets of her dwelling-place—
May catch the gleam of her robes of white,
As low she kneels with the seraph throng—
May see in her hand the victor palm,
And know her voice in the angel's song.

Into the City, whose purer joys
Were ne'er to prophet or saint revealed ;—
To clasp the loved ones of earth, and share
The bliss of the souls that God hath sealed—

To lean for aye on the Saviour's breast,
Where Life's glad River forever flows,
And feel the Sun of the Father's smile,
The rapture that perfect love bestows.

Into the City! Why stand we here,
Gazing so steadfastly into Heaven?
An angel whisper we seem to hear,
Solemn and sweet as the breath of even.
"A few more steps of the onward way,
A little longer to watch and wait,
And ye, with sorrow and tears all past,
May enter the City through the gate."

A T T H E G A T E .

Thomas McKellar.

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands ;—
Beside the ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands ;
He only, can undo it,
And open wide the door ;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortal nevermore.

That glorious land is Heaven,
And Death, the sentry grim ;—
The Lord, therefore, has given
The opening keys to him ;
And ransomed sinners sighing,
And sorrowful for sin,
Do pass the gate in dying,
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the door,
Yet Grace comes with the message
Of Love for evermore.
And, at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to Glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing
They're blesséd in their tears—
Their journey, homeward winging,
They leave to earth their fears.
Death, like an angel seemeth—
“ We welcome you,” they cry ;
Each face with glory beameth.
'Tis Life for them *to die*.

FAREWELL.

J. Montgomery.

LET me go, the day is breaking ;
Dear companions let me go !
We have spent a night of waking
In this dreary world below ;
Upward now, I bend my way—
Part we here at break of day.

Let me go—I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus, with doubts and fears—
Angels wait, my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears.
Friends and kindred weep not so,
If ye love me let me go !

We have traveled long together,
Hand in hand and heart in heart ;
Both through calm and stormy weather—
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part.
Yet we must—farewell to you—
Answer one and all, Adieu.

'Tis not darkness gathering round me,
Which withdraws me from your sight ;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me ;—
But translated into Light,

Like the lark, on mounting wing,
Though unseen, ye hear me sing.

Heaven's broad Day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky,
I am dead—nay, by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die.
Would ye solve the mystery?
Come up hither—come and see!

TO BE READY!

Oh, to be ready when Death shall come,
Oh, to be ready to hasten home!
No earthward clinging, no lingering gaze,
No strife at parting—no sore amaze;
No chains to sever, that earth has twined,
No spell to loosen that love would bind.

No flitting shadows to dim the light
Of the angel-pinions, winged for flight;
No cloud-like phantoms to fling a gloom
'Twixt Heaven's bright portals, and earth's dark tomb.
But sweetly, gently to pass away,
From this world's dim twilight, to endless day!

To list to the music of angel lyres,
To catch the rapture of seraph choirs,
To lean, in trust, on the Risen One,
Till borne away to a fadeless crown ;
Lord, make me ready when Death shall come,
Lord, make me ready to hasten home !

RETURNING, NOT DEPARTING.

Barar.

I'm returning, not departing ;
My steps are homeward-bound ;
I quit the land of strangers,
For a home on native ground.

I am rising, and not setting—
This is not night, but day ;
Not in darkness, but in sunshine,
Like a star I fade away.

All is well with me forever ;
I do not fear to go ;
My tide is but beginning
Its bright eternal flow.

I am leaving only shadows,
For the true, and fair, and good ;
I must not, cannot linger ;
I would not, if I could.

This is not Death's dark portal ;
'Tis Life's golden gate to me ;
Link after link is broken,
And I, at last, am free !

I am going to the angels,
I am going to my God ;
I know the hand that beckons,
I see the heavenly road.

Why grieve me with your weeping ?
Your tears are all in vain ;
An hour's farewell, beloved,
And we shall meet again.

Jesus, Thou wilt receive me,
And welcome me above ;
This sunlight which now fills me,
Is Thine own smile of love !

NOT THERE.

Rev. John Pierpont.

.
I KNOW his face is hid
Beneath the coffin-lid,
Closed are his eyes, cold is his forehead fair ;
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it, in prayer, I knelt,
Yet my heart whispers that he is not *there*!

Not there! Where then is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—*he* is not there!

He lives!—in all the past
He lives ; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair ;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, “Thou shalt see me *There*!

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That in the spirit-land,
Meeting at Thy right hand,
'Twill be our Heaven to find that he is *There!*

REJOICING IN HEAVEN!

Dr. Huit.

OH, think that while you're weeping here,
His hand a golden harp is stringing;
And with a voice, serene and clear,
His ransomed soul, without a fear,
His Saviour's praise is singing!

And think that all his pains are fled,
His toils and sorrows, closed forever,
While He, whose blood for man was shed,
Has placed upon His servant's head
A crown that fadeth never!

And think that in that awful day,
When darkness, sun and moon is shading,
The form that midst its kindred clay
Your trembling hands prepare to lay
Shall rise to life unfading!

Then weep no more for him who 's gone
Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter,
But on that great High Priest alone
Who can for guilt like ours atone,
Your own affections centre.

For thus, while round your lonely bier
Surviving friends are sadly bending,
Your souls, like His, to Jesus dear,
Shall wing their flight to yonder sphere,
Faith's lightest pinions lending.

And thus, when to the silent tomb
Your lifeless dust, like his is given,
Like Faith shall whisper midst the gloom,
That yet again in youthful bloom,
That dust shall smile in Heaven!

THE DESIRED HAVEN.

"Hymns of the Church Militant."

LORD, the waves are breaking o'er me and around ;
Oft of coming tempests I hear the moaning sound ;
Here, there is no safety, rocks on either hand—
'Tis a foreign roadstead, a strange and dreary land :
Wherefore should I linger ? others, gone before
Long since, safe are landed on a calm and friendly shore.

Now, the sailing orders, in mercy, Lord, bestow,

Loose the cable, let me go !

Lord, the night is closing around my feeble barque,

How shall I encounter its watches long and dark ?

Sorely worn and shattered, by many a billow past,

Can I stand another rude and stormy blast ?

Oh, the promised haven I never may attain,

Sinking and forgotten, amid the lonely main,

Enemies around me, gloomy depths below,

Loose the cable, let me go !

Lord, I would be near Thee, with Thee, where Thou art,

Thine own word hath said, " 'Tis better to depart."

There to serve Thee better, There to love Thee more,

With Thy ransomed people, to worship and adore,

Ever to Thy presence, Thou dost call Thine own—

Why am I remaining, helpless and alone ?

Oh, to see Thy glory, Thy wondrous love to know !

Loose the cable, let me go !

Lord, the lights are glancing from the distant shore,

Where no billows threaten, where no tempests roar,

Long-beloved voices, calling me, I hear !

Oh, how sweet the summons falls upon my ear !

Here, are foes and strangers, faithless hearts and cold,

There, is fond affection, fondly proved of old !

Let me haste to join them ; may it not be so ?

Loose the cable, let me go !

Hark ! the solemn answer ! hark the promise sure.
" Blessed are those servants who to the end endure !"
Yet a little longer, hope and tarry on,
Yet a little longer, weak and weary one !
More to perfect patience, to grow in faith and love.
More thy strength and wisdom, and faithfulness to prove :
Then, the sailing orders thy Captain shall bestow.
Loose the cable—let thee go !

*DROPPING DOWN THE RIVER.**Bonar.*

DROPPING down the troubled river,
To the tranquil, tranquil shore ;
Dropping down the misty river,
Time's willow-shaded river,
To the spring-embosomed shore ;
Where the sweet light shineth ever.
And the sun goes down no more ;
O wondrous, wondrous shore !

Dropping down the winding river,
To the wide and welcome sea ;
Dropping down the narrow river,
Man's weary, crooked river,
To the blue and star-lit sea ;
Where no tempest wrecketh ever,

Where the sky is fair and free ;
O joyous, joyous sea !

Dropping down the noisy river,
To our peaceful, peaceful home ;
Dropping down the turbid river,
Earth's bustling, crowded river,
To our gentle, gentle home :
Where the rough sea riseth never,
And the vexings cannot come,
O, loved, and longed-for home !

Dropping down the eddying river,
With a Helmsman true and tried ;
Dropping down the dangerous river,
Mortality's dark, threatening river,
With a sure and heavenly Guide ;
Even Him, who to deliver
My soul from death hath died ;
Oh Helmsman, true and tried !

Dropping down the rapid river,
To the dear and deathless Land ;
Dropping down the well-known river,
Life's angry, swollen river,
To the Resurrection-land ;
Where the living live forever,
And the dead have joined the band,
In that fair and blessed land !

A LITTLE LONGER.

Rev. Henry Alford.

ONE and another pass they, and are gone,
Our early friends! Like minute-bells of Heaven,
Across our path in fitful wailings driven,
Hear we death's tidings, ever and anon.
A little longer, and we stand alone!
A few more strokes of the Almighty rod,
And the dread Presence of the voice of God
About our footsteps shall be heard and known.
Toil on, toil on, thou weary, weary arm;
Hope ever onward, heavy, heavy heart;
Let the false charmer, ne'er so wisely charm,
Listen we not, but ply our task apart;
Cheering each hour of work with dreams of rest,
And with their love, who labored and are blest!

HINDER ME NOT!

Helen L. Parmlee.

HINDER me not!—the path is long and dreary,
I may not pause, nor tarry by the way—
Night cometh, where no man may journey onward,
For we must walk as “children of the day.”

I know the city lieth far behind me,
The very brightest gem in all the plain ;—
But thick and fast the lurid clouds are rising,
Which soon shall scatter into fiery hail.

I must press on, until I reach my Zoar,
And There find refuge from the fearful blast !
In Thy cleft side, O, smitten Saviour ! hide me,
Till this calamity be overpast !

Ye cannot tempt me back with pomp or pleasure,
All, in my eager grasp, has turned to dust ;
The shield of love around my heart is broken,—
How shall I place on man's frail life my trust ?

But my heart lingers when I pass the dwellings
Where children play about the open door ;
And pleasant voices waken up the echoes
From silent lips of those I see no more.

For through their chambers swept the solemn warning.
Arise ! depart ! for " this is not your rest !"
They folded their meek hands, and sought The Presence :
I, only bore the arrow in my breast !

But there is balm in Gilead, and a Healer,
Whose Sovereign power can cure our every ill ;
And to the soul, more wildly tempest tossing
Than ever Galilee, say, " Peace, be still !"

Who, showing His own name thereon engraven,
With bleeding hands, will draw the dart again,
And whisper : "Should the true disciple murmur,
To taste the cup, his Master's lip could drain?"

And then lead me until we reach the river,
Which all must cross, and some must cross alone ;
Oh ! ye, who in the land of peace are wearied,
How will ye breast the Jordan's swelling moan ?

I know not if the wave shall rage or slumber,
When I shall stand upon the nearer shore ;
But One, whose form the Son of God resembleth,
Will cross with me, and I shall ask no more !

O weary heads ! rest on your Saviour's bosom,
O weary feet ! press on the path He trod,
O weary souls ! your rest shall be remaining,
When ye have gained the City of your God !

O glorious City ! jasper-built, and shining
With God's own glory in effulgent light,
Wherein no manner of defilement cometh,
Nor any shadow flung from passing night.

Then shall ye pluck fruits from that Tree immortal,
And be like gods, but find no curse therein :
There, shall ye slake your thirst in that full fountain,
Whose distant streams suffice to cleanse your sin.

There, shall ye find your dead in Christ, arisen,
And learn from them to sing the angel's song ;
Well may ye echo, from earth's waiting prison,
The martyr's cry : " How long, O Lord ! how long !"

THE BORDER LANDS.

FATHER, into Thy loving hands,
My feeble spirit I commit,
While wandering in these border lands,
Until Thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose
A longer life, an earlier death ;
I know not what my soul might lose
By shortened or protracted breath.

These border lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades ;
And my heart welcomes them until
The light of life's long evening fades.

I heard them spoken of with dread,
As fearful and unquiet places,
Shades, where the living and the dead
Looked sadly in each other's faces.

But since Thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the border land—
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink, as now I stand,

There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul. How could I fear
While thus encircled with Thine arm?
I never felt Thee half so near!

What shall appal me in a place
That brings me hourly near Thee?
When I may almost see Thy face;
Surely, 'tis here, my soul would be!

They say the waves are dark and deep,
That Faith may perish in the river;
They speak of Death with fear, and weep;
Shall my soul perish? Oh, no, never!

I know that Thou wilt never leave
The soul that trembles while it clings
To Thee; I know Thou wilt achieve
Its passage on Thine outspread wings.

And since I first was brought so near
The stream that flows to the Dead Sea,
I think that it has grown more clear
And shallow than it used to be.

I cannot see the Golden Gate,
 Unfolding yet to welcome me—
 I cannot yet anticipate
 The joy of Heaven's jubilee ;

But I will calmly watch and pray,
 Until I hear my Saviour's voice,
 Calling my happy soul away,
 To see His glory and rejoice !

NEARER HOME.

"Examiner."

NEARER home, nearer home !
 However dark and lonely
 The path through which we roam,
 This is a journey only.
 And though we oft, affrighted,
 Shrink back with sigh and moan,
 Our camp-fires still are lighted
 "A day's march nearer home."

Nearer home, nearer home !
 Oh, joy beyond comparing,
 That, over, thorn and stone,
 Our feet are homeward pressing !

For though we leave behind us
Some buds of hope unblown,
The sunset still doth find us,
“ A day’s march nearer home.”

Nearer home, nearer home !
O many mansioned dwelling,
Beneath Thy shining dome,
No tides of grief are swelling ;
And toward thy fadeless glory
With eager haste we come,
Repeating earth’s brief story,
“ A day’s march nearer home.”

Nearer home, nearer home !
Soon through its open portals,
The ransomed hosts will come,
To welcome us immortals.
Then be the paths before us,
With wrecks or roses strewn,
Each night we’ll sing in chorus,
“ A day’s march nearer home.”

NEAR HOME.

Alice Cary.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I am nearer home to-day,
Than I ever was before.

Nearer my Father's House,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great White Throne,
Nearer the jasper-sea.

Nearer the bound of life.
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown.

But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

Closer, closer my steps
Come to the dark abysm ;
Closer, death to my lips,
Presses the awful chrism.

Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my might of faith,
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death.

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink,
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

MEETING AGAIN.

Bonar.

'Tis thus they press the hand and part,
Thus have they bid farewell again ;
Yet still they commune, heart with heart,
Linked by a never-broken chain ;—

Still, one in life and one in death,
One in their hopes of rest above,
One in their joy, their trust, their faith,
One in each other's tender love.

Yet must they part, and parting, weep,
What else has earth for them in store ?
These farewell pangs, how sharp and deep ;
These farewell words, how sad and sore !

Yet, shall they meet again in peace,
To sing the song of festal joy,
Where naught shall bid their gladness cease,
And none their fellowship destroy.

Where none shall beckon them away,
Nor bid their festival be done ;
Their meeting-time, the Eternal Day,
Their meeting-place, the Eternal Throne !

Then, hand in hand, firm linked at last,
And heart to heart, enfolded all,
They'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why they wept at all.

Then, let them press the hand and part,
The dearly loved, the fondly loving,
Still, still in spirit and in heart,
The undivided, unremoving.

SPEEDY RELEASE.

A FEW more days shall pass,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

A few more suns shall set,
O'er these dark hills of Time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime!

A few more storms shall beat,
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease.
And surges swell no more.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

A few more Sabbaths here,
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath day.

'Tis but a little while,
And He will come again,
Who died that we might live—who lives
That we with Him may reign!

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day,
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

CLIMBING THE STAIR.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

DIM shadows gather thickly round, and up the misty stair
they climb,
The cloudy stair, that upward leads to where the closed
portals shine,
Round which the kneeling spirits wait the opening of the
golden gate.
And some with eager longing go, still pressing forward
hand in hand ;
And some, with weary step and slow, look back where their
belovéd stand,
Yet up the misty stair they climb, led onward by the angel
Time.

As unseen hands roll back the doors, the light that floods
the very air,
Is the dim shadow from within, of the great glory hidden
there ;
And morn and eve, and soon and late, the shadows pass
within the gate,
As one by one they enter in and the dim portals close once
more,
The halo seems to linger round those kneeling closest to the
door,
The joy that lightened from that place, shines still upon the
watcher's face.

The faint, low echo that we hear of far off music seems to fill
 The silent air with love and fear, and the world's clamors
 all grow still
 Until the portals close again, and leave us toiling on in pain.
 Complain not that the way is long—what road is long that
 leads us There ?
 But let the angel take thy hand, and lead thee up the misty
 stair,
 And then, with trusting heart, await the opening of the
 golden gate.

LETTING GO EARTH.

Josiah Conder.

OH, cling not, trembler, to life's fragile bark :
 It fills—it soon must sink.
 Look not below, where all is chill and dark—
 'Tis agony to think
 Of that wild waste—but look, oh look above,
 And see the outstretched arm of Love !

Cling not to this poor life ; unlock thy clasp
 Of fleeting vapory air ;
 The world receding, soon will mock thy grasp ;
 But let the wings of prayer
 Take the blest breeze of Heaven, and upward flee,
 And life, from God, shall enter thee.

Oh, fear not Him who walks the stormy wave ;
'T is not a spectre, but the Lord !
Trust thou in Him, who overcame the grave,
Who holds in captive ward
The powers of hell. Heed not the monster grim,
Nor fear to go, by death, to Him !

Look not so fondly down on this false earth ;
Let not hope linger here ;
Say, would the worm forego its second birth ?
Or the transition fear
That gives it wings to try a world unknown,
Although it wakes, and mounts alone ?

But thou art not alone ; on either side
The portal friends stand guard,
And the kind spirits wait thy course to guide ;
Why, why should it be hard
To trust our Maker with the soul He gave,
Or Him who died, that soul to save ?

Into His hands commit thy trembling spirit
Who gave His life for thine ;
Guilty, fix all thy trust upon His merit,
To Him, thy heart resign,
Oh, give Him love for love, and sweetly fall
Into His hands, who is thy All !

THE DARK RIVER.

AND is the river dark? Nay, think not so,
The "brightness of His glory" sends its light
Across the waters, op'ning to our view
The Heaven-built walls of New Jerusalem!
Why is it, then, when wandering o'er this earth,
So oft, the child of God, affrighted starts
When but a glimpse of Jordan meets his eye?
Wherefore shrinks back, and longs once more to trace
The weary steps of life, rather than feel
Its waves rise round him? The mists of earth,
O'ercloud that stream, rising from gardens fair,
As well as marshes dark with human crimes.
'Tis Faith dispels the clouds!
Then, though timid as the fawn, e'en woman
Stands courageous on the brink, rejoicing
When the summons comes to call her home!
Wherefore, oh wherefore fear when Jesus stands
To welcome us to bliss?—not such as earth
Affords, but that which eye hath not yet seen,
Nor ear hath heard, nor heart of man conceived!
'Tis heavenly bliss, which Jesus gives, and aught from
Him,
Is happiness! Then let not that dark stream
Cast shadows o'er thy soul; ever let Faith
Look far beyond its clouds, to Him who bids
Thee plunge within its wave.

THE OPEN GATE.

“Household Words.”

SHRINK not enfranchised spirit !
Thou, that the wine-press of the field hath trod !
On, blest immortal, on, through boundless space,
And stand with thy Redeemer, face to face !
Yes, stand before thy God !
Life's weary work is o'er,
Thou art of earth no more.
No more art trammelled by the oppressive clay,
But tread'st with wingéd ease
The high acclivities
Of truth's sublime, up Heaven's crystalline way.
Here, no bootless quest,
The City's name is Rest.
Here, shall no fear appal ;
Here. Love is all in all ;
Here, shalt thou win thy ardent soul's desire ;
Here, clothe thee in thy beautiful attire !
Lift, lift thy wondering eyes,
Yonder is Paradise !
And this fair shining band
Are spirits from this land !
And these that throng to meet thee are thy kin,
They have awaited thee, redeemed from sin !
The golden gate unfolds !—enter, oh ! enter in !

UP ABOVE.

Dublin University Magazine.

Down below, the wild November whistling
Through the beech's dome of burning red.
And the Autumn, sprinkling penitential
Dust and Ashes on the chestnut's head.

Down below, a pall of airy purple,
Darkly hanging from the mountain-side,
And the sunset from his eyebrow staring
O'er the long roll of the leaden tide.

Up above—the Tree with leaf unfading,
By the everlasting River's brink,
And the Sea of Glass, beyond whose margin
Never yet the sun was known to sink.

Down below, the white wings of the sea-bird
Dashed across the furrows, dark with mould,
Flitting, like the memories of our childhood,
Through the trees, now waxen pale and old.

Down below, imaginations quivering
Through our human spirits, like the wind ;
Thoughts, that toss, like leaves about the woodland,
Hopes, like sea-birds, flashed across the mind.

Up above—the host no man can number,
In white robes, a palm in every hand,
Each some work sublime forever working
In the spacious tracts of that Great Land.

Up above—the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below,
Noble pity, free from anxious terror,
Larger love, without a touch of woe.

Down below, a sad, mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods, and on the shore,
Burdened with a grand majestic secret,
That keeps sweeping from us evermore.

Up above—a music that entwineth
With eternal threads of golden sound,
The great poem of this strange existence,
All whose wondrous meaning hath been found.

Down below, the church, to whose poor window
Glory by the autumnal trees is lent,—
And a group of worshippers in mourning,
Missing some one at the sacrament.

Up above—the burst of Hallelujah,
And (without the sacramental mist
Wrapped around us, like a sunlit halo,)
The great vision of the face of Christ.

Down below, cold sunlight on the tombstones,
And the green wet turf, with faded flowers.
Winter-roses, once like young hopes burning
Now beneath the ivy dripped with showers.

And the new-made grave, within the churchyard,
And the white cap on that young face pale,
And the watcher, ever as it dusketh,
Rocking to and fro, with that long wail.

Up above,—a crowned and happy spirit,
Like an infant in the eternal years,—
Who shall grow in love and light forever,
Ordered in his place, among his peers.

Oh, the sobbing of the winds of autumn!
Oh, the sunset streak of stormy gold!
Oh, the poor heart! thinking in the churchyard
Night is coming, and the grave is cold!

Oh, the pale, and plashed, and sodden roses!
Oh, the desolate heart, that grave above!
Oh the white cap, shaking as it darkens
Round that shrine of memory and love!

Oh, the Rest forever, and the rapture!
Oh the Hand that wipes the tears away!
Oh, the golden Homes, beyond the sunset,—
And the Hope, that watches o'er the clay!

"SOON AND FOREVER."

J. S. Monseil.

Soon and forever !
Such promise our trust,
Though "ashes to ashes
And dust to dust,"—
Soon, and forever,
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer in Thee.
When the sins and the sorrows
Of Time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings
Remembered no more !
When life cannot fail,
And when death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon and forever !

Soon and forever
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away ;

Soon and forever

We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been ;
When trials without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more
In the warfare of sin ;
Where tears and where snares,
And where death shall be never,
Christians, with Christ shall be
Soon and forever.

Soon and forever

The work shall be done—
The warfare accomplished,
The victory won !
Soon, and forever,
The soldier lay down
His sword for a harp,
And his cross for a crown.
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near !
When, blessed reward
Of each faithful endeavor,
Christians, with Christ shall be
Soon and forever !

Immortality.

S O M E T I M E S S E E N .

N. A. W. P.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's solemn portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers ;
We may not hear the songs that echo There,
Through those enchanted bowers.

That City's shining towers we may not see,
With our dim earthly vision,
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes those gates clysian.

But sometimes, when adown the eastern sky
The fairy sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
 Gleams from the inner glory,
 Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
 And half reveal the story.

O Land unknown! O Land of love divine!
 Father, all-wise—Eternal!
 Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine,
 Into those pastures vernal!

THE EVENING WATCH.

Henry Vaughan.

BODY.

FAREWELL! I goe to sleep; but when
 The day-star springs I'll wake again.

SOUL.

Goe, sleep in peace; and when thou lye'st
 Unnumbered in thy dust, when all this frame
 Is but one dramme, and what thou descriest
 In sev'rall parts, shall want a name,
 Then may His peace be with thee, and each dust
 Writ in His book, who ne'er betrayed man's trust.

BODY.

Amen! but hark, ere we two stray,
 How many hours, dost think, 'till day?

SOUL.

Ah, goe ;—thou'rt weak and sleepie. Heaven
 Is a plain watch, and without fingers winds
 All ages up ;—who drew this circle, even
 He fills it ; dayes and hours are blinds.
 Yet this take with thee : the last gasp of Time
 Is thy first breath—and man's eternall prime.

ETERNITY.

Herrick.

O YEARS and age farewell :
 Behold I go
 Where I do know
 Eternity to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see
 All times, how they
 Are lost in the sea
 Of vast eternity :

Where never moon shall sway
 The stars : but she,
 And night, shall be
 Drowned in one endless day.

ASCENSION HYMN.

Henry Vaughan.

Dust and clay
Man's ancient wear !
Here you may stay,
But I elsewhere.
Souls sojourn here, but may not rest ;
Who will ascend must be undrest.

And yet some
That know to die
Before Death come
Walk to the skie
Even in this life : but all such can
Leave behinde them the old man.

If a star
Should leave the sphere,
She must first mar
Her flaming wear,
And after fall : for in her dress
Of glory, she cannot transgress.

Then comes He !
Whose mighty light
Made His cloathes be
Like Heaven, all bright :

The Fuller, whose pure blood did flow
To make stain'd man more white than snow.

He alone,
And none else can,
Bring bone to bone,
And rebuild man.
And by His all subduing night
Make clay ascend more quick than light.

DIALOGUE—ANTHEM.

G. Herbert.

ALAS, poor Death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?

Alas, poor mortal, void of story!
Go spell, and read how I have killed thy King.

Poor Death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse, being laid on Him, makes thee accursed.

Let losers talk : yet thou shalt die.

Spare not : do thy worst.
I shall be one day better than before :
Thou so much worse—for thou shalt be no more.

"WE SHALL BE CHANGED."

"Elegiac Poems."

WHERE hast thou touched, O wondrous Death!
Where thou hast come between,
Lo! there forever perisheth
The common and the mean.

No little flaw, or trivial speck,
Doth any more appear,
And cannot from this time, to fleck
Love's perfect image clear.

Clear stands Love's perfect image now,
And shall do evermore,
And we in awe and wonder bow
The gloried before.

"WHERE IS THY STING?"

Bishop Taylor.

DEATH, the old serpent's son,
Thou hadst a sting once, like thy sire,
That carried hell and everlasting fire.
But those black days are done :

Thy foolish spite buried thy sting
 In the profound and wide
 Wound in our Saviour's side :
 And now thou art become a tame and harmless thing.
 A thing we dare not fear,
 Since we hear,
 That our triumphant God to punish thee
 For the affront thou didst him on the tree,
 Hath snatched the keys of hell out of thine hand,
 And made thee stand
 A porter to the Gate of Life—thy mortal enemy.
 O Thou, who art that Gate, command that he
 May, when we die,
 And thither fly,
 Let us in Heaven's courts through Thee !

ANXIETY TO DEPART.

Sir W. Millegrew.

THOSE who dare shake the hour-glass in Death's hand
 To make the quicker passage for the sand
 Have mounting souls, with a serene delight,
 To hasten us to God's beatific sight,
 And surely may a better welcome gain
 Than those that longer would on earth remain.

LONGINGS.

"Church of England Quarterly."

WHEN shall I be at rest? My trembling heart
Grows weary of its burden; sickening still
With hope deferred. Oh, that it were Thy will
To loose my bonds, and take me where Thou art?

When shall I be at rest? my eyes grow dim
With straining through the gloom; I scarce can see
The way-marks that my Saviour left for me;
Would it were morn, and I were safe with him!

When shall I be at rest? Hand over hand
I grasp, and climb an ever steeper hill
A rougher path. Oh, that it were Thy will
My tired feet had reached the Promised Land!

Oh, that I were at rest! A thousand fears
Come thronging o'er me, lest I fail at last.
Would I were safe, all toil and danger past,
And Thine own hand had wiped away my tears!

Oh, that I were at rest!—like some I love,
Whose last fond looks drew half my life away,
Seeming to plead, that either they might stay
With me on earth, or I with them above.

But why these murmurs? Thou did'st never shrink
From any toil or weariness for me,
Not even from that last deep agony;
Shall I beneath my little trials sink?

No, Lord! For when Thou call'st me to my rest,
One taste of that deep bliss, will quite efface
The sternest memories of my earthly race,
Save but to swell the sense of being blest.

Then lay on me whatever cross I need
To bring me There. I know Thou can'st not be
Unkind, unfaithful, or untrue to me!
Shall I not toil for Thee when Thou for me did'st bleed?

L O N G I N G S F O R I M M O R T A L I T Y .

Mrs. Anne Steele.

SAD prisoners in a house of clay,
With sins, and griefs, and pains oppressed,
We groan the lingering hours away,
And wish and long to be released.

Nor is it liberty alone
Which prompts our restless, ardent sighs;
For immortality we groan—
For robes and mansions in the skies.

Eternal mansions, bright array !
 Oh blest exchange, transporting thought !
 Free from the approaches of decay,
 Or the least shadow of a spot !

There, shall mortality no more
 Its wide-extended empire boast,
 Forgotten all its dreadful power,
 In Life's unbounded ocean lost.

Bright world of bliss ! oh, could I see
 One shining glimse, one cheerful ray !
 Fair dawn of Immortality,
 Break through these tottering walls of clay

Jesus, in Thy dear name I trust,
 My light, my life, my Saviour, God !
 When this frail house dissolves in dust,
 Oh, raise me to Thy bright abode !

ARDENT ASPIRATIONS.

From the Latin of Casimer, by Watts.

THE beauty of my native land
 Immortal love inspires ;
 I burn, I burn with strong desires,
 And sigh, and wait the high command.

There glides the moon her shining way,
And sooths my heart with silvery ray ;
Upward, that heart aspires.
A thousand lamps of golden light,
Hung high in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
And wink and beckon with their loving fires.
O ye fair glories of my heavenly home,
Bright sentinels, who guard my Father's court,
Where all the happy minds resort,
When will my Father's chariot come ?
Must ye forever walk the ethereal round,
Forever see the mourner lie
An exile from the sky,
A prisoner of the ground ?
Descend, some shining servants from on high,
Build me a hasty tomb ;—
A grassy turf will raise my head,
The neighbouring lilies dress my bed,
And shed a cheap perfume.
Here I put off the chains of death
My soul too long has worn ;
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath
Or tear to wet my urn ;
Angels, behold me all undressed ;
Here gently lay this flesh to rest ;
Then mount, and lead the path unknown,
Swift I pursue ye, flaming guides,
On pinions of my own !

THE UNDIVIDED.

Edmeston.

'Tis but one family—the sound is balm,
A seraph whispers to the wounded heart,
It lulls the storm of sorrow to a calm,
And draws the venom from the avenger's dart.

'Tis but one family—the accents come
Like light from heaven to break the night of woe,
The banner-cry, to call the spirit home,
The shout of victory o'er a fallen foe.

Death cannot separate—is memory dead?
Has thought, too, vanished, and has love grown chill?
Has every relic and memento fled,
And are the living only with us still?

No! in our hearts the lost we mourn remain
Objects of love, and ever-fresh delight;
And fancy leads them in her fairy train,
In half-seen transports past the mourner's sight.

Yes! in ten thousand ways, or far or near,
The called by love—by meditation brought,
In heavenly visions, yet they haunt us here,
The sweet companions of our sweetest thought.

Death never separates ; the golden wires
That ever trembled to their names before,
Will vibrate still, though every form expires,
And those we love we look upon no more.

No more indeed, in sorrow and in pain ;
But even memory's need ere long will cease,
For we shall join the lost of love again,
In endless bonds and in eternal peace !

THE VOICE OF THE DEPARTED.

Rev. Luzerne Bae.

I SHINE in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow,
Through the vale of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now.

No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear
Has rolled and left its stain.

I have reached the joys of Heaven,
I am one of its sainted band,
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing.
Whom Jesus has set free.
And the glorious walls of Heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain ;
Safe in my happy home,
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph's come.

Oh, friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true.
Ye are waiting yet in the vale of tears ;
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget ? Oh no—
For memory's golden chain
Still binds my heart to your hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric chain
Flows freely down, like a rill of light,
To the world from whence it came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out in the glittering sky ?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war
And the storms of conflict die ?

Then why do your tears run down,
 Why are your hearts so riven,
 For another gem in your Saviour's crown,
 And another soul in Heaven?

KNOWLEDGE.

"Lyra Apostolica."

WEEP not for me ;
 Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
 The streams of love that circle home,
 Light hearts and free !
 Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends,
 Nor miss my face, dear friends !

I still am near,
 Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
 Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;
 Now, too, I hear
 Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
 Low prayers and musings sweet.

A sea before
 The Throne is spread ; its pure still glass
 Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.

We, on its shore,
 Share, in the bosom of our rest,
 God's knowledge, and are blest.

THE OTHER SIDE.

WE dwell this side of Jordan's stream,
Yet oft there comes a shining beam
 Across from yonder shore ;
While visions of a holy throng,
And sound of harp and seraph song,
 Seem gently wafted o'er.

The other side ! Ah, 'tis the place
Where saints in joy past scenes retrace,
 And speak of trials gone.
The veil withdrawn, they clearly see
That all on earth had need to be,
 To bring them safely home.

The other side ! No sin is There,
To stain the robes the blessed ones wear,
 Made white in Jesu's blood !
No cry of grief, no voice of woe
To mar the peace their spirits know—
 Their constant peace with God.

The other side ! Its shore so bright
Is radiant with the golden light
 Of Zion's city fair !
And many dear ones gone before,
Already tread the shining shore ;
 I seem to see them There !

The other side! Oh blissful sight!
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,
For me a loved one waits.
Over the stream he calls to me,
Fear not, I am thy guide to be
Up to the pearly gate.

The other side! This well-known voice,
And dear glad face, will me rejoice—
We'll meet in fond embrace,
He'll lead me on until we stand,
Each with a palm-branch in our hand,
Before the Saviour's face!

The other side! The other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly woe and care,
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at Home at last,
With all the blessed ones There?

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Dublin University Magazine.

TIME is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones, o'er its tide,
Sail from our sight away.

Where are they sped, they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes ?
They've passed from Life's contracted bourne
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the River.

'Tis hid from view, but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be ;
For gleamings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds, that o'er it throw
Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the River.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere ;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear ;
And sometimes listening ear may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats—
The echo of the distant strain
Of harps and voices, blending notes
Beyond the River.

There are our loved ones in their rest !
They've crossed Time's river ; now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore ;

But There pure love can live, can last ;
They look for us their home to share ;
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us There,
Beyond the River !

"E Q U A L U N T O T H E A N G E L S."

EQUAL to Angels are our beloved !
Christ has redeemed them—His promise is passed.
A noontide of glory has opened upon them,
As long as Eternity's cycles shall last.
Equal to Angels ! Oh, could we but know
The bliss that surrounds them, how gladly we'd go !

Equal to Angels are our beloved !
With the blessed of all ages who've lived and who've died ;
The children of Heaven, adopted and pardoned !
What more can we wish for our loved ones beside ?
Equal to Angels ! exalted and pure,
Their triumph through Jesus is lasting and sure !

Equal to Angels are our beloved !
All radiant with beauty in garments of white,
For "children of God," must ever be spotless,
Beholding His face, in that Heavenly Light !
Equal to Angels ! Oh never to die !
Death has been conquered forever on high.

Equal to Angels are our beloved !
Reunion is certain, we shall meet again !
Those bright cheering words of divine consolation,
Ne'er could have by Jesus been spoken in vain !
Equal to Angels ! Then trust in the Lord,
For they are His children—and He is their God !

A T R E S T .

Author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family."

AH, needst thou our prayers no more ;
Safe folded 'mid the blessed ?
How changed art thou since last we met
To keep the day of rest !
Young with the youth of angels,
Wise with the growth of years !
But we have passed since, thou hast gone,
A week of many tears,
And thou hast passed a week in Heaven !
A week without a sin,
Thy robes made white in Jesu's blood,
All glorious within.

We shall miss thee at a thousand turns,
Along life's weary track,
Not a sorrow or a joy but we
Shall long to call thee back !

Yearn for thy true and gentle heart
Long thy bright smile to see,
Though many dear and true are left,
Yet none are quite like thee!
And evermore, to all our life,
A deeper tone is given,
For a loved one, since her childhood,
Has entered into Heaven.

How wise, and great, and glorious,
Thy gentle soul has grown,
Loving, as thou art loved by God,
Knowing, as thou art known!
Yet in that world, thou carest yet,
For those thou lov'dst in this;
The rich man did in torments,
And wilt not thou in bliss?
For sitting at the Saviour's feet,
And gazing in His face,
Surely thou wilt not There unlearn
One gentle, human grace.

Human, and yet angelic,
The form He deigns to wear;
Of Jesus, yet of angels,
The likeness thou shalt bear!
At rest, from all the storms of life,
From its night-watches drear,
From the tumultuous hopes of earth,

And from its aching fear!
 Sacred, and sainted, now to us
 Is thy familiar name;
 High is thy sphere above us now,
 And yet, in this, the same.

Together, do we watch and wait,
 For that long promised day,
 When the voice that rends the tombs shall call,
 "Arise and come away—
 My bride, and my redeemed,
 Winter and night are past,
 And the time of singing, and of light,
 Has come to thee at last."
 When the family is gathered,
 And the Father's house complete,
 And we, and thou beloved,
 In our Father's smile shall meet.

PARADISE MUST FAIRER BE.

From the German of F. Rückert.

OH, Paradise must fairer be
 Than any spot below!
 My spirit pines for liberty;
 Now let me thither go!

In Paradise, forever clear,
The stream of love is flowing,
For every tear that I've shed here
A pearl therein is glowing.

In Paradise alone is rest ;
Joy breathing, woe-dispelling ;
A heavenly wind fans every breast
Within that happy dwelling.

For every wounding thorn below,
A rose shall blossom there ;
And sweeter flowers than earth can show,
Shall twine around my hair.

And every joy, that, budding died,
Shall open There in bloom ;
And Spring, in all her flowery pride,
Shall waken from the tomb.

And all the joys shall meet me There
For which my heart was pining,
Like golden fruit in gardens fair,
And flowers forever shining.

My youth, that fled so soon away,
And left me sad, decaying,
Shall There, be with me every day
With bright wings round me playing.

All hopes, all wishes, all the love
 I sighed for, pined forever,
 Shall bloom around me There above,
 And last with me forever !

REAPPEARING.

Bonar.

THE star is not extinguished when it sets
 Upon the dull horizon ; but it goes
 To shine in other skies, then reappear
 In ours, as when it first arose.

The river is not lost, when o'er the rock
 It pours its flood into the abyss below ;
 Its scattering force, regathering from the shock,
 It hastens onward with yet fuller flow.

The bright sun dies not, when the shadowy orb
 Of the eclipsing moon obscures its ray ;
 It still is shining on, and soon to us
 Will burst undimmed into the joy of day.

The lily dies not, when both flower and leaf
 Fade, and are strewed upon the chill sad ground.
 Gone as for shelter to its mother earth,
 'T will rise, re-bloom, and shed its fragrance round.

The dew-drop dies not, when it leaves the flower,
And passes upward, on the beam of morn ;
It does but hide itself in light on high,
To its loved flower, at twilight to return.

The fine gold has not perished, when the flame
Seizes upon it with consuming glow ;
In freshened splendor it comes forth anew,
To sparkle on the monarch's throne or brow.

Thus nothing dies—or only dies to live.
Star, stream, flower, the dew-drop, and the gold ;
Each goodly thing, instinct with buoyant hope,
Hastes to put on its purer, finer mould.

So, in the quiet joy of kindly trust,
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell ;
Weeping, yet hoping, we commit their dust
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

Softly, within that peaceful resting place
We place their wearied limbs, and bid the clay
Press lightly on them, till the night be past,
And the far east gives note of coming day.

The day of reappearing, how it speeds !
He who is true and faithful, speaks the word ;
Then shall we ever be with those we love ;—
Then shall we be “ forever with the Lord !”

The shout is heard ; the archangel's voice goes forth ;
 The trumpet sounds ! the dead awake, and sing.
 The living put on glory. One glad band,
 They hasten up, to meet their coming King !

Short death and darkness. Endless life and light !
 Short dimming, endless shining in yon sphere,
 Where all is incorruptible and pure
 The joy without the pain, the smile without the tear.

A T H O M E .

“ Christian Examiner.”

THE earth, all light and loveliness in summer's golden hours
 Smiles in her bridal vesture clad, and crowned with festal
 flowers.

So radiantly beautiful, so like to Heaven above,
 We scarce can deem more fair that world of bliss and love.

Is this a shadow faint and dim of that which is to come ?
 What shall the unveiled glories be of our celestial home !
 Where waves the mystic Tree of Life, where streams of bliss
 gush free,
 And all is glancing in the light of immortality !

To see again the home of youth, when weary years have
 passed,
Serenely bright as when we turned and looked upon it last ;
To hear the voice of love, to meet the rapturous embrace,
To gaze through tears of gladness on each dear familiar
 face ;

Oh! this, indeed, is joy—though here we meet to part ;
But what transporting bliss awaits the pure and faithful
 heart,
When it shall find the loved and lost, those who have gone
 before,
Where every tear is wiped away, where partings are no
 more !

When on devotion's seraph wings, the spirit soars above,
And feels Thy presence, Father, Friend, God of eternal love ;
Joys of the earth, ye fade away before that living ray,
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse of pure and perfect
 day ;

A gleam of Heaven's own light, though now its brightness
 scarce appears
Through the dim shadows which are spread around this
 vale of tears ;
For Thy unclouded smile, O God, fills all that glorious place,
Where we shall know as we are known, and see Thee face
 to face !

"DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY."

Kirke White.

YEA, He hath come—the mighty Champion comes,
Whose potent spear shall give thee thy death-wound.
Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,
And desolate stern Desolation's lord.
Lo, where He cometh! the Messiah comes!
The King! the Comforter! the Christ! He comes
To burst the bonds of Death, and overturn
The power of Time. Hark! the trumpet's blast
Rings o'er the heavens! They rise—the myriad's rise—
Even from their graves they spring, and burst the chains
Of torpor. He has ransomed them!

DAY OF DOOM.

Young.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapped in peace,
And worldly Fancy feeds on golden dreams,
To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis presumed, this pomp will burst
From tenfold darkness. Sudden as the spark

rom smitten steel ;—from nitrous grain the blaze.
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more !
 The day is broke which never more shall close !
 Above, around, beneath—amazement all !
 Terror and glory, joined in their extremes.
 Our God in grandeur ! and our world on fire !
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death.
 Dost thou not hear her ? dost thou not deplore
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan ?
 Where are we now ? Ah me ! the ground is gone
 On which we stood !

.
 Great day ! for which all other days were made,
 For which earth rose from chaos, man from earth,
 And an Eternity, the date of gods,
 Descended on poor earth-created man !
 Great day of dread, decision and despair !
 At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
 Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world,
 And catches at each reed of hope in Heaven.
 Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
 Order o'er order, rising blaze o'er blaze,
 As in a theatre, surround this scene,
 Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.—
 Angels look out for thee.

.
 Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought ?

I think of nothing else : I see ! I feel it !
 All Nature, like an earthquake, trembling round !
 All Deities, like summer swarms on wing !
 All basking in the full meridian blaze !
 I see the Judge enthroned !—the flaming guard—
 The volume opened—opened every heart !
 A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought !
 No patron ! Intercessor none ! now past
 The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour !
 For guilt no plea—to pain no pause—no bound !
 Inexorable all ! and all extreme !

.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doomed
 With him to fall), now bursting o'er his head ;—
 His lamp, the sun, extinguished ; from beneath
 The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
 From their long slumber, from earth's heaving womb,
 To second birth ! Contemporary throng.
 Roused at one call, upstarted from one bed,
 Pressed in one crowd, appalled with one amaze,
 Time turns them o'er, Eternity to thee !
 Then (as a king deposed, disdains to live)
 He falls on his own scythe, nor falls alone ;—
 His greatest foe falls with him ;—Time (and he
 Who murdered all Time's offspring), Death, expire.
 Time was ! Eternity now reigns alone !

DIES IRÆ.

Thomas of Celanc—13th Century—by General Dix.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow !
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Ah ! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending.

To the Throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summon all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, 'mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written Volume's pages
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment—record of past ages !

Sits the Judge, the raised arrainging,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended ?

King of Majesty tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us,
Fount of pity, safety send us !

Holy Jesus ! meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me ;
By Thy cross and passion bought me.
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning !

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning.

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding !

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded !

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning ;
Save, O save me from the burning !

Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise mid lightning flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save me, Father, from perdition !

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Henry Vaughan.

O DAY of life, of light, of love !
The only day dealt from above !
A day so fresh, so bright, so brave,
'Twill show us each forgotten grave,
And make the dead, like flowers, arise
Youthful and fair, to see new skies.

All other days, compared with thee,
 Are but Light's weak minority.
 They are but veils, and cyphers drawn
 Like clouds, before thy glorious dawn.
 O come, arise, shine, do not stay,
 Dearly loved day!
 The fields are long since white, and I
 With earnest groans for freedom cry,
 My fellow-creatures, too, say *Come!*
 And stones, though speechless, are not dumb.
 When shall we hear that glorious voice
 Of life and joys?
 That voice, which to earth's secret bed
 Of my Lord's dead
 Shall bring true day, and make dust see
 The way to Immortality.

JUDGMENT HYMN.

Bishop Heber.

THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
 The mountains to their centre shake.
 And, withering from the vault of night,
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord shall come! but not the same
 As once in lowly form He came—

A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride—
The Nazarine—the Crucified?

While sinners in despair shall call,
“Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!”
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, “The Lord is come!”

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

Luther.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear
On clouds of glory seated.

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before ;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding :
No gloomy fear their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before the Throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created :
The Judge of man I see appear
On clouds of glory seated :
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

DIES VITÆ.

In a Poem of the Twelfth Century.

Lo, the Day—the Day of Life—
Day of unimagined Light,
Day when Death itself shall die,
And there shall be no more night.

Steadily that Day approacheth,
When the just shall find their rest,
When the wicked cease from troubling,
And the patient reign most blest.

See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long ;
Long implored, at length He hasteth,
Cometh with salvation strong.

Oh, how past all utterance happy,
Sweet and joyful it will be,
When they, who unseen, have loved Him,
Jesus, face to face shall see !

In that Day, how good and pleasant,
This poor world to have despised !
And how mournful and how bitter,
Dear that lost world to have prized !

Blessed, then, earth's patient mourners,
Who for Christ have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure—
In those mansions to abide!

There, shall be no sighs or weeping,
Not a shade of doubt or fear,
No old age, no want or sorrow,
Nothing sick or lacking There!

There, the peace will be unbroken,
Deep and solemn joy be shed ;
Youth, in fadeless flower and freshness,
And Salvation perfected!

What will be the bliss and rapture,
None can dream, and none can tell,
There, to reign among the angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell!

To those realms, just Judge, oh call me,
Deign to open that blest gate,
Thou, whom seeking, looking, longing,
I, with eager haste, await!

WHEN WILL HE COME?

Henry Vaughan.

Al! what time wilt Thou come? When shalt that cry
"The Bridegroom cometh!" fill the sky?
Shall it in the evening run,
When our words and works are done?
Or will thy all surprising light
Break at midnight,
When either sleep or some dark pleasure,
Possesseth mad man without measure?
Or shall these early fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowers,
And, with their blush of light descry
Thy locks crowned with Eternity?
Indeed, it is the only time
That with thy glory doth best chime:
All now are stirring; every field
Full hymns doth yield.
The whole creation shakes off night,
And for thy shadow looks the light.
Stars now vanish without number;
Sleepy planets set and slumber;
The pursie clouds disband and scatter;
All expect some sudden matter.
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
The Morning Star

As this restless, vocal spring
 All day and night doth run and sing,
 And though here born, is acquainted
 Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted.
 So let me all my busy age,
 In Thy free services engage.
 And though while here, of force I must
 Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
 And in my flesh, though vile and low,
 As this doth in her channel flow,
 Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
 And chief acquaintance be above ;
 So when that day and hour shall come,
 In which Thyself wilt be the Sun,
 Thou'lt find me dressed, and on my way,
 Watching the break of that great Day.

HOW LONG, O LORD?

Helen L. Parmlee.

For us, the conflict and the toil,
 The sickness and the pain ;
 For them—the wiping of the tears
 Which shall not flow again.
 For us, the path o'ergrown with thorns,
 And darkness round our way ;
 For them—the golden streets of Heaven
 And God's eternal day !

How long, O Lord of love ! how long
Shall we go mourning here ?
How long till in Thy courts above.
With singing we appear ?
We see Thy saints to glory go,
And trim our lamps anew ;
When shall we hear the Bridegroom's voice,
And we be summoned too !

O longing heart ! O aching head !
Our times are in His hand ;
And not a drop is in the cup
Unmeasured by His hand.
And though the bitterness be great
Yet deeper was the draught,
Which in His hour of agony,
Our great Redeemer quaffed.

Though long delayed our time of rest,
And o'er the waters wild,
Like Noah's dove, we have been sent,
Our rest below defiled ;
Yet soon our exile shall be o'er,
His time of love shall come ;
When He shall open wide the door,
And take the wanderer home.

WAITING.

From the German.

Dost thou ask *when* comes His hour?

'Tis when it aids thee best.

Trust His faithfulness and power,

Trust Him, and calmly rest.

Suffer on, and hope, and wait—

Jesus will not come too late.

Blessed day, which hastens fast,

End of conflict and of sin!

Death itself shall die at last,

Heaven's eternal joys begin.

Then Eternity shall prove,

God is Light, and God is Love.

ETERNITY.

Wulffer. Died 1685.

ETERNITY! Eternity!

How long art thou Eternity?

And yet to thee time hastes away,

Like as the warhorse to the fray,—

Or swift as couriers homeward go—

Or ship to port, or shaft to bow.

Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou Eternity?
A circle infinite art thou,
Thy centre an eternal *now*—
Never, we name thy outward bound,
For never end therein is found.
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou Eternity!
A little bird with fretting beak
Might wear to nought the loftiest peak,
Though but each thousand years it came,
Yet thou wert then, as now, the same.
Ponder, O man, Eternity.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou Eternity?
As long as God is God—so long
Endure the pains of hell and wrong,
So long the joys of heaven remain;
Oh lasting joy! Oh lasting pain!
Ponder, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou Eternity?
O man, full oft thy thoughts should dwell
Upon the pains of sin and hell—

And on the glories of the pure,
That doth beyond all Time endure.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou Eternity ?
How terrible art thou in woe,
How fair where joys forever glow !
God's goodness sheddeth gladness here,
His justice there wakes bitter fear.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou Eternity ?
A moment lasts all joy below
Whereby man sinks to endless woe ;
A moment lasts all earthly pain,
Whereby an endless joy we gain.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

HYMN TO CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

St. Bernard. *Bird* 1153.

HAIL, thou Head ! so bruised and wounded,
With the crown of thorns surrounded,
Smitten with the mocking reed,
Wounds which may not cease to bleed
Trickling faint and slow.

Hail! from whose most blessed brow
None can wipe the blood-drops now ;
All the flower of life has fled
Mortal paleness there instead ;
Thou, before whose presence dread
Angels trembling bow.

.

Yet in this Thine agony
Faithful Shepherd think of me ;
From whose lips of love divine
Sweetest draughts of life were mine,
Purest honey flows.
All unworthy of Thy thought,
Guilty, yet reject me not,
Unto me Thy head incline—
Let that dying head of Thine
In mine arms repose !

Let me true communion know
With Thee in Thy sacred woe,
Counting all beside but dross,
Dying with Thee on Thy cross ;—
'Neath it I will die !
Thanks to Thee with ev'ry breath,
Jesus, for Thy bitter death ;
Grant Thy guilty one this prayer,
When my dying hour is near
Gracious God, be nigh !

When my dying hour must be,
 Be not absent then from me ;
 In that dreadful hour I pray,
 Jesus come without delay.

See and set me free !

When Thou biddest me depart,
 Whom I cleave to with my heart,
 Lover of my soul be near !
 With Thy saving Cross appear
 Show Thyself to me !

.

Prostrate, see, Thy Cross I grasp,
 And Thy piercéed feet I clasp ;
 Gracious Jesus, spurn me not ;
 On me with compassion fraught,
 Let Thy glances fall.

From Thy Cross of agony,
 My Beloved, look on me ;
 Turn me wholly unto Thee ;
 " Be thou whole " say openly,
 " I forgive thee all."

—

O SACRED HEAD! NOW WOUNDED.

Paul Gerhardt. By Rev. James W. Alexander.

O SACRED Head! now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down ;
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, Thy only crown ;

O Sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

O noblest brow and dearest!
In other days the world
All feared when Thou appearedst;
What shame on Thee is hurled!
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that bosom languish,
Which once was bright as morn.

The blushes late residing
Upon that holy cheek;
The roses once abiding
Upon those lips so meek;
Alas! they have departed;
Wan death has rifled all!
For, weak and broken-hearted,
I see Thy body fall.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain;
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place.
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

Receive me, my Redeemer,
My Shepherd make me Thine ;
Of every good the fountain,
Thou art the spring of mine.
Thy lips with love distilling,
And milk of truth sincere,
With heaven's bliss are filling
The soul that trembles there.

Beside Thee, Lord, I've taken
My place—forbid it not!
Hence will I ne'er be shaken,
Though Thou to death be brought.
If pain's last paleness hold Thee,
In agony opprest,
There, there will I enfold Thee
Within these arms and breast.

The joy can ne'er be spoken
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken,
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!

O make me Thine forever!
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

Be near when I am dying,
O show Thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Krummacher.

YES, our Shepherd leads with gentle hand,
Through the dark pilgrim-land,
His flock, so dearly bought,
So long and fondly sought.

When in clouds and mists the weak ones stray,
He shows again the way,
And points to them afar
A bright and guiding star.

Tenderly He watches from on high,
With an unwearied eye ;
He comforts and sustains
In all their fears and pains.

Through the parch'd, dreary desert He will guide
To the green fountain side ;
Through the dark stormy night,
To a calm land of light.

Yes, His "little flock" are ne'er forgot,
His mercy changes not :
Our home is safe above,
Within His arms of love.
Hallelujah !

IN THE GREEN PASTURES.

From the Spanish. By Bryant.

REGION of life and light,
Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er ;
Nor frost, nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore !

There, without crook or sling,
Walks the Good Shepherd ; blossoms, white and red.
Round His meek temples cling ;
And to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath His eye is fed.

He guides, and near Him they
Follow delighted ; for He makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height,
Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,
And fountains of delight,
And where His feet have stood
Springs up along the way their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as He lies,
With all His flock around,
He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From His sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath, of that high melody
Descend into my heart
And change it, till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O Love, in Thee!

Ah! then beloved I should know,
Where Thou liest at noon of day,
And from this place of woe
Released, should take my way
To mingle with Thy flock, and never stray.

WITH PALMS IN THEIR HANDS.

J. Montgomery.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests and kings, and conquerors they.
Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim, in joyful psalms
Victory through His cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom—it is Thine,
King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Round the altar, priests confess,
 If their robes are white as snow,
 'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
 And His blood that made them so.

Who are these? On earth they dwelt,
 Sinners once of Adam's race ;
 Guilt and fear, and suffering felt,
 But were saved by sovereign grace.
 They were mortal, too, like us ;
 Ah, when we like them must die,
 May our souls, translated thus,
 Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

Who are these in bright array?
 This innumerable throng—
 Round the altar night and day
 Tuning their triumphant song?
 "Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;
 New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod :
 These from great afflictions came—

Now before the Throne of God,
 Sealed with his Eternal Name!
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their great Redcemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed.
 Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
 Shall to living fountains lead.
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels their fears—
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away their tears !

WHO ARE THOSE?

From the German of Schenk, by Miss Winkworth.

Who are those before God's throne,
 What the crownéd host I see ?
 As the sky with stars thick-strown
 Is their shining company ;
 Hallelujahs, hark, they sing ;
 Solemn praise to God they bring.

Who are those that in their hands
Bear aloft the conqueror's palm,
As one o'er his foeman stands,
Fallen beneath his mighty arm ?
What the war and what the strife ?
Whence came such victorious life ?

Who are those arrayed in light,
Clothed in righteousness divine,
Wearing robes so pure and white,
That unstained shall ever shine,
That can never more decay—
Whence come all this bright array ?

They are those who strong in faith,
Battled for the mighty God ;
Conquerors o'er the world and death,
Following not sin's crowded road ;
Through the Lamb who once was slain,
Did they such high victory gain.

They are those who much have borne,
Trial, sorrow, pain, and care,
Who have wrestled night and morn
With the mighty God in prayer ;
Now their strife hath found its close ;
God hath turned away their woes.

They are branches of that Stem
Who hath our salvation been ;
In the blood He shed for them
Have they made their raiment clean ;
Hence they wear such radiant dress,
Clad in spotless holiness.

They are those who hourly here
Served as priests before the Lord,
Offering up, with gladsome cheer,
Soul and body at His word.
Now, within the holy place
They behold him face to face !

As the harts at noonday pant
For the river fresh and clear,
Did their souls oft long and faint
For the living Fountain here ;
Now their thirst is quenched ; they dwell
With the Lord they loved so well !

Ah ! that bliss can ne'er be told
When with all that army bright
Thee, my Sun, I shall behold,
Shining, star-like with Thy light !
Amen, thanks be brought to Thee,
Praise through all eternity !

THE REDEEMED.

THERE walk the saved ! yea, they who bore,
While traversing life's stormy shore,
Through tears and blood the hallowed cross ;
Who, purged from earth's terrestrial dross,
Received the Saviour's form impressed—
Whose signet on each hallowed breast
Enstamped the mystic name, unknown
To all save those around the throne ;

Who calm 'mid earth's tumultuous strife,
Drew from Himself that inward life
Which spirits breathe, from sense apart,
While deep in each devoted heart
The formless glory dwelt serene,
Of old in cherub glory seen.
Prelude of bliss reserved above,
In perfect light, for perfect love.

Now all in heaven ! no temple There
Unfolds its gates ; no voice of prayer
From that bright multitude ascends ;
But holy rapture reverent bends
Before the mediatorial throne,
Before the Lamb, whose beams alone
Irradiate that eternal sky—
The bursting blaze of Deity !

Soft is the voice of golden lutes ;
Sweet bloom heaven's fair, ambrosial fruits ;
Bright beams the dazzling lustre shed
From radiant gems in order spread
From golden streets, from emerald floors,
From crystal floods, from pearly doors,
From rainbow tints, from angel wings,
From all unuttered glorious things.

Yet not that city's dazzling glow,
Nor limpid water's murmuring flow,
Nor dulcet harmony that springs
From golden lyres ; nor angel wings,
Though glittering with intensest dyes
Reflected from immortal skies,
Complete the palmy bliss of those
For whom heaven's pearly gates unclose.

No ; 'tis with unfilmed eyes to see
The once incarnate Deity,
Who still with lamb-like meekness bears,
Imprinted deep, those glorious scars
Whence issued wide that crimson flow
In which their robes were washed below,
Which bought that crown whose splendor bright
Now spheres them in that world of light.

Not with blessed forms like these to blend,
And feel in each an angel friend,

But God, their Fount, to know and see—
 From all-pervading Deity
 To catch the nearer burst of light,
 To gain the beatific sight,
 Entranced in glory's peerless blaze—
 Conformed to Him, on whom they gaze!

THE HAPPY COUNTRY.

Bernard of Clugny. 12th Century. By Dr. Neale.

AND, through the sacred lilies
 And flowers on every side,
 The happy dear-bought people
 Go wandering far and wide;
 Their breasts are filled with gladness,
 Their mouths are turned to praise,
 What time, now safe for ever,
 On former sins they gaze:
 The fouler was the error,—
 The sadder was the fall,—
 The ampler are the praises
 Of Him who pardoned all.

Their one and only anthem,
 The fulness of His love,—
 Who gave instead of torment,
 Eternal joys above!

Instead of torment, glory—
 Instead of Death, that Life
 Wherewith your Happy Country,
 True Israelites, is rife.

A N G E L S.

S p e n s e r.

ANGELS bright,
 All glistening glorious, in their Maker's light ;

To them the heaven's illimitable height
 (Not this round Heaven, which we from hence behold,
 Adorned with thousand lamps of burning light,
 And with ten thousand gemmes of shining gold,)
 He gave as their inheritance to hold,
 That they might serve Him in eternall blisse
 And be partakers of those ioyes of His.

There they, in their trinall triplicities
 About Him wait, and on His will depend,
 Either with nimble wings to cut the skies
 When He them on His messages doth send,
 Or on His own dread presence to attend,
 Where they behold the glory of His light
 And caroll hymns of love, both day and night.

Both day and night, is unto them all one ;
 For He, his beams doth unto them extend,
 That darknesse their appeareth never none ;
 Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse an end,
 But There, their termelesse time in pleasure spend ;
 Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
 Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobey.

ANGELS.

H. H. Milman.

WHAT means yon blaze on high ?
 The empyrean sky,
 Like the rich veil of some proud fane, is rending ;
 I see the star-paved land
 Where all the angels stand,
 Even to the highest height, in burning rows ascending.
 Some, with their wings disspread,
 And bowed the stately head,
 As on some mission of God's love departing,
 Like flames at midnight conflagration starting.
 Behold ! the appointed messengers are they,
 And nearest earth they wait, to waft our souls away.

Higher and higher still,
 More lofty statuares fill
 The jasper-courts of the Everlasting Dwelling ;

Cherubim and seraph pace
The illimitable space,
While sleep the folded plumes from their white shoulders
swelling ;
From all the harping throng
Bursts the tumultuous song,
Like the unceasing sound of cataracts pouring,
Hosanna o'er hosanna loudly soaring ;
That faintly echoing down to earthly ears,
Hath seemed the concert sweet, of the harmonious spheres.

Still my wrap spirit mounts,
And lo ! beside the founts
Of flowing light, Christ's chosen saints reclining ;
Distinct among the blaze,
Their palm-crowned heads they raise,
Their white robes, e'en through that o'erpowering lustre
Each, in his place of state, [shining.
Long the bright twelve have sat,
O'er the celestial Zion, high uplifted ;
Which these with deep prophetic raptures gifted,
Where life's glad river rolls its tideless streams,
Enjoy the full completion of their heavenly dreams.

Again, I see again
The great victorious train,
The martyr-army, from their toils reposing,
The blood-red robes they wear
Empurpling all the air,
E'en their immortal limbs the signs of wounds disclosing :

Oh, holy Stephen ! thou
 Art there, and on thy brow
 Hast still the placid smile it wore in dying,
 When, under the heaped stones in anguish lying,
 Thy clasping hands were fondly spread to heaven,
 And thy last accents prayed thy foes might be forgiven.

Beyond, ah ! who is there
 With the white snowy hair ?
 'Tis He, 'tis He, the Son of Man, appearing
 At the right hand of One,
 The darkness of whose throne
 That sun-eyed host behold with awe and fearing ;
 O'er Him, the rainbow springs,
 And spreads its emerald wings
 Down to the glassy sea, His loftiest seat o'erarching.
 Hark ! thunders from His throne, like steel-clad armies
 marching ;
 The Christ ! the Christ commands us to His home !
 Jesus, Redeemer, Lord, we come—we come !

H E A V E N W A R D .

Bishop Cox.

So, in our simple creed,
 We drop this frail mortality we wear,
 And laud to Him who for our sakes did bleed,
 And on His cross our bitter griefs did bear—
 We know our ransomed nature, certain heir
 Of deathless being from its dying seed.

They who nurse hopes, live every day an age,
And strive more fleet to live, by living well :
And so we hasten on our pilgrimage,
Plucking earth's flowers, but fain in heaven to dwell.
Life, in our ear, doth mean eternity ;
And Time, our staff, but speeds us on our way,
While all around, poor voyagers we see,
Who bear it, but to chronicle each day,
And notch the hurrying hours of destiny
In fearful units, numbering for dismay
The lavished seeds of immortality.
But, O, our souls take no account of time,
For we are gazing into worlds sublime ;
Our spirits are like song-birds, nursed to light
In climates far too rude,
That, by a heavenly instinct, stretch their flight
To skies where such bright plumes were made to brood.
We know our kindred there,
In genial warmth, their golden plumage wear,
And sing their native notes forevermore !
We yearn for purer air,
And dream the music we were made to share,
As home we waft us, from our alien shore.

"WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS."

Rev. Charles W. Baird.

WHEN the last cloud shall break
That shades that realm of glory from thy sight,
And thine astonished eyes awake
From life's brief dream to Heaven's transplendent light ;

What quickening powers my soul
Shall then arise, from fleshly bonds released,
And bear thee victor to thy goal,
On all the wonders of thy God to feast !

What forms of shining grace,
Shall swift thy bright ascending track surround,
Or gladsome fly before thy face,
The blissful news of thine approach to sound !

What mysteries deep and strange
Will thine unfettered spirit first pursue ?
Whither, on wings, untiring range
Their boundless fields of Truth, precious and new ?

Not yet, my soul, not yet !
What thou shalt be no thought can fathom now ;—
But when thy Saviour's hand hath set
The "new name" of His ransomed on thy brow,

Thou shalt behold Him near :—
The King, in all His beauty, thou shall see!
Removed the veil that screened thee here,
To show His perfect likeness formed in thee!

R E S T !

Rev. Ray Palmer.

AND is there, Lord, a rest,
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast
Or sorrow entrance find?

Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

Are there bright, happy fields,
Where nought that blooms shall die ;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields.
And healthful breezes sigh?

Are there celestial streams,
Where living waters glide,
With murmurs sweet as angel dreams,
And flowery banks beside?

Forever blesséd they,
 Whose joyful feet shall stand,
 While endless ages waste away
 Amid that glorious band !

My soul would thither tend,
 While toilsome years are given ;
 Then let me, gracious God, ascend
 To sweet repose in Heaven !

ANTICIPATION.

Langbecker.

WHAT shall I be, my Lord, when I behold Thee
 In awful majesty at God's right hand,
 And 'mid the eternal glories, that enfold me,
 In strange bewilderment, O Lord, I stand ?
 What shall I be? these tears they dim my sight,
 I cannot catch the blissful vision right.

What shall I be, Lord, when Thy radiant glory,
 As from the grave I rise, encircles me ?
 When, brightly pictured in the light before me,
 What "eye hath never seen" my eyes shall see !
 What shall I be? Ah! blesséd and sublime
 Is the dim prospect of that glorious time !

What shall I be, when days of grief are ended,
 From earthly fetters set forever free ;
 When from the harps of saints and angels blended,
 I hear the burst of joyful melody ?
 What shall I be, when risen from the dead,—
 Sin, death and hell, I never more shall dread ?

What shall I be, when all around are thronging—
 The loved of earth, with whom I've come to dwell !
 When all is joy and praise—no anxious longing,
 No bitter parting, and no sad farewell ?
 What shall I be ? Ah, how the streaming light
 Can lend a brightness to the dreary night !

Yes, Faith can never here know the salvation
 Which Jesus for His people will prepare ;
 Then will I wait, in peaceful expectation,
 Till the Good Shepherd comes to take me there !
 My Lord, my God, a blissful end I see,
 Though now I know not what I then shall be !

THERE REMAINETH A REST.

From the German. By Miss Winkworth.

YES, there remaineth yet a rest ;
 Arise, sad heart, that darkly pines,
 By heavy care and pain oppressed,
 On whom no sun of gladness shines ;

Look to the Lamb!—In yon bright fields
Thou'lt know the joy His presence yields.
Cast off thy load and thither haste ;
Soon shalt thou fight and bleed no more,
Soon, soon thy weary course be o'er,
And deep the rest thou then shalt taste.

The rest appointed thee of God ;
The rest that naught shall break or move,
That ere this earth by man was trod
Was set apart for thee by love.
Thy Saviour gave His life to win
This rest for thee ; oh, enter in !
Hear how His voice sounds far and wide ;
“ Ye weary souls no more delay ;
Loiter not faithless by the way ;
Here in my peace and rest abide !”

Yonder in joy the sheaves we bring,
Whose seed was sown on earth in tears ;
There in our Father's house we sing
The song too sweet for mortal ears ;
Sorrow and sighing all are past,
And pain and death are fled at last ;
There with the Lamb of God we dwell ;
He leads us to the crystal river ;
He wipes away all tears forever ;
What There is ours no tongue can tell.

Hunger nor thirst can pain us There ;
The time of recompense is come,

Nor cold, nor scorching heat we bear,
 Safe sheltered in our Saviour's home ;
 The Lamb is in the midst, and those
 Who followed Him through shame and woes
 Are crowned with honour, joy and peace ;
 The dry bones gather life again ;
 One Sabbath over all shall reign,
 Wherein all toil and labor cease.

There is untroubled calm and light,
 No gnawing care shall mar our rest ;
 Ye weary, heed this word aright ;
 Come, lean upon your Saviour's breast !
 Fain would I linger here no more,
 Fain to yon happier world upsoar,
 And join that bright expectant band !
 Oh, raise my soul, the joyful song
 That rings through yon triumphant throng,
 Thy perfect rest is nigh at hand !

I WOULD FLY AWAY.

Air.

OH, had I wings like yonder bird,
 That soars above its downy nest,
 I'd fly away, unseen, unheard,
 Where I might be for aye at rest.

I would not seek those fragrant bowers
Which bloom beneath a cloudless sky,
Nor would I rest amidst the flowers
That deck the groves of Araby.

I'd fly, but not to scenes below,
Though ripe with every promised bliss ;
For what's the world ? a garnished show,
A decorated wilderness.

Oh, I would fly and be at rest !
Far, far beyond each glittering sphere
That hangs upon the azure breast
Of all we know of Heaven here.

And there I'd rest, amidst the joys
Angelic lips alone can tell ;
Where bloom the bowers of Paradise,
Where songs in sweetest transports swell.

There would I rest, beneath that throne,
Whose glorious circle gilds the sky ;
Where sits Jehovah, who alone
Can wipe the mourner's weeping eye !

TAKING WING.

Thatcher.

EARTH is the spirit's rayless cell ;
But then, as a bird soars home to the shade
Of the beautiful wood where its nest was made,
In bonds no more to dwell—

So will its weary wing
Be spread for the skies when its toil is done,
And its breath flow free, as a bird's in the sun,
And the soft, fresh gales of spring.

Oh, not more sweet the tears
Of the dewy eve on the violet shed,
Than the dews of age on the hoary head
When it enters the eve of years.

Nor dearer, 'mid the foam
Of the far-off sea, and its stormy roar,
Is a breath of balm from the unseen shore
To him that weeps for home !

Wings like a dove to fly !
The spirit is faint with its feverish strife ;
Oh for its home in the upper life !
When, when will death draw nigh ?

EVERLASTING LIGHT.

Cotwper.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken :

“ O my people, faint and few
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you ;
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

“ There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow ;
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

“ Ye, no more your sun’s descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me ;
God shall rise, and, shining o’er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your Everlasting Light.”

ONWARD INTO LIGHT.

Trench.

OUR course is onward, onward into light ;
What though the darkness gathereth amain ?
Yet to return, or tarry, both are vain.
How starry, when around us thick is night ?
Whither return ? What flower yet ever might,
In days of gloom, and cold, and stormy rain,
Enclose itself in its green bud again,
Hiding from wrath of tempest out of sight ?
Courage ! we travel through a darksome cave ;
But still, as nearer to the light we draw,
Fresh gales will meet us from the upper air,
And wholesome dews of heaven our foreheads lave,
The darkness lighten more, till full of awe
We stand in the free sunshine, unaware.

MY NATIVE LAND.

From the Spanish, by Longfellow.

CLEAR fount of light ! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade !
Mansion of Truth ! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.

There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
 Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath ;
 But sentinelled in Heaven, its glorious presence
 With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not death.
 Beloved country ! banished from thy shore,
 A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
 The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee !
 Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
 Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
 That whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

MY COUNTRY'S LOVELINESS.

From the Latin of Casimir, by Trench.

It kindles all my soul
 My Country's loveliness ! Those starry choirs
 That watch around the pole,
 And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires
 Through golden halls that roll.
 O chorus of the night ! O planets, sworn
 The music of the spheres
 To follow ! Lovely watchers, that think scorn
 To rest till day appears !
 Me, for celestial homes of glory born,
 Why here, oh why so long
 Do ye behold an exile from on high ?

Here, oh ye shining throng,
With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie :
Here let me drop my chain,
And dust to dust returning, cast away
The trammels that remain ;
The rest of me shall spring to endless day.

PART II.

Reveries and Retrospections.

MEMORIES.

Goethe.

AGAIN ye come, again ye throng around me,
Dim, shadowy beings of my boyhood's dream !
Still shall I bless, as then, your spell that bound me ;
Still bend to mists and vapors as ye seem ?
Nearer ye come ! I yield me as ye found me
In youth your worshiper ;—and as the stream
Of air that folds you in its magic wreath
Flows by my lips, youth's joy my bosom breathes.

Lost forms and loved ones ye are with you bringing,
And dearest images of happier days ;—
First love and friendship in your path upspringing.
Like old Tradition's half-remembered lays.
And long-slept sorrows waked, whose dirge-like singing
Recalls my life's strange labyrinthine maze,—
And names the heart-mourned—many whose stern doom,
Ere their youth's summer, summoned to the tomb.

They hear not these my last songs, they whose greeting
Gladdened my first. My spring-time friends have gone ;
And gone, fast journeying from that place of meeting,
The echoes of their welcome, one by one.

Though stranger crowds, my listeners since, are beating
Time to my music, their applauding tone,
More grieves than glads me, while the tried and true,
If yet on earth, are wandering far and few.

A longing—long unfelt, a deep-drawn sighing
For the far Spirit-World, o'erpowers me now.
My song's faint voice sings fainter, like the dying
Tones of the wind-harp swinging from the bough ;
And my changed heart throbs warm,—no more denying
Tears to my eyes, or sadness to my brow.
The Near afar off seems—the Distant nigh,—
The Now a dream—the Past, Reality.

THE TWO PROPHETS.

WRAP thyself up in night ; speak low, not loud ;
Spread shining mist along a solemn page ;
Be like a voice, half heard from hollow cloud,
And thou shalt be the prophet of the age.

Conceal thy thought in words ; or, better still,
Conceal thy want of thought ; and thou shalt be
Poet and prophet, sage and oracle,
A thing of wonder, worship, mystery.

Coin some new mystic dialect and style,
Pile up thy broken rainbows page on page ;
With him dissolving views the eye beguile,
And thou shalt be the poet of the age.

Old bards and thinkers could their wisdom tell,
In words of light which all might understand ;
They had great things to say, and said them well,
To far-off ages of their listening land.

Such was old Milton, such was Bacon wise,
Such all the greatly good and nobly true ;
High thoughts were theirs, kin to the boundless skies,
But words translucent as the twilight dew.

Be ever like earth's greatest, truest, soundest ;
Be like the prophets of the prophet land ;
Be like the Master—simplest when profoundest ;
Speak that thy fellow-men may understand.

Old streams of earth, sing on in happy choir !
Old sea, roll on your bright waves to the shore ;
Tune, ancient wind, tune your still cunning lyre,
And sing the simple song you sung of yore !

Dear arch of heaven, pure veil of lucid blue,
Star-loving hills, immovable and calm,
Fresh fields of earth, and undefiled dew,
Chant, as in ages past, your glorious psalm !

I love the ringing of your child-like notes,
The music of your warm transparent song ;
And my heart throbs, as blythely o'er me floats
Your endless echo, sweet and glad and young.

Your old is ever new ; perpetual youth
Sits on your brow, a God-given heritage.
Even thus, in her fair ever-green, old Truth
Stands, without waste or weariness or age.

Unchanged in her clear speech and simple song,
Earth utters its old wisdom all around.
Ours be, like hers, a voice distinct and strong,
Speech as unmuffled, wisdom as profound.

All mystery is defect ; and cloudy words
Are feebleness, not strength ; are loss, not gain ;
Men win no victories with spectre-swords ;
The phantom barque ploughs the broad sea in vain.

If thou hast aught to say, or small or great,
Speak with a clear, true voice ; all mysteries
Are but man's poor attempts to imitate
The hidden wisdom of the Only Wise.

The day of Delphic oracles is past ;
All mimic-wisdom is a broken reed.
The gorgeous mountain-mist rolls up at last,
Clouds quench no thirst, and flowers no hunger feed.

NIGHT STUDY.

Rev. Geo. W. Bethune.

I AM alone : and yet
In the still solitude there is a rush
 Around me, as were met
A crowd of viewless wings : I hear a gush
Of uttered harmonies—Heaven meeting earth,
Making it to rejoice with holy mirth.

Ye wingéd Mysteries,
Sweeping before my spirit's conscious eye,
 Beckoning me to arise,
And go forth from my very self, and fly
With you, far in the unknown, unseen immense
Of worlds beyond our sphere—What are ye? Whence?

Ye eloquent voices,
Now soft as breathings of a distant flute,
 Now strong, as when rejoices
The trumpet in the victory, or pursuit—
Strange are ye, yet familiar, as ye call
My soul to wake from earth's sense, and its thrall.

I know ye now—I see
With more than natural light—ye are the good,
The wise *departed*—ye
Are come from Heaven to claim your Brotherhood
With mortal brother, struggling in the strife
And chains, which once were yours, in this sad life.

Ye hover o'er the page
Ye traced in ancient days, with glorious thought
For many a distant age ;
Ye love to watch the inspiration caught
From your sublime examples, and to cheer
The fainting aspirant to your high career.

Ye come to nerve the soul
Like him who near the Atoner stood, when He
Trembling saw round Him roll
The wrathful portends of Gethsemane,
With courage strong ; the promise ye have known
And proved, rapt for me from the Eternal Throne.

Still keep ! O keep me near you,
Compass me round with your immortal wings ;
Still let my glad soul hear you
Striking your triumphs from your golden strings,
Until with you I mount, and join the song,
An angel like you, mid the white-robed throng !

EUTHANASIA.

Willis Gaylord Clark.

METHINKS, when on the languid eye
Life's autumn scenes grow dim ;
When evening's shadows veil the sky,
And Pleasure's syren hymn
Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
Like echoes from another sphere,
Or dreams of Seraphim—
It were not sad to cast away
This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

It were not sad to feel the heart
Grow passionless and cold ;
To feel those longings to depart
That cheered the good of old ;
To clasp the Faith which looks on high,
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
And makes the curtain-fold
That falls upon his wasting breast,
The door that leads to endless rest.

It seems not lonely thus to lie
On that triumphant bed,
Till the pure spirit mounts on high
By white-winged seraphs led :

Where glories, earth may never know,
 O'er "many mansions" lingering glow,
 In peerless lustre shed.
 It were not lonely thus to soar
 Where sin and grief can sting no more.

And though the way to such a goal
 Lies through the clouded tomb,
 If on the free, unfettered soul
 There rest no stains of gloom,
 How should its aspirations rise
 Far through the blue unpillar'd skies,
 Up to its final home!
 Beyond the journeyings of the sun,
 Where streams of living waters run.

NOCHE SERENA.

Honce De Leon. By J. Bowering.

WHEN yonder glorious sky,
 Lighted with million lamps, I contemplate,
 And turn my dazzled eye
 To this vain mortal state,
 All dim and visionary, mean and desolate—

A mingled joy and grief
 Fills all my soul with dark solicitude ;
 I find a short relief
 In tears, whose torrents rude
 Roll down my cheeks, at thoughts that will intrude.

Thou so sublime abode,
 Temple of light, and beauty's fairest shrine !
 My soul a spark of God,
 Aspiring to thy seats divine,
 Why, why is it condemned in this dull cell to pine ?

Why should I ask in vain
 For Truth's pure lamp ; and wander here alone,
 Seeking, through toil and pain,
 Light from the Eternal One,
 Following a shadow still, that glimmers and is gone ?

Dreams and delusions play
 With man ; he thinks not of his mortal fate ;
 Death treads his silent way ;
 The earth turns round ; and then too late
 Man finds no trace is left of all his fancied state.

Rise from your sleep, vain man !
 Look round, and ask if spirits born of Heaven,
 And bound to Heaven again,
 Were only lent or given,
 To be in this mean round of shades and follies driven.

Turn your unclouded eye
Up to yon bright, to yon eternal spheres,
And spurn the vanity
Of Time's delusive years,
And all its flattering hopes, and all its frowning fears.

What is the ground ye tread
But a mere point, compared with that vast space
Around, above you, spread,
Where, in the Almighty's face,
The present, future, past, hold an eternal place?

List to the concert pure
Of yon harmonious, countless worlds of light!
See, in his orbit sure
Each takes his journey bright,
Led by an unseen hand thro' the vast maze of night.

See how the pale Moon rolls
Her silver wheel ; and, scattering beams afar
On Earth's benighted souls,
See Wisdom's holy star ;
Or, in his fiery course, the sanguine orb of War ;

Or that benignant ray
Which Love hath called his own, and made so fair ;
Or that serene display
Of power supernal there,
Where Jupiter conducts his chariot through the air.

And circling all the rest,
 See Saturn, father of the golden hours :
 While round him, bright and blest,
 The whole empyrean showers
 Its glorious streams of light on this low world of ours !

But who to these can turn,
 And weigh them 'gainst a weeping world like this—
 Nor feel his spirit burn
 To grasp so sweet a bliss,
 And mourn that exile hard, which here his portion is ?

For there, and there alone,
 Are peace, and joy, and never-dying love—
 There, on a splendid throne
 'Midst all those fires above,
 In glories and delights which never wane nor move :

Oh ! wondrous blessedness,
 Whose shadowy effluence Hope o'er Time can fling !
 Day that shall never cease—
 No night There threatening—
 No winter There, to chill joy's ever-during spring !

Ye fields of changing green,
 Covered with living streams and fadeless flowers ;
 Thou Paradise serene !
 Eternal—joyful hours
 My disembodied soul shall welcome in thy bowers !

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Young.

O MAJESTIC Night!

Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun.
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds in heaven loom,
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine
Thy flowing mantle form, and heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (Nature's most august
Inspiring aspect.) claim a grateful verse,
And, like a sable curtain, starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labors past, shall close the scene,
. and see! Day's amiable sister sends
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre, and courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;—
With gain and joy, she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception in th' entended breast.
While light peeps through the darkness like a spy,

And darkness shows its grandeur by the light.
One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity.
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires!
From urns unnumbered, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight,
Nor tarries there. I feel it at my heart!
My heart at once it humbles and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies!
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect.
In this, His universal temple hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights
That shed religion on the soul: at once
The Temple and the preacher! O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of Night!

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Translated from Ephraem Syrus. Third Century.

A STAR shines forth in heaven, suddenly,
A wondrous orb, less than the sun—yet greater!
Less in its outward light, but greater in
Its inward glory, pointing to a mystery.
That morning-star, sent forth its beams afar
Into the land of those who had no light;

Led them as blind men, by a way they knew not,
Until they came, and saw the Light of men ;
Offered their gifts,—received eternal life,
Worshiped—and went their way.
Thus had the Son two heralds—one on high,
And one below. Above—the star rejoiced ;
Below—the Baptist bore Him record.
Two heralds thus, one heavenly, one of earth ;
That, witnessing the nature of the Son,
The majesty of God—and this, His human nature.
O mighty wonder ! thus were they the heralds,
Both of His Godhead, and His Manhood.
Who held Him only for a Son of earth,
To such the star proclaimed His heavenly glory ;
Who held Him only for a heavenly spirit,
To such the Baptist spoke of Him to man.

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

Thos. B. Read.

I stood by the open casement,
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of their long, triumphal march ;

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the' eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, forever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan ;
And the moon, like a mailed maiden
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small ;
But might, in their greatest height,
Be the noblest of them all.

Downward, forever downward,
Behind earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night :
They passed—and were no more.

No more ? Oh, say not so !
And downward, is not just ;
For the sight is weak, and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars, and the mailed moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
And endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshaled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.

Upward, forever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of Time.

And long may we remember
That the palest, faintest one,
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blessed sun.

PLANETS AND STARS.

"Paradise Lost."

THESE have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise ;
Lest total Darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life,
In Nature and all things ; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm.

Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth, made hereby after to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain ; nor think, tho' men were none,
 That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise,
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
 All these, with ceaseless praise, His works behold
 Both day and night : how often, from the steep
 Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each, to others' note,
 Singing their great Creator ! Oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number joined, their songs
 Divide the night—and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

HEAVEN OF HEAVENS.

Edmund Spenser.

Look thou no further, but affixe thine eye
 On that bright shynie, round, still moving masse,
 The house of blessed God, which men call skye,
 All sowed with glistering stars more thicke than grasse,
 Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,

But those two most which, ruling night and daye,
As king and queene, the heaven's empire sway.

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene
That to their beautie may comparéd bee?
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene
Endure their Captain's flaming head to see?
How much lesse those much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more than these,
As these are fairer than the land and seas?

For farre above those heavens which here we see
Be others farre exceeding these in light;
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse, and in height,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no sunne t' illuminate their spheres,
But their own native light farre passing theirs.

And as these heavens still by degrees arize,
Until they come to their first Mover's bound,
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
And carrie all the rest with him around;
So those likewise, doe by degrees rebound,
And rise more faire, till they at last arrive
To the most faire, whereto they all do strive.

Faire is the Heaven, where happy souls have place
In full enjoyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternall Maiestie;

More faire is that, where those Idees on hie
Enraunged bee, which Pluto so admyred,
And pure Intelligences from God inspyred.

A NIGHT REVERIE.

¶arnell.

How deep yon azure dies the sky !
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The mother Crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is clear and smooth beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire.
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn mounds of Fate ;
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was—like thee, they life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

.

As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering Sun ;
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On Earth, and in the body placed,
A few, and evil years they waste ;
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide—
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of Day !

THE STARS.

Alexander Smith.

I LOVE the stars too much ! The tameless sea
Spreads itself out beneath them, smooth as glass.—
You cannot love them, lady, till you dwell
In mighty towns ; immured in their black hearts,
The stars are nearer to you than the fields.
I'd grow an Atheist in these towns of trade,
Wer't not for the stars. The smoke puts Heaven out.
I meet sin-bloated faces in the street,
And shrink as from a blow. I hear wild oaths
And curses dropped from lips that once were sweet.

And sealed for Heaven, by a mother's skill.
I mix with men whose hearts of human flesh,
Beneath the petrifying touch of gold,
Have grown as stony as the trodden way !
I see no trace of God ; till in the night,
While the vast city lies in dreams of gain,
He doth reveal Himself to me in the Heavens.
My heart swells to Him, as to the sea the moon ;—
Therefore it is I love the midnight stars.

*THE LOST PLEIAD.**Simms.*

Not in the sky,
Where it was seen,
Nor on the white tops of the glistening wave,
Nor in the mansions of the hidden deep,—
Though green,
And beautiful, its caves of mystery ;—
Shall the bright watcher have
A place, and as of old high station keep.

Gone, gone !
O never more to cheer
The mariner who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers, and do sleep,
Shall it appear,

With the sweet fixedness of certain light,
Down-shining on the shut eyes of the deep.

Vain, vain !
Hopeless most idly then, shall he look forth,
That mariner from his bark.—
Howe'er the north
Does raise his certain lamp, when tempests lower—
He sees no more that perished light again !
And gloomier grows the hour
Which may not, through the thick and crowding dark,
Restore that lost and loved one to her tower.

He looks,—the shepherd of Chaldea's hills
Tending his flocks,—
And wonders the rich beacon does not blaze.
Gladdening his gaze ;—
And from his dreary watch along the rocks,
Guiding him safely home through perilous ways !
Still wondering as the drowsy silence fills
The sorrowful scene, and every hour distills
Its leaden dews.—How chafes he at the night,
Still slow to bring the' expected and sweet light,
So natural to his sight !

And lone,
Where its first splendors shone,
Shall be that pleasant company of stars :
How should they know that death
Such perfect beauty mars ?

And like the earth, its crimson bloom and breath ;
 Fallen from on high,
 Their lights grow blasted by its touch, and die !—
 All their concerted springs of harmony
 Snapped rudely, and the generous music gone.

A strain—a mellow strain—
 A wailing sweetness filled the sky ;
 The stars, lamenting in unborrowed pain,
 That one of their selectest ones must die !
 Must vanish, when most lovely, from the rest !
 Alas ! 'tis evermore our destiny,
 The hope, heart-cherished, is the soonest lost ;
 The flower first budden, soonest feels the frost :
 Are not the shortest-lived still loveliest ?
 And, like the pale star shooting down the sky,
 Look they not ever brightest when they fly
 The desolate home they blessed ?

N I G H T.

Herder.

THE moon is up in splendor,
 And golden stars attend her ;
 The heavens are calm and bright.
 Trees cast a deepening shadow,
 And slowly off the meadow
 A mist is rising silver-white.

Night's curtains now are closing
Round half a world reposing
In calm and holy trust.
All seems one vast still chamber,
Where weary hearts remember
No more the griefs of dust.

*TO THE MOON.**Goethe.*

FILLEST hill and vale again,
Still with softening light!
Loosest from the world's cold chain
All my soul to-night!

Spreadest round me, far and nigh,
Soothingly, thy smile;
From thee, as from friendship's eye,
Sorrow shrinks the while.

Every echo thrills my heart.—
Glad and gloomy mood,
Joy and sorrow, both have part
In my solitude.

River, river, glide along,
I am sad, alas !
Fleeting things are love and song,
Even as they pass !

I have had, and I have lost
What I long for yet,—
Ah, why will we, to our cost,
Simple joys forget ?

River, river, glide along,
Without stop or stay !
Murmur whisper to my song,
In melodious play.

Whether on a winter's night
Rise thy swollen floods—
Or in spring thou hast delight
Watering the young buds.

Happy be, who hating none,
Leaves the world's dull noise,
And with trusty friends alone,
Quietly enjoys,

What, forever unexpressed,
Hid from common sight
Through the mazes of the breast—
As softly steals thy light !

TO A MOONBEAM.

Lamartine. By Rev. Charles M. Baird.

MILD radiance of an orb of fire,
What wilt thou have of me, bright ray?
Wilt thou this gloomy breast inspire
With the calm light of heavenly day?

Hast thou come down to me, to bear
The mysteries of the starry plain—
The secrets of that country, where
Day soon will call thee back again?

Does not some unrevealed design
Direct thee to my saddened breast;
And like a beam of hope, to shine
Upon me in the hours of rest?

Wilt thou disclose the Future Day
To suppliant souls that sadly bend?
Art thou the dawn, O heavenly ray,
Of that bright morn that hath no end?

My heart is quickened at the sight,
With rapturous joys unfelt before!—
Art thou some spirit, gentle light,
Of those so loved, who are no more?

MOONLIGHT.

Shakespeare.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst,
But in his motion, like an angel sings,
Still guiding to the young-eyed cherubim ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls !
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

A VE MARIS STELLA!

A Mediseval Hymn. From the Portuguese.

STAR of the wide and pathless sea,
Who lov'st on mariners to shine,
These votive garments wet, to thee
We hang within thy holy shrine.

When o'er us flash'd the surging brine,
Amid the warring waters toss'd,
From earthly aid we turned to thine,
And hoped, when other hope was lost.
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the vast and howling main,
When dark and lone is all the sky,
And mountain waves o'er ocean's plain
Erect their stormy heads on high ;
When matrons by the hearthstone sigh,
They raise their weeping eyes to thee ;—
The Star of ocean heeds their cry,
And saves the foundering bark at sea.
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep and stormy sea,
When wreaking tempests round us rave,
Thy gentle virgin form we see,
Bright rising o'er the hoary wave,
The howling storms that seem to crave
Their victims—sink in music sweet ;—
The surging seas recede, to pave
The path beneath thy glistening feet,
Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! at that blessed name,
The waves sleep silent round the keel,
The tempests wild their fury tame,
That made the deep foundations reel ;

The soft celestial accents steal
 So soothing through the realms of woe,
 That suffering souls a respite feel
 From torture in the depths below.

Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the mild and placid seas,
 Whom rainbow rays of mercy crown,
 Whose name thy faithful Portuguese,
 And all that to the depths go down,
 With hymns of grateful transport own ;
 When gathering clouds obscure their light,
 And heaven assumes an awful frown,
 The Star of ocean glitters bright.

Ave Maris Stella !

Star of the deep ! when angel lyres
 To hymn thy holy name essay,
 In vain a mortal harp aspires
 To mingle in the mighty lay !
 Mother of Christ ! one living ray
 Of hope our grateful bosom fires ;—
 When storms and tempests pass away,
 Take us to join immortal choirs.

Ave Maris Stella !

SUNSET REVERIES.

From the Portuguese.

THE sun now sets ; whilst twilight's misty hue
Closes with slow approach the light of day ;
And sober night, with hand of mantling gray,
In gathering clouds obscures the fading view—
Scarce do I see a thing athwart the gloom,
Or from the beach discern the cypress grave.
All wears the stilly silence of the tomb,
Save that the sound is heard of measured wave
Upon the neighboring sand. With face erect,
Looks raised to Heaven, in anguish of my soul,
From my sad eyes the frequent tear-drops roll.
And if a comfort I might now select,
'Twould be that night usurp so long a reign,
That never more should day appear again.

SUNSET.

Thomas B. Aldrich.

SICK of myself, and all that keeps the light
Of the blue skies away from me and mine,
I climb this ledge, and by this wind-swept pine
Lingering watch the coming of the night.

'Tis ever a new wonder to my sight!
 Men look to God for some mysterious sign—
 For other stars than those that nightly shine;
 For some unnatural symbol of His might.
 Wouldst see a miracle as grand as those
 The prophets wrought of old in Palestine?
 Come, watch with me the shaft of fire that glows
 In yonder West: the fair, frail palaces;
 The fading Alps—the Archipelagoes—
 The great cloud Continents of sunset-seas.

VESPERS.

C. M. P.

O, SHADOW in a sultry land!
 We gather to thy breast,
 Whose love, unfolding like the night,
 Brings quietude and rest—
 Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
 In foretaste here possessed!

From aimless wanderings we come,
 From driftings to and fro;
 The wave of being mingles deep
 Amid its ebb and flow.
 The grander sweep of tides serene
 Our spirits yearn to know!

That which the garish day has lost
 The twilight vigil brings,
 While softer the vesper-bell
 Its silver cadence rings—
 The sense of an immortal trust,
 The brush of angel wings!

Drop down behind the solemn hills,
 O Day, with golden skies!
 Serene, above its fading glow
 Night, starry-crowned, arise!
 So beautiful may Heaven be,
 When Life's last sunbeam dies!

SOLITUDE.

Thomson.

THINE is the balmy breath of morn,
 Just as the dew-bent rose is born :
 And while meridian fervors beat,
 Thine is the woodland dumb retreat.
 But chief, when evening scenes decay,
 And the faint landscape swims away,
 Thine is the doubtful soft decline—
 And that best hour of musing-time.

SILENCE.

Th. Hood.

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound ;
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute—or still must sleep profound.
No voice is hushed, no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the solemn ground.
But in green ruins—in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where man hath been ;
Though the dun fox or wild hyena calls,
And owls, that flit continuously between,
Shrink to the echo, and the low winds moan,
Then the true silence is self-conscious and alone.

CONTEMPLATION.

Coleridge.

IN some hour of solemn jubilee
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come, in fragments wild,
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies—

And odors snatched from beds of amaranth,
 And dews that from the crystal river of Life
 Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales !
 The favored good man in his lonely walk
 Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
 Strange bliss, which he shall recognize in Heaven.

W I N G S.

THERE is a dreamy presence everywhere,
 As if of spirits passing to and fro ;—
 I almost hear their voices in the air,
 And feel their balmy pinions touch my brow.
 I feel as if a breath might put aside
 The shadowy curtain of the spirit-land ;
 Revealing all the loved and glorified,
 That Death has taken from affection's band.

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I feel them with their rustling pinions sweeping
 The damp dews gathered on my brow ;
 I see them in their lonely vigils keeping
 Their last still watch beside me now—
 I know that sainted spirits in their love
 Are gazing on me from their homes above.

A E R I A L M E S S E N G E R S .

Paradise Lost.

FOR spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both ; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure ;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle thread of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh ; but in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And work of love or enmity fulfill.

A N G E L I C M I N I S T R A N T S .

Edmund Spenser.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succor us that succor want !
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
And all for love, and nothing for reward ;
Oh, why should heavenly God to man have such regard ?

S L E E P E .

Daniel.

CARE-CHARMER, Sleepe, sonne of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darknesse born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light ;
With darke, forgetting of my care, return,
And let the day be time enough to mourne
The shipwrecke of my ill-adventured youth.
Let waking eyes suffice to veile their scorne,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreames, the images of daie's desires,
To modell forth the passions of the morrow.
Never let rising sunne approve you liers,
To adde more griefe to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleepe, embracing clouds in vaine,
And never wake to feele the daie's disdaine.

S O N N E T T O S L E E P E .

Drummond.

SLEEPE, silence, childe, sweete father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings.
Sole comforter of minds which are oppressed.

Loe, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
 Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulnesses possest.
 And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsie wings
 Thou spar'st, (alas!) who cannot bee thy guest.
 Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
 To inward flight which thou art wont to show,
 With feigned solace ease a true-felt woe.
 Or if, deafe god, thou do denie that grace,
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath;
 I long to kisse the image of my death!

S L E E P .

Shakespeare.

SLEEP, gentle sleep!
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more will weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why, rather sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,—

And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery shrouds,
 That with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude;
 And in the calmest, and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king?

ODE TO SLEEP.

Ætats.

O MAGIC sleep! O comfortable bird
 That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
 Till it is hushed and smooth! O unconfined
 Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key
 To golden palaces—strange minstrelsy—
 Fountains grotesque—new trees—bespangled caves—
 Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves
 And moonlight; aye, to all the mazy world
 Of silvery enchantment! who, unfurled
 Beneath thy drowsy wing, a triple hour
 But renovates and lives?

TO SLEEP.

From the Spanish.

O GENTLE sleep! my welcoming breath
Shall hail thee! 'midst our mortal strife
Thou art the very thief of life,
The very portraiture of death!
'Tis sweet to feel thy downy wing
Light hovering o'er my drowsy bed.
But who has heard thy lightsome tread,
Thou blind, and deaf, and silent thing?
Thou dost a secret pathway keep,
Where all is darkest mystery.
For me to sleep is but to die—
For thee, thy very life is sleep.

DREAMS.

Byron.

OUR life is twofold : Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and Existence. Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality ;
And dreams, in their development, have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.

They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
 They take a weight from off our waking toils—
 They do divide our being. They become
 A portion of ourselves as of our time,
 And look like heralds of Eternity.
 They pass like spirits of the past—they speak
 Like sybils of the future ; they have power—
 The tyranny of pleasure and of pain.
 They make us what we were not—what they will.
 And shake us with the vision that's gone by—
 The dread of vanished shadows. What are they ?
 Is not the past all shadow ? What are they ?
 Creations of the mind ? The mind can make
 Substance, and people planets of its own
 With beings brighter than have been, and give
 A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
 A thought, a slumbering thought, is capable of years.
 And curdles a long life into one hour.

THE HEART'S SONG.

Bishop Core.

IN the silent midnight-watches.
 List—thy bosom-door !
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
 Knocketh evermore !

Say not 'tis thy pulses beating ;
 'Tis thy heart of sin :
 'Tis thy Saviour knocks and crieth
 Rise, and let me in !

Death comes down with reckless footstep,
 To the hall and hut.
 Think you Death will stand a-knocking
 When the door is shut ?
 Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth ;
 But the door is fast !
 Grieved, away the Saviour goeth.
 Death breaks in at last.

Then, 'tis thine to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in :
 At the gate of Heaven, beating,
 Wailing for thy sin.
 Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,
 Hast thou then forgot ?
 Jesus waited long to know thee—
 Now, he knows thee not !

EVENING HYMN.

Gregory of Nazianzum. 323-390.

CHRIST, my Lord, I come to bless Thee,
 Now when day is veiled in night ;
 Thou who knowest no beginning,
 Light of the Eternal Light !

Thou the darkness has dissolvéd,
And the outward light created,
That all things in light might be ;
Fixing the unfixed chaos,
Moulding it to wondrous beauty,
Into the fair world we see.

Thou enlightenest man with reason,
Far beyond the creatures dumb,
That light in Thy light beholding,
Wholly light he might become.

Thou hast set the radiant heavens
With Thy many lamps of brightness,
Filling all the vaults above ;
Day and night in turn subjecting
To a brotherhood of service,
And a mutual law of love.

By the night our wearied nature
Resting from its toil and tears ;
To the works, Lord, that Thou lovest,
Waking us when day appears.

THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

IN the watches of the night,
When slumber's gentle rod
Bows the multitude of earth,
There are whisperings of God—

Of His majesty and might,
Of His glory and His grace—
To the wicked full of dread ;
To the good, “a hiding-place.”

In the watches of the night,
When the busy world is still,
There come whisperings of death,
Like a spell upon the will.
Then on solemn themes, the thoughts
Through their inner chambers roam,
On the coffin and the bier—
On the dark and narrow home.

In the watches of the night,
When no eye can pierce the gloom,
There are whisperings within
Of the life beyond the tomb ;—
Of its boundlessness of joy,
Or infinitude of woe,
As its ceaseless tides of years
Through unmeasured ages flow.

O, the watches of the night,
How replete with wisdom they !
Then the day-dreams of the soul
Flit like mists before the day :
Truth and Conscience reign supreme
In the wakeful midnight hour ;
Erring mortal ! heed their voice,
Ere thou feel at length their power !

"THOU SHALT NEVER DIE."

R. W. Dana.

O LISTEN, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word.
"Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
Hymn it to our souls : according harps.
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great Immortality.
Thick-clustering orbs, and this, our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas.
Join in this solemn universal song.
O, listen ye our spirits!—drink it in
From all the air. 'Tis in the gentle moonlight ;
'Tis floating 'mid day's setting glories :—Night
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ear :—
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve.
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in its great jubilee.
The dying hear it : and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

HIS VOICE!

Charlotte Elliott.

THERE are refreshments sweeter far than sleep,
 Though its soft power
Might gladly close the vigils I now keep
 From hour to hour,
And hush these vain imaginings to rest,
Which silence in my heart its dearest guest.

Oh, I have heard His voice, His voice of love,
 In the still night,
Sweet as the song of seraph harps above,
 Tranced in delight!

It haunts my memory, lives within my heart,
And makes me long, yea, languish, to depart!

Those who have heard it once, can ne'er forget
 That voice divine ;
With it compared, earth's accents are not sweet.
 My God, I pine

A dweller in those palaces to be,
Where I shall hear it through eternity!

There, I shall ne'er be harassed by the din
 Of earthly thought ;
All will be holy and serene within ;—
 My spirit fraught

With deepest reverence, with intense desire,
Will listen to that Voice, and never tire!

G O D C A L L I N G Y E T !

Gerhardt Terstegen.

God calling yet!—and shall I never hearken,
But still earth's witcheries my spirit darken?
This passing life, these passing joys, all flying,
And still my soul in dreamy slumbers lying!

God calling yet!—and I not yet arising?
So long His loving, faithful voice despising;
So falsely His unwearied care repaying:
He calls me still—and still I am delaying!

God calling yet!—loud at my door is knocking,
And I, my heart, my ear, still firmer locking;
He still is ready, willing to receive me,
Is waiting now! but ah! He soon may leave me!

God calling yet!—and I no answer giving;
I dread His yoke, and am in bondage living;—
Too long I linger, but not yet forsaken,
He calls me still—O my poor heart, awaken!

Oh, calling yet! I can no longer tarry,
Nor to my God a heart divided carry;
Now, vain and giddy world, your spells are broken:
Sweeter than all! the Voice of God hath spoken!

N O N E B U T T H E E .

Angelus. (Bird 1677.)

NOTHING fair on earth I see,
But I straightway think on Thee ;
Thou art fairest in my eyes,
Source in whom all beauty lies !

When I see the reddening dawn,
And the golden sun of morn,
Quickly turns this heart of mine
To Thy glorious form divine.

Oft I think upon Thy light,
When the gray morn breaks the night ;
Think what glories lie in Thee,
Light of all Eternity !

When I see the moon arise,
'Mid Heaven's thousand golden eyes,
Then I think, more glorious far
Is the Maker of each star.

Or I think in Spring's sweet hours,
When the fields are gay with flowers,
As their varied lines I see,
What must their Creator be !

When along the brook I wander,
And beside the fountain ponder,
Straight my thoughts take wing, and mount
Up to Thee, the purest Fount !

Sweetly sings the nightingale,
Sweet the flute's soft plaintive tale ;
Sweeter than their richest tone
Is the name of Mary's Son !

Sweetly all the air is stirred,
When the Echo's call is heard ;
But no sounds my heart rejoice
Like to my Belovéd's voice !

Come, Thou fairest Lord, appear,
Come, let me behold Thee near—
I would see Thee face to face.
On Thy perfect Light would gaze !

Take away these veils that blind,
Jesu ! all my soul and mind ;
Henceforth, ever let my heart
See Thee truly as Thou art !

M A T I N S.

Brebiary.

Now with the rising golden dawn,
Let us, the children of the day,
Cast off the darkness which so long
Has led our guilty souls astray.

Oh, may the morn, so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instill ;
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will :

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein ;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the body suffer stain.

For all day long, on Heaven's high tower,
There stands a Sentinel, who spies
Our every action, hour by hour,
From early dawn till daylight dies.

ST. HILARY'S MORNING HYMN.

4th Century.

THOU bounteous Giver of the light,
All glorious, in whose dawn serene,
Now that the night has pass'd away,
The day pours back her sunny sheen.

Thou art the world's true Morning Star,
Not that which on the edge of night,
Faint herald of a little orb,
Shines with a dim and narrow light.

Far brighter than our earthly sun,
Thyself at once the Light and Day,
The inmost chambers of the heart
Illumining with heavenly ray.

Thou radiance of the Father's light,
Draw near, Creator Thou of all ;—
The fears of whose removéd grace
Our hearts with direst dread appal.

And may Thy Spirit fill our souls,
That in the common needs of time.
In converse with our fellow-men,
We may be free from every crime.

Accept our votive offerings,
This hope inspires us as we pray—
That this our holy matin light
May guide us through the busy day.

MORNING WATCHES.

Rev. Ray Palmer.

'Tis not yet dawn ; from troubled sleep
And strange bewildering dreams I rise ;
Here at the casement will I keep
Still vigils with the sea and skies :
I know not why a tender sadness
Broods o'er my spirit at this hour ;—
Perchance the dawn may bring me gladness,
And give my soul fresh hope and power.

Yon ocean, stretching far away,
Blends in the darkness with the sky ;
Hither its low, dull murmurs stray,
Now hoarsely swell, now sink and die :
That restless sea is heaving ever,
Kissed by the breeze, or tempest tost ;
Type of the soul, that resteth never,
By pleasures stirred, by sorrow crossed.

But see—o'er yonder deep afar,
Wreathed in soft mist, yet purely bright,

Ascends the glorious morning star,
 And sheds serene her placid light.
 Sweet pledge of day! thy radiance glowing
 O'er the dim ocean's heaving breast,
 Like some kind influence through me flowing,
 Brings to my spirit peace and rest.

Oh, ever when 'mid trouble's night,
 With drooping hope and saddened heart,
 I wait and watch for cheering light,
 And falls the tear, unwont to start :—
 May some fair messenger of Heaven,
 All bright and beautiful as thou,
 Be to my anxious vision given,
 And all my griefs be healed, as now.

WITH THEE!

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
 When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee !

Alone with Thee—amid the mystic shadows,
 The solemn hush of nature, newly born ;
 Alone with Thee—in breathless adoration,
 In the calm dew, and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in the stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee! as to each new-born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness to Thyself and Heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there !

So shall it be at last, on that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and the shadows flee ;
Oh ! in that hour, fairer than daylight's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee !

SPIRIT VOICES.

Rev. Charles C. Baird.

HAST thou heard ever a Spirit-voice,
As in morning's hour it stole,
Speaking to thee from the home of its choice,
Deep in the unfathomed soul :—

Telling of things that the ear hath not heard,
Neither the mind conceived :
Bringing a balm in each gentle word
Unto the heart bereaved ?

O, I have heard it in days of the Spring,
When gladness and joy were rife ;
'Twas a voice of hope, that came whispering
Its story of strength and life.
It told me that seasons of vigor and mirth
Follow the night of pain :
And the heaven-born soul, like the flowers of earth,
Wither, to live again !

Hast thou heard ever a Spirit-voice
At the sunny hour of noon :
Bidding the soul in its light rejoice,
For the darkness cometh soon :
Telling of blossoms that early bloom,
And as early pine and fade,
And of the young hopes that must find a tomb
In the dark approaching shade ?

Yes, I have heard it in summer's hour,
When the year was in its strength :
'Twas a voice of faith, and it spoke with power
Of joys that shall come at length.
It told how the holy and beautiful gain
Fruition of peace and love :
And that blest ones, freed from this world of pain,
Flourish and ripen above !

Hast thou heard ever a Spirit-voice,
 At the solemn hour of night,
 When the fair visions of memory rise
 Robed in their fancied light ;
 When the loved forms, that are cold and dead
 Pass in their train, sad and slow,
 And the waking soul, from its pleasures fled,
 Turns to its present woe ?

Oft have I heard it when day was o'er ;
 And the welcome tones I knew ;
 Like the voices of those who have gone before,
 The Beautiful and the True.
 And it turned my thoughts to that blissful time,
 When ceaseth cold winter's breath :
 When the pure in spirit shall reach that clime,
 Where there is no more death !

P R A Y E R .

George Herbert.

OF what an easy, quick access,
 My blessed Lord, art Thou ;—how suddenly
 May our requests Thine ear invade !
 To show that State dislikes not easiness,
 If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made :
 Thou canst no more not hear, than Thou canst die.

Of what supreme almighty power
 Is Thy great arm, which spans the east and west,
 And tacks the centre to the sphere !
 By it, do all things live their measured hour :
 We cannot ask the thing which is not there,
 Blaming the shallowness of our request !

Of what immeasurable love
 Art Thou possessed, who, when Thou couldst not die,
 Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
 And for our sakes, in person, sin reprove ;
 That by destroying that which tied Thy purse,
 Thou might'st make way for liberality !

Since, then, these three wait on Thy throne,
 Ease, Power, and Love ;—I value Prayer so,
 That were I to leave all but one,
 Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all should go :
 I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
 And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

P R A Y E R .

Rev. R. C. Trench.

WHEN hearts are full of yearning tenderness
 For the loved absent, whom we cannot reach
 By deed or token, gesture, or kind speech,
 The spirit's true affection to express ;

When hearts are full of innermost distress,
 And we are doomed inactive, by
 Watching the soul's or body's agony,
 Which human effort helps not to make less ;
 Then like a cup, capacious to contain
 The overflowings of the heart, is prayer !
 The longing of the soul is satisfied—
 The keenest darts of anguish blunted are.
 And though we cannot cease to yearn or grieve,
 Yet have we learned in patience to abide !

P R A Y E R .

Hartley Coleridge.

BE not *afraid* to pray—to pray is right.
 Pray, if thou canst, with hope : but ever pray,
 Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay.
 Pray in thy darkness, if there be no light.
 Far is the time, remote from human sight,
 When war and discord on the earth shall cease,
 Yet every prayer for universal peace
 Avails, the blessed time to expedite.
 Whate'er is good to wish, ask it of Heaven,
 Though it be what thou canst not hope to see.
 Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
 Forbid the spirit so on earth to be ;
 And, if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
 Then pray to God to take that wish away.

CHURCH-TIME.

George Herbert.

IN time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart :—that spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise :
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part :
Bring not thy plots, thy plow, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purged his temple—so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well,
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

JESUS! THE - VERY THOUGHT IS SWEET.

St. Bernard. 1153.

JESUS! the very thought is sweet ;
In that dear name all heart's-joys meet ;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of Thy presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this ;
No name is heard more full of bliss ;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God, most high.

Jesus ! the hope of souls forlorn ;
How good to them for sin who mourn ;
To them that seek Thee, O how kind !
But what art Thou to them that find ?

No tongue of mortal can express,
No language write its blessedness ;
Alone, who has Thee in his heart,
Knows, love of Jesus, what Thou art !

O Jesus ! King of wondrous might ;
O Victor ! glorious from the fight ;
Sweetness that may not be expressed !
And altogether, loveliest !

JESU DECUS ANGELICUM!

Breviary.

O JESU ! Thou the beauty art
Of angel-worlds above ;
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.

Celestial sweetness unalloyed !
 Who eat Thee hunger still ;
 Who drink of Thee still feel a void
 Which Thou alone canst fill !

O blesséd Jesu ! hear the sighs
 Which unto Thee I send ;
 To Thee mine inmost spirit cries,
 My being, hope, and end !

Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light
 Illume the soul's abyss ;
 Scatter the darkness of our night,
 And fill the world with bliss !

O Jesu ! Spotless Virgin Flower !
 Our Life and Joy ! To Thee
 Be praise, beatitude, and power,
 Through all eternity !

PSALM TWENTY-THIRD.

Sir Philip Sydney.

THE Lord, the Lord my Shepherd is,
 And so can never I
 Tast misery.
 Hee rests me in greene pastures His ;
 By waters still and sweete
 He guides my feete.

Hee me revives ; leads me the way,
Which righteousnesse doth take,
For His name sake.
Yea, though I should through valleys stray
Of Death's dark shade, I will
Noe whit feare ill.

For Thou, deare Lord, Thou me besett'st,
Thy rodd and Thy staffe be
To comfort me :
Before me Thou a table sett'st
Even when foe's envious eye
Doth it espy.

Thou oil'st my head, Thou fill'st my cuppe ;
Nay more, Thou endlesse Good
Shall give me food.
To Thee, I say ascended up,
Where Thou the Lord of all
Dost hold Thy hall.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Lope De Vega.

SHEPHERD ! that with Thy loving sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me,—
That mad'st Thy crook from the accurséd tree,
On which Thy sacred arms were stretched so long !

Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains,
 For Thou, my Shepherd, guide and guard shalt be :
 I will obey Thy voice, and wait to see
 Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
 Hear, Shepherd ! Thou, who for Thy flock art dying,
 O, wash away these scarlet sins ! for Thou
 Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
 O wait ! to Thee my weary soul is crying,—
 Wait for me !—Yet why ask it, when I see,
 With feet nailed to the cross, Thou'rt waiting still for me !

N A T U R E ' S A L T A R S .

Moore.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
 My temple, Lord, that arch of Thine—
 My censer's breath, the mountain airs,—
 And silent thoughts, my daily prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlit waves,
 When murmuring homeward to their caves,
 Or when the stillness of the sea,
 E'en more than music, breathes of Thee.

I'll seek by day some glade unknown,
 All light and silence like Thy throne !
 And the pale stars shall be at night
 The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

I'll read Thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy—in the azure hue,
Of sunny brightness breaking through !

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some impress of Thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love ;
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

L O V E.

From the Portuguese.

IN such a marvelous night, so fair,
And full of wonder, strange and new,
Ye shepherds of the vale declare—
Who saw the greatest wonder ? Who ?

First—

I saw the trembling fire look wan ;

Second—

I saw the sun shed tears of blood ;

Third—

I saw a God become a man ;

Fourth—

I saw a man become a God.

O wondrous marvels ! at the thought,

The bosom's awe and reverence move ;

But who such prodigies hath wrought ?

What gave such wondrous birth ?

'Twas Love !

What called from heaven that flame divine,

Which streams in glory far above,

And bids it o'er earth's bosom shine,

And bless us with its brightness ?

Love !

Who bids the glorious sun arrest

His course, and o'er heaven's concave move

In tears,—the saddest, loneliest

Of the celestial orbs ?

'Twas Love !

Who raised the human race so high,

E'en to the starry seats above,

That, for our mortal progeny,

A man became a God ?

'Twas Love !

Who humbled from the seats of light
 Their Lord, all human woes to prove,
 Led the great Source of Day to night ;
 And made of God a man ?
 'Twas Love !

Yes, Love has wrought, and Love alone,
 The victories all—beneath, above ;
 And earth and heaven shall shout as one,
 The all-triumphant song
 Of Love !

The song through all heaven's arches ran,
 And told the wondrous tale aloud.
 The trembling fire that looked so wan—
 The weeping sun behind the cloud—
 A God—a God—become a man !—
 A mortal man, become a God !

P E A C E .

St. Anatolius. (451.) Translated by Dr. Neale.

FIERCE was the wild billow—
 Dark was the night ;
 Oars labored heavily ;
 Foam glimmered white—
 Mariners trembled,
 Peril was nigh ;
 Then said the God of God,
 “ Peace ! It is I.”

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
 Lower thy crest!
 Wail of Euroclydon,
 Be thou at rest!
 Peril can none be,
 Sorrow must fly—
 When, saith the Light of Light,
 “Peace! It is I.”

Jesu, Deliverer!
 Come Thou to me:
 Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over Life's sea!
 Thou, when the storm of Death
 Roars, sweeping by—
 Whisper, O Truth of Truth!
 “Peace! It is I.”

P I T Y.

Bridges.

BRIGHT were the mornings first impearl'd
 O'er earth, and sea, and air;
 The birth-days of a rising world—
 For power Divine was there.
 But fairer shone the tears of Christ
 For Lazarus, o'er his grave;

Since Love divine bedew'd the sod
Of one He sought to save.

Sweet drops of grace! the pledges given
Of Mercy's mighty plan,—
That He, who was the Prince of Heaven,
Had pity upon man!

Let us Thy dear example, Lord,
Fix'd in our memories keep,—
That we, obedient to Thy word,
May weep with those that weep.

DISCIPLINE.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
The Peace of God, which Christ has bought—
The Peace which knows no end!

The burning bush was not consumed,
While God remain'd there ;
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand,
But Zion's God sits by ;
As the refiner views his gold,
With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, His love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend ;
And, though He does not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

*T R U S T .**Dean of Canterbury.*

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain—
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee,
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand,
By breath Divine—
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One, who has known in storms to sail,
 I have on board.
 Above the raving of the gale
 I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite—
 I shall not fall.
 If sharp, 'tis short—if long, 'tis light,—
 He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land !
 The end is this ;—
 And then with Him go hand in hand
 Far into bliss !

RESIGNATION.

Sarah J. Adams.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;—
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Then let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forget,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

C O N T E N T M E N T .

Mme. Guion. In Prison.

A LITTLE bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there ;—
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Naught have I else to do ;
I sing the whole day long—
And He whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song ;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless ;
And though my notes were ere so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear them less ;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round ;
Abroad I cannot fly ;—
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.

My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

O, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him, whose purpose I adore,
Whose Providence I love,
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

MUTABILITIE.

George Herbert.

SWEET Day ! so cool, so calm, so bright !
The bridall of the earth and skie :
The dew shall weepe thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die !

Sweet Rose ! whose hue, angrie and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye :
Thy root is ever in its grave :—
And thou must die !

Sweet Spring ! full of sweete days and roses,
A box where sweetes compacted lie :
My music shows ye have your closes,—
And all must die !

Only a sweete and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives :
 But tho' the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

M O R T A L I T I E.

Spenser.

Is't not God's deed whatever thing is done
 In Heaven and earth ? Did not He all create
 To die againe ?—all ends that were begunne :
 Their times in His eternall bookes of fate
 Are written sure, and have their certaine date.
 Who then can strive with strong necessitie—
 That holds the world in his still changing state ?
 Or shun the death ordained by destinie ?
 When houre of death is come, let none ask whence or
 why.

E A R T H ! E A R T H !

George Wither.

THE voice which I did more esteem
 Than Music in her sweetest key ;
 Those eyes which unto me did seem
 More comfortable than the day ;

Those now by me, as they have been,
 Shall never more be heard or seen,
 But what I more enjoyed in them
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream !

S O R R O W .

E. M.

CAME Sorrow's visitation ?

Yes. At first

I knew her not, God's loving messenger.
 But many an hour, since then, of weary life
 Has told her worth. I feared the gloomy cloud
 Beneath whose cold, dark canopy she led
 My shrinking steps. But while enshrouded there,
 A glory was revealed, a countenance
 Radiant with light, at whose celestial smile
 Earth's joys, and woes, and trifles, all dispersed,
 And left the empire to the Lord alone !

C O N S O L A T I O N .

Moultrie.

THERE is no grief, even on this sinful earth,
 Without its consolation ; none which faith
 And patient love may not convert to bliss,
 Or make at least the path to it ; and if

Such be indeed our sorrows,—for our joys,
 Our sweet refreshments, richly interspersed
 At intervals through all the narrow road
 Which leads to life eternal—for all these
 What thanks shall we repay ?

G R I E F.

Quarles.

ART thou consumed with soul-afflicting crosses ?
 Disturbed with grief ? annoyed with worldly losses ?
 Hold up thy head : the taper lifted high,
 Will brook the wind when lower tapers die.

E N D U R A N C E.

Caroline May.

SOUL, use thyself to bear without complaint
 Small disappointments now, and by degrees
 Thou shalt bear large, aye, heavy griefs, with ease.
 Or, if uneasy, thou shalt never faint.
 Thou canst recall the oft-told tale, and trite,
 Of him who educated so his strength
 To bear increasing weights, that he, at length,
 Found none too ponderous for his sinewy might.

Small boast ; for after all, his strength was dust
 When Death contended with him. But if thou
 Shalt lift thy load of sorrow with calm brow,
 And heart made strong by unmixed faith and trust,
 Pure bread and wine—thou shalt with Death be more,
 Through Him, sad soul, that loved thee, than a conqueror.

SUBMISSION.

Mrs. C. S. Bolton.

EYES dimmed with tears are not the eyes,
 Unfaltering, upward looks to raise ;
 And voices tremulous with sighs
 Are scarcely meet for perfect praise.
 Hearts bruised and broken are too sore
 To bear a weight of grateful love—
 And wounded Hope gives sadly o'er,
 Unfit to plume its wings above.

My Saviour ! wipe away my tears,
 That I may see Thee as Thou art !
 Oh ! check the sighs, and still the fears,
 And bind again the broken heart—
 Then shall I raise my eager eyes,
 My voice, my heart, my hope to Thee ;
 Look up to seek Thee in the skies,
 Yet feel Thou art on earth with me !

PENITENCE.

Moore.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?

When bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious ointment poured ;

And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone ;
Though now those gems of grief are there
Which shine for God alone.

Were not those tears so humbly shed—
That hair—those weeping eyes—
And the sunk heart that inly bled,
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou, who hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, wouldst thou wake in Heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep—
“ Love much ”—and be forgiven.

F O R G I V E N E S S .

Francis S. Key.

.
SHE heard but her Saviour, she spake but in sighs,
And she dared not look up to the heaven of His eyes ;
And the hot tears gushed forth with each heave of her
breast,
While her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

In the sky after tempest as shineth the bow—
In the glance of the sunbeam as melteth the snow—
He looked on the lost one ; her sins are forgiven—
And Mary went forth in the beauty of Heaven.

F O R B E A R A N C E .

Chittier.

FROM the eternal shadow rounding,
All unsure and starlight here,
Voices of our lost ones sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer,
Through the silence, down the spaces, falling on the in-
ward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward, as in sad surprise,

All our strife of words rebuking
 With their mild and earnest eyes ?
 Shall we grieve the holy angels, shall we cloud their blessed
 skies ?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us,
 Which have fallen in our way ;
 Let us do the work before us
 Calmly, bravely, while we may,
 Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it is not day !

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Quarles.

EARTH is an island parted round with fears —
 The way to Heaven is through a sea of tears.
 It is a stormy passage, where is found
 The wreck of many a ship, but no man drowned.

BOLDNESS.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

GOE, soule, the body's guest,
 Upon a thanklesse arrant ;
 Feare not to touch the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant.

Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

Tell Fortune of her blindnesse ;
 Tell Nature of decaye—
Tell Friendship of unkindnesse,
 Tell Justice of delaye ;
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell Faith it's fled the citie,
 Tell how the countrie erreth ;
Tell Manhood shakes off pitie ;
 Tell Virtue lust preferreth ;
And if they doe reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

So when thou hast, as I
 Command thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lye
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soule can kill.

CALMNESS.

Sir Walter Raleigh. The Night before his Execution.

EVEN such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And paies us back with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our waies,
Shuts up the storie of our daies !
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

REST.

Goethe.

REST is not quitting
The busy career ;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
 The highest and best ;
 'Tis onward, unswerving—
 And this is true rest.

LABOR AND REST.

Miss Mulock.

“Two hands upon the breast,
 And labor's done ;
 Two pale feet crossed in rest—
 The race is won.
 Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
 And all tears cease ;
 Two lips where grief is mute,
 And wrath at peace.”
 So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot—
 God in His kindness answereth not.

“Two hands to work address,
 Aye for His praise ;
 Two feet that never rest,
 Walking His ways ;
 Two eyes that look above,
 Still, through all tears ;
 Two lips that breathe but love,
 Nevermore fears.”
 So cry we afterwards, low at our knees :
 Pardon those erring prayers ! Father, hear these !

LABOR.

Mrs. Browning.

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil—
Nor seek to leave the tending of the vines,
For all the heat of the day, till it declines,—
And Death's wild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign ;—and He assigns
All thy tears ever, like pure crystallines,
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thee, and thy brave cheer ;
Thus God's grace fructify through thee, to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand,
And share the dew-drop with another near.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Helen L. Parmlee.

WEEP not for them! their snowy plumes expanded,
E'en now are waving through the worlds of light ;
Perchance on messages of love remanded,
They sweep across your slumbers in the night.

Weep not for them! Give tears unto the living ;
Oh, waste no vain regret on lot like theirs !
But rather make it reason for thanksgiving,
That ye have nurtured angels unawares.

*DEATH.**Dr. WINDS.*

THE baby wept ;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms
And soothed its griefs, and still'd its vain alarms—
And baby slept.

Again it weeps,
And God doth take it from its mother's arms.
From present pain, and future unknown harms—
And baby sleeps.

*RESURRECTION.**Mrs. Sarah W. Bradford.*

Two thousand years ago, a flower
Bloomed brightly in a far-off land :
Two thousand years ago, its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth
That man had lived, and toiled, and died ;
But even in that far-off time,
That flower had shed its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went ;
That dead hand kept its treasure well :
Nations were born, and turned to dust,
While life was hidden in that shell.

The senseless hand is robbed at last ;
The seed is buried in the earth ;
When lo—the life long sleeping there
Into a lovely flower burst forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew,
From such a seed when buried low ;
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed,
And died—two thousand years ago !

And will not He who watched the seed
And kept the life within the shell,
When those He loves are laid to rest
Watch o'er His buried saints as well ?

And will not He, from 'neath the sod,
Cause something glorious to arise ?
Aye, though it sleeps two thousand years,
Yet all this slumbering dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now,
 Just such a form as now you wear,
 But oh, more glorious far ! shall rise,
 To meet the Saviour in the air !

Then will I lie me down in peace,
 When called to leave this vale of tears ;
 For "in my flesh I shall see God,"
 E'en though I sleep two thousand years !

SPRING AND EASTER.

Adam of St. Victor. 12th Century.

THE renewal of the world
 Countless new joys bringeth forth :
 Christ arising, all things rise—
 Rise with Him from earth.
 All the creatures feel their Lord,
 Feel His festal light outpoured.

Fire springs up with motion free,
 Breezes wake up soft and warm ;
 Water flows abundantly,
 Earth remaineth firm.
 All things light now skyward soar,
 Solid things are rooted more ;
 All things are made new.

Ocean waves, grown tranquil, lie
Smiling 'neath the heavens serene ;
All the air breathes sweet and fresh,
Every valley groweth green.
Verdure clothes the arid plain,
Frozen waters gush again
At the touch of Spring.

For the frost of Death is melted,
The prince of this world lieth low,
And his empire, strong amongst us—
All is broken now !
Grasping Him in whom alone
He could nothing claim, or own,
His domain he lost.

Paradise is now regained,
Life has vanquished Death !
And the joys he long had lost,
Man recovereth.
The cherubim, at God's own word,
Turn aside the flaming sword ;
The long-lost blessing is restored ;
The closed way opened free !

GRIEFS.

George Herbert.

O WHAT a cunning guest
Is this same Grief! within my heart I made
Closets, and in them many a chest :
And, like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes ;—in each box, a till :
Yet Grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No screw, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind,
As God's afflictions into man,
When He a torture hath designed.
They are too subtle for the subtlest hearts,
And fall, like rheums, upon the tenderest parts.

FORTITUDE.

Elegiac Poems.

O LIFE, O Death, O World, O Time,
O Grave, where all things flow,
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime,
With your great weight of woe.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring—
Though bosoms torn may be—
Yet suffering is a holy thing :
Without it, what were we ?

*OF DEATH.**Samuel Speed.*

ALL flesh is grass, doth therefore rot—
For why ?
Can men be born to live, and not
To die ?
'Tis happiness to leave this life
And world,
And have our names where joys are rife,
Enrolled.
The dead ne'er fear what death can do ;—
His blast
Will come no more—for why ? that woe
Is past.
Then to the soul appeareth love
And joy :
For God will not His turtle-dove
Destroy ;
When but a torchlight here, 'tis better far
To be put out, and after rise a star.

TRUE COURAGE.

T. Whtthead.

O DEATH! thou keen insulting enemy!

Here, kneeling lonely in this desolate room,
I have prayed sore to be avenged of thee
For this thy cruel deed ; and from the gloom
Of the dark entrance-chamber of the tomb

Now I go forth once more, from this sharp hour,
To fight against thee, baffling manfully

With that fell prince, who gives thee all thy power.
And mighty is the arm that strengthens me!

Yet should I falter, and in conflict cower,
To hide my bleeding heart, O! then the thought
Of that sweet victim ravished from my side,
And Him, who to redeem Thy captives died,
Shall nerve my soul to combat as I ought.

GLORIOUS SUNNES.

Robert Farley.

ONE candle dispels the darknesse of the night,
And many doe resemble Phœbus' light ;
One sunne illightens the round globe everywhere,
What way the horizon bounds the hemisphere.

If you ten thousand thousand sunnes should see
 At once, O what a daylight that would be !
 When Christ amidst the clouds our doome shall plead—
 When earth and sea shall render up their dead,
 Saints, more than starres, at once shall mount on hye,
 As glorious sunnes—to meete Christ in the skye !
 That day shall drive away the darknesse so,
 That after that, no day shall darknesse know.

TRIALS.

Aubrey De Vere.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee. Do thou
 With courtesie receive Him ; rise and bow,
 And ere His shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first His heavenly feet to lave.
 Then lay before Him all thou hast ; allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality, or permit a trace
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 Thy soul's marmoreal calmness.
 Grief should be like joy—majestic, equable, sedate,
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
 Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts—lasting to the end.

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one, thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee ;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright dreams from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given—
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one, thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band ;
One will fade while others greet thee—
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain—
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so swiftly,
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

ON AFFLICTION.

Adam of St. Victor. 12th Century.

As the harp-strings only render
All their treasures of sweet sound,
All their music, glad or tender,
Firmly struck and tightly bound :

So the hearts of Christians owe
Each its deepest, sweetest strain
To the pressure firm of woe,
And the tension tight of pain.

Spices crushed, their pungence yield,
Trodden scents their sweets respire ;
Would you have its strength revealed,
Cast the incense in the fire.

Thus the crushed and broken frame
Oft doth sweetest graces yield;
And through suffering, toil, and shame,
Heavenly incense is distill'd !

A VALEDICTION.

Bentley's Miscellany.

As flowers that bud and bloom before us,
Then droop in languor, and decay ;
As clouds that form their bright shapes o'er us,
Then speed their trackless course away ;

As sparkling waves we watch advancing,
That melt in foam beneath our gaze ;
As sunlight o'er the waters glancing,
That smiles and then withdraws its rays :—

So pass away the joys of earth ;
Frail as the rose, the cloud, the wave,
We scarce can welcome them to birth,
Ere they slip from us to the grave.

The hopes we build, the friends we prize,
The visioned schemes our hearts delighting,
How do they vanish from our eyes !
The real, our joyous fancies blighting.

The scenes we love Time marks with change,
And gladsome hours have no abiding—
And friends o'er land and ocean range,
The earth's wide space our lots dividing.

But shall we shun the pleasant things,
This else too barren waste adorning—
And give to gladness swifter wings,
Shielding our hearts in selfish warring?

No! for the memories that delight us
Linger, and echo from the past.
No! though myriad ills surround and grieve us,
Hope, silver-winged, cheers to the last.

THE GRAVES OF THE HEART.

THERE is in every heart a grave ;
A secret, holy spot,
Filled with the memory of some
This busy life knows not.

Low down and deeply dug they lie,
These cherished graves unseen,
And years of blighting care that pass,
Make not these graves less green.

With jealous love we keep them fresh
Through many wintry years ;
And when the world believes us gay,
We water them with tears.

Not for one cause, alike, do each
Their secret sorrow bear ;
Perchance some mourn a living death—
Yet still a grave is there.

Oh ! there are things within this life,
Which strangely, deeply thrill ;
In music's softest, sweetest notes,
We hear a voice long still !

We deem the act a wanton one,
Upon a grave to tread ;
We pass in silent reverence
The resting of the dead :

Then on the secret, hidden spot,
Let us not press too near ;
Remembering that to every heart
Its secret grave is dear.

TRODDEN FLOWERS.

Tennyson.

THERE are some hearts that, like the loving vine,
Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers ;
Spirits that suffer, and do not repine,
Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers,

That from the passer's heel arise,
And bring back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts, that will not feel
The lowly love that haunts their eyes and ears ;
That wound fond faith, with anger worse than steel ;
And out of pity's spring draw idle tears.
Oh, Nature ! shall it ever be thy will
Ill things with good to mingle, good with ill ?

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of uncomplaining love ?
Meek charity, that shrinks not from distress ;
Gentleness, loth her tyrants to reprove ?
Though virtue weep forever, and lament,
Will one hard heart turn to her and relent ?

Why should the reed be broken that will bend ?
And they that dry the tears in others' eyes,
Feel their own anguish swelling without end ;
Their summer darkened with the smoke of sighs ?
Sure Love to some fair Eden of his own
Will flee at last, and leave us here alone.

Love weepeth always—weepeth for the past—
For woes that are—for woes that may betide ;
Why should not hard ambition weep at last,
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride ?
Fate whispers, Sorrow is your lot :
All would be rebels.—Love rebelleth not.

THE CRUSHED BUD.

Mrs. C. S. Bolton.

THE wind passed over it, and it was gone !
It was a sore, high wind—cold, harsh,
Tempestuous.—How could a flower bear
Its wondrous fury ? Only summer air
May breathed on flowers ;—but the wind came on,
And over it, and rudely swept it down !
No trace of all its beauty left it there ;—
No stem, no petal bright, no fragrance fair.
'Twas but a flow'ret,—and could not wear
The tempest out. What wonder it should fall
Earthward ? Why stand ye all in this despair,
“As though some strange thing happened ?” Did ye dare
To dream so delicate a thing could find
Strength to withstand Life's cold and bitter wind ?

LOVE DIVINE.

From the German.

TREMBLE not, though darkly gather
Clouds and tempests o'er thy sky ;
Still believe thy Heavenly Father
Loves thee best when storms are nigh.

When the sun of fortune shineth
Long and brightly on the heart,
Soon its fruitfulness declineth,
Parched and dry in every part.

And the plants of grace have faded
In the dry and burning soil ;
Thorns and briars their growth have shaded,
Earthly cares and earthly toil.

But the clouds are seen descending—
Soon the heavens are overcast ;
And the weary heart is bending
'Neath affliction's stormy blast.

Yet the Lord, on high presiding,
Rules the storm with powerful hand ;
He the shower of Grace is guiding
To the dry and barren land.

See, at length the clouds are breaking !
Tempests have not passed in vain ;
For the soul, revived, awaking,
Bears its fruits and flowers again.

Love Divine, has seen and counted
Every tear it caused to fall,
And the storm which Love appointed
Was the choicest gift of all.

THE BEREAVED.

J. G. Percival.

EVEN as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave
The pebbles with light rippling and the shore,
Of matted grass and flowers ;—so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
Low-bowed before her Maker ; then, no more
She muses on the griefs of former days :
Her full heart melts, and flows in Heaven's dissolving rays.

And Faith can see a new world ; and the eyes
Of saints look pity on her. Death will come !
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow :—all its gloom
Is scattered. What a meeting then will be
To her, and all she loved while here ! The bloom
Of new life, from those cheeks, will never flee,
And hers the health which lasts through all eternity.

AS THE LIGHTNING.

Mrs. L. M. Gardiner.

IN age, in youth, 'tis hard to part with friends,
To watch them day by day, by weeks, by months.—
A post of observation every hour
Severer. Yet, to have them die without
One warning breathed! Behold them flushed with health—
Eye bright—elastic step—buoyant with youth—
Anticipation quickening every pulse!
Behold them thus. Next—dying—dead! no time
Allowed to take a last adieu. No word
Of love—no look—no smile—no upward glance!
This is to have the *iron* pierce the soul;
This is the time when “the survivor dies.”

.
When light divine illuminates thy mind,
Struggles thy soul to burst its bonds, and soar
On Faith's strong pinions to the Spirit-Land?
To explore new scenes, and learn the reason why,
When all was fair as earthly hopes could wish,
Thy sky was darkened, and thy sun eclipsed?
Dive in those depths, and learn those mysteries
That here perplex and irritate the soul.
These are the words they whisper: “From earthly sorrows
Soon thou wilt be free—grief ends in an eternity of bliss.
God, thine own God, with His kind hand shall wipe
Thy tears away forever.”

THE STRICKEN.

Conrad.

HEAVY! heavy! Oh, my heart
Seems a cavern deep and drear,
From whose dark recesses start,
Flutteringly like birds of night,
Throes of passion, thoughts of fear,
Screaming in their flight.
Wildly o'er the gloom they sweep,
Spreading a horror dim—a woe that cannot weep!

Weary! weary! What is life
But a spectre-crowded tomb?
Startled with unearthly strife—
Spirits fierce, in conflict met,
In the lightning and the gloom,
The agony and sweat!
Passions wild, and powers insane,
And thoughts with vulture beak, and quick Promethean
pain!

Gloomy! gloomy is the day;
Tortured—tempest-tost the night;
Fevers that no founts allay—
Wild and wildering unrest—

Blessings, festering into blight—
 A gored and gasping breast !
 From their lairs what terrors start,
 At that deep earthquake voice—the earthquake of the
 heart !

Hopeless ! hopeless ! Every path
 Is with ruin thick bestrewn ;
 Hurtling bolts have fallen to scathe
 All the greenness of my heart :
 And I now am Misery's own,
 We never more shall part !
 My spirit's deepest, darkest wave
 Writhes with the wrestling storm. Sleep ! sleep ! The
 Grave !

HEREAFTER !

Shakespeare.

To die—to sleep—
 To sleep ! perchance to dream !—ay, there's the rub !—
 For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life ;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of Time—
 The oppressor's wrong—the proud man's contumely—
 The pangs of despised love—the law's delay—
 The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit, of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,—
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
 No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;—
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

REST IN GOD!

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,
 'Tis said far down, beneath the wild commotion,
 That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
 And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he fieth,
 Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, oh Purest !
 There is a temple sacred evermore,
 And all the Babel of life's angry voices
 Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
 Disturbs the soul that dwells, oh Lord, in Thee !

Oh rest of rests ! oh peace serene, eternal !
 Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never ;
 And in the "secret of Thy presence" dwelleth
 Fullness of calm—forever and forever !

B L I N D N E S S .

Joseph Brennan.

THE golden shores of sunshine round me spreading,
 Refuse a boon of light ;
 And fast my shattered soul is deathward heading,
 Wrecked on a sea of night !
 There is no angry tempest flapping sunward
 Its black wings through the air ;
 The ruin, in a calm, is hurried onward
 Through channels of despair !

Around me is a darkness omnipresent,
 With boundless horror grim,
Descending from the zenith, ever crescent,
 To the horizon's rim ;
The golden stars, all charred and blackened by it,
 Are swept out one by one ;
My world is left, as if by Joshua's fiat—
 A moonless Ajalon !

How long, O Lord ! I cry in bitter anguish,
 Must I be doomed alone—
A chained and blinded Samson—thus to languish
 In exile from the Sun !
Or, must I hope for evermore surrender,
 And turn my eyes on high,
To find, instead of brave and azure splendor,
 A black curse on the sky ?

Alas ! as time sees gathering round me deeper
 The universal cloud,
I feel like some vile horror-stricken sleeper,
 Who wakens in a shroud !
Like some poor wretch, who closed his eyes at morning
 Against the growing day,
And finds himself, without a prayer or warning,
 A tenant of the clay !

Come nearer to me, soother of my sorrow,
 And place your hand in mine ;
That my o'erdarkend soul may haply borrow
 A little light from thine ;

That, bearing all which fortune has commanded,
 Until my tortures end,
 The Crusoe-land on which I may be stranded
 Shall have at least a friend !

More light, O Lord, I cry ;—but utter vainly—
 The ear of Heaven is deaf !
 And I may persevere in prayer insanelly,
 And win no true relief !
 Close up the books, for grim and ghastly darkness,
 Has settled over all :—
 My soul is wrapped for evermore in starkness,
 Within this funeral pall !

Farewell, once more, spice-islands of my childhood,
 Where I have lingered long !
 Farewell, the glories of the vale and wild-wood,
 The laughter and the song !
 Farewell, the sunny pleasures you inherit,
 For I am drifting forth ;
 My helm deserted by my Guardian Spirit,
 My prow unto the North !

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

Hilton.

WHEN I consider how my life is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide ;
 Doth God exact day-labor light denied ?
 I fondly ask : But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts ;—who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best ; His state
 Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean, without rest ;
 They also serve, who only stand and wait.

C O U R A G E .

Paul Gerhardt.

.

Up, up! the day is breaking,
 Say to thy cares, Good-night!
 Thy troubles from thee shaking,
 Like dreams in day's fresh light.
 Thou wearest not the crown,
 Nor the best course can tell ;
 God sitteth on the Throne,
 And guideth all things well.

Trust Him to govern them !
 No king can rule like Him ;—
 How wilt thou wonder, when
 Thine eyes no more are dim,—

To see those paths which vex thee,
How wise they were and meet,
The works which now perplex thee,
How beautiful—complete !

Faithful the love thou sharest—
All, all is well with thee ;
The crown from hence thou bearest
With shouts of victory.
In thy right hand to-morrow
Thy God shall place the palms ;—
To Him who chased thy sorrow,
How glad will be thy psalms !

THE USES OF GRIEF.

Thomas Haines Bayley.

SOME there are who seem exempted
From the doom incurred by all ;
Are they not more sorely tempted ?
Are they not the first to fall ?
As a mother's firm denial
Checks her infant's wayward mood ;—
Wisdom lurks in every trial ;
Grief was sent thee for thy good.

In the scenes of former pleasure
 Present anguish hast thou felt ?
 O'er thy fond heart's dearest treasure
 As a mourner hast thou knelt ?—
 In thy hour of deep affliction
 Let no impious thoughts intrude ;
 Meekly bow, with this conviction—
 Grief was sent thee for thy good.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

William C. Bryant.

DEEM not that they are blessed alone
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
 The God who loves our race has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears ;
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are promises of happy years.

There is a day of sunny rest
 For every dark and troubled night ;
 And grief may bide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
 Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a happier, brighter sphere
 Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life its common gifts deny ;
 Though pierced and broken be his heart,
 And spurned of men he goes to die :

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
 And numbered every secret tear ;
 And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all its children suffer here.

THY NATAL DAY.

HAIL, new-born atom of the' eternal whole,
 Young voyager upon Time's mighty river !
 Hail to thee, Human Soul,
 Hail, and forever !
 Pilgrim of life, all hail !
 He who at first called forth
 From nothingness the earth ;
 Who clothed the hills in strength and dug the sea ;
 Who gave the stars to gem
 Night, like a diadem,—

Thou little child made thee ;
 Young habitant of earth,
 Fair as its flowers, though brought in sorrow forth,
 Thou art akin to God, who fashioned thee.

The Heavens themselves shall vanish as a scroll,—
 The solid earth dissolve, the stars grow pale,
 But thou, O Human Soul!
 Shalt be immortal. Hail!
 Thou young immortal, Hail!
 He, before whom are dim
 Seraph and cherubim ;
 Who gave the archangels strength and majesty,
 Who sits upon Heaven's throne,
 The Everlasting One,
 Thou little child made thee !
 Fair habitant of earth ;—
 Immortal in thy God, though mortal in thy birth,
 Born for life's trials, hail, all hail to thee !

C H I L D R E N .

Mary Howitt.

SPORTING through the forest wide,
 Playing by the water side,
 Wandering o'er the heathy fells,
 Down within the woodland dells,

All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child.

In the Baron's hall of pride,
By the poor man's fireside,
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen :
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless, everywhere !

In the fair isles of the main,
In the desert's lone domain,
In the savage mountain glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men,
Whereso'er the sun hath shone,
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found !

Blessings on them!—They in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears,
With their laughter and their tears,
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience !

Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye unknown ;
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares ;—
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of Love and Life,

Where no sinful thing has trod,
In the presence of our God!
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide.

WHAT ARE THEY LIKE?

Mrs. E. C. KINNEY.

LITTLE children are the flowers
By life's thorny wayside springing ;—
Ever to this world of ours
Something fresh and guileless bringing.

They are birds, in whose glad voices
All the dreary winter long,
The imprisoned heart rejoices,
As in summer's woodland song.

They are stars, that brightly shining
Through the inner night of sorrow,
Aid the spirit in divining
Something hopeful for the morrow.

They are precious jewels gleaming
'Mid the cares of manhood's brow.—
Woman's bosom more beseeching
Than the diamond's costly glow.

They are fortune's richest treasure—
Honor's most ennobling fame ;
Sources of a truer pleasure
Than what beareth pleasure's name.

They, our only gifts immortal,
Live, when dies their earthly name ;
Though we leave them at death's portal,
We shall welcome them again.

B A B Y ' S S O N G .

Come, gentle white angel, to Baby and me,
Touch his blue eyes with image of sleep ;
In his surprise he will cease to weep :
Hush, babe, the white angel is watching o'er thee !

Come, pretty white dove, to Baby and me ;
Softly whirr in the silent air,
Flutter about his golden hair ;
Hark, love, the white doves are cooing for thee !

Come, sweet white lilies, to Baby and me,
Drowsily nod before his eyes ;
So full of wonder, so round, and wise ;—
Hark, boy, the white lily-bells tinkle for thee !

Come, dimpled white moonbeam, to Baby and me.
 Gently glide o'er the ocean of sleep,
 Silver the waves of its shadowy deep ;
 Sleep, child, and the whitest of dreams to thee !

A S L E E P .

Mrs. Browning.

How he sleepeth ! having drunken
 Weary childhood's madragore ;
 From his pretty eyes have sunken
 Pleasures, to make room for more ;
 Sleeping near the withered nosegay, which he pulled the
 day before.

Nosegays ! leave them for the waking !
 Throw them earthward, where they grew ;
 Dim are such beside the breaking
 Amaranths he looks unto ;—
 Folded eyes see brighter colors, than the open ever do.

Heaven-flowers, rayed by shadows golden
 From the palms they sprang beneath ;
 Now perhaps divinely holden,
 Swing against him in a wreath—
 We may think so, from the quivering of his bloom, and of
 his breath.

Vision unto vision calleth,
While the young child dreameth on ;
Fair, O dreamer, thee befalleth,
With the glory thou hast won !
Darker wast thou, in the garden, yesternoon by summer's
sun.

We should see the spirits ringing
Round thee—were the clouds away :
'Tis thy child's heart draws them, singing,
In the silent-seeming clay.
Singing!—stars that seem the mutest go in music all the
way.

As the moths around the taper,
As the bees around the rose,
As the insect round the vapor,
So the spirits group, and close,
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its re-
pose.

Shapes of brightness overlean thee
With their diadems of youth,
On the ringlets, which half screen thee,
While thou smilest—not in sooth
Thy smile—but the over-fair one, dropt from some ethereal
mouth.

Haply it is angel's duty
During slumber, shade by shade
To fine down this childish beauty
To the thing it must be made,
Ere the world shall bring it praises, or the tomb shall see
it fade.

Softly, softly ! make no noises !
Now he lieth dead and dumb,—
Now he hears the angels' voices
Folding silence in the room.—
Now he muses deep the meaning of the Heaven-words as
they come.

Speak not, he is consecrated—
Breathe no breath across his eyes ;
Lifted up and separated,
On the hand of God he lies,
In a sweetness beyond touching, held in cloistered sancti-
ties !

Could ye bless him—father, mother ?
Bless the dimple in his cheek ?
Dare ye look at one another,
And the benediction speak ?
Would ye not break out in weeping, and confess yourselves
too weak ?

He is harmless—ye are sinful,
Ye are troubled—he, at ease ;
From his slumber, virtue willful
Floweth outwards with increase.
Dare not bless him !—but be blesséd by his peace.

THE LADDER.

From a Prize Poem, by Wm. Alexander, of Oxford.

AH ! many a time we look on star-lit nights
Up to the sky, as Jacob did of old ;
Look longing up, to the' eternal lights
To spell their lines of gold.

But never more, as to the Hebrew boy,
Each on his way, the angels walk abroad ;
And never more we hear, with awful joy,
The audible voice of God.

Yet to pure eyes, the ladder still is set,
And angel visitants still come and go ;
Many bright messengers are moving yet,
From this dark world below.

Thoughts that are red-crossed, Faith's outspreading
wings,—

Prayers of the Church, aye keeping time and tryst,
Heart-wishes, making bee-like murmurings
Their flower, the Eucharist!—

Spirits elect, through suffering rendered meet
For those high mansions. From the nursery-door,
Bright babes, that climb up, with their clay-cold feet
Unto the golden floor.

These are the messengers, forever wending
From earth to Heaven, that Faith alone may scan :
These are the angels of our God, ascending
Up to the Son of man !

PROTECTED RILLS.

"*Scotch Record.*"

THE River of Life by a gentle rill
Was joined, as it sped on its ocean-round ;
But the wavelets clear,—they mingled ill
With the turbid waters that swiftly flowed.

Yet swifter still than the river's flow,
By a power impelled, did the wavelets seem,
Which kept them pure from the melted snow
And the straining floods of the swollen stream.

And weeping eyes, by day and night,
And guardian eyes, at morn and even,
Did watch—till the wavelets broke, in light,
On the painless, peaceful shore of Heaven!

*THE ANGEL'S VISIT.**Unbekanntes.*

SMILING, a bright-eyed angel bent
Over an infant's dream ;
To view his mirrored form, he leant
As in a crystal stream.

"Fair infant, come," he whispered low,
"And leave the earth with me ;
To a bright and happy land we'll go—
This is no home for thee.

"Each sparkling pleasure knows alloy,
Nor cloudless skies are here ;
A care there is for every joy,
For every smile a tear.

"The heart that dances free and light
May soon be chained by sorrow ;
The sun that sets in calm to-night
May rise in storm to-morrow.

“ Alas ! to cloud a brow so fair,
That griefs and pains should rise !
Alas ! that this dark world of care
Should dim those laughing eyes !

“ To seek a brighter world with me,
Infant, thou wilt not fear ;
For pitying Heaven the sad decree
Recalls, that sent thee here.”

It seemed on him the sweet babe smiled ;
His wings the seraph spread.
They're gone !—the angel and the child.
Mother ! thy babe is dead !

THE TWO ANGELS.

Longfellow.

Two angels, one of Life, and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village, as the morning broke ;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses, hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features, and their robes of white ;
But one was crowned with amaranth as a flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way,
Then said I, with deep fear, and doubt oppressed :
“ Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy belovéd are at rest !”

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending at my door, began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The water sinks, before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with three-fold strength again !

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice ;
And knowing whatso'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament, nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
“ My errand is not Death, but Life,” he said ;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

“ 'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.”

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly from the hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! If He but waive his hand,
The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
Without His leave, they pass no threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messenger to shut the door ?

THE IDOL BROKEN.

Gerald Masscy.

O YE who say, " We have a child in Heaven ;"—
Who have felt that desolate isolation sharp,
Defined in Death's own face ; who have stood beside
The Silent River, and stretched out pleading hands
For some sweet babe, upon the other bank,
That went forth, where no hand might lead,
And left the closed house, with no light, no sound,
No answer, when the mourners wail without :
What we have known, ye know, and only know.

We saw, but feared to speak, of her strange beauty,
 As some hushed bird, that dares not sing i' the night,
 Lest lurking foe should find its secret place,
 And seize it through the dark. With twin-love's strength,
 All crowded in the softest nestling-touch,
 We fenced her round ;—exchanging silent looks,
 We went about the house, with *listening* hearts,
 And eyes that watched for Dangers' coming steps !
 Our spirits felt the shadow ere it fell. —

.

We stood at midnight in the Presence dread.
 At midnight, when men die, we strove with Death,
 To wrench our darling from his grasping hand !
 Ere the soul loosed from its last ledge of life,
 Her little face peered round, with anxious eyes.
 Then, seeing the old familiar faces, dropped content. —

.

And there our jewel lay, in confined calm ;
 Dressed for the grave, in raiment like the snow ;
 And o'er her flowed the Everlasting Peace !
 The breathing miracle into silence passed ;
 Never to stretch wee hands, with her sweet smile
 As soft as light-fall on unfolding flowers ;
 Never to wake us crying in the night :—
 Our little hindering thing forever gone !

MY LAMBS.

I LOVED them so,
That when the elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm, and pale and cold :
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet ;
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet, or unrest ;—
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best.
And yet—and yet !

I laid him down,
In those white-shrouded arms, with bitter tears ;
For some voice told me that in after years
He should know naught of passion, grief, or fears,
As I had known.

And yet again
That elder Shepherd came—my heart grew faint ;
He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint ;
Another ! she, who gentle as a saint
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast, I turned away !
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam ;
I knelt to pray.

“Is it Thy will?

My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given?

Oh, Thou hast many such, dear Lord, in Heaven.”

And a soft voice said: “Nobly hast thou striven;

But peace,—be still.”

Oh, how I wept,

And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild

And yearning love—my pleasant child!

Her, too, I gave.—The little angel smiled,

And slept.

Go! go! I cried:

For once again that Shepherd laid his hand

Upon the noblest of our household band:

Like a pale spectre, there he took his stand,

Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet

The look with which He heard my earnest cry:

“Touch not my lamb; for him, oh! let me die!”

“A little while,” He said, with smile and sigh,

“Again to meet.”

Hopeless I fell;

And when I rose, the light had burned so low,

So faint—I could not see my darling go:

He had not bidden me farewell; but oh!

I *felt* farewell.

More deeply far,
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame ;
Though, could I but have heard him call my name,
“ Dear mother ”—but in heaven ’twill be the same ;
There burns my star !

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared, to be my sun,
My guide, my mourner, when this sad life is done ;
My heart would break.

Oh ! with what thrill
I heard him enter ; but I did not know
(For it was dark) that he had robbed me so ;
The idol of my soul !—he could not go—
O heart ! be still !

Came morning : can I tell
How this poor frame its stricken tenant kept ?
For waking tears were mine ; I, sleeping, wept,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.
Alas ! “ Farewell.”

How often, is it said !
I sit and think, and wonder too, sometime,
How it will be, when in that happier clime
It never will ring out, like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears ! no tears !
 Will there a day come when I shall not weep ?
 For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
 Yes, yes, thank God ! no grief that clime shall keep—
 No weary years.

Aye ! it is well !
 Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide ;
 There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,
 Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—
 Aye, it is well !

Through the dreary day,
 They often come from glorious light to me ;
 I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,
 Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me ;—
 Heaven is not far away !

ONLY A LITTLE CURL.

'Tis but a curl of soft brown hair,
 A simple, common thing to see ;
 But you, who only call it fair,
 Dream not of what it is to me.

You take it in your hands and praise
 Its glossy smoothness o'er and o'er ;
 But oh, to you it pictures not
 The childish face it shades no more !

You smile to see how goldenly
Its hue, like sunlight, meets the eye ;
But oh, through tears I only see
The brow whereon it used to lie.

The temples fair it clustered round,
The loving eyes it often hid ;
Those fair, cold temples, blossom-crowned,
Resting beneath the coffin-lid !

The childish voice, so sadly sweet,
The lispéd words, to love so plain,
The echoing sound of little feet ;—
At sight of this, come back again !

Oh, gather up the shining links,
And lay them softly, gently by ;
Oh, place them where they may not meet
The careless gaze of every eye !

So silently—so mournfully,
They speak of what the grave has won ;
The idol of a loving heart,
The early called—the only one !

THE EARLY DEAD.

Rev. Charles W. Baird.

BEFORE the footstool of the Lord
Two angels—Life and Death—adored.

With downcast eyes, they stood and heard
The high and dread Creator's word :—

“How will ye keep and nourish these
The Young and Pure—and how appease
The rage of sorrow and disease?”

Young Life replied : “The trump of Fame
Their praise and glory shall proclaim ;
The world shall honor every name.”

Then spake pale Death : “Upon my breast
I'll soothe them into tranquil rest :
The grave shall welcome each its guest.”

And the Voice said, in tones divine,
“O Death, the Young and Pure are thine.”

THE LAMBS OF CHRIST.

THEY were gathered early, earth's young and fair ;
Time cannot touch them, nor woe, nor care :
Safe in the harbor of endless rest,
These babes are cradled on Jesu's breast.

There are eyes of sapphire, and locks of gold,
And roseate hues, in that angel fold ;
Music untaught, like the wild-bird's song,
In gushes, burst aye, from that cherub throng.

From silken couches, and beds of down.—
Through the dusky ways of the crowded town ;
By hall and village, and moorland bleak,
Have the angels traveled, these buds to seek.

And some who were born to an earthly crown,
When the angels whispered, have laid it down ;
'Twas a weary weight for those tiny heads,
So they died uncrowned, in their little beds.

There are some for whom gray heads toiled and planned.
And they hoarded gold, and they purchased land ;
The innocent heirs of a sordid care,—
They were snatched from the webs of the gilded snare.

There are some who were taken, we know not why,
By the love that walketh in mystery,

The mercy that moves behind sunless clouds ;—
For earth's saints wept o'er their early shrouds.

There are those o'er whom anxious tears were shed,
By parents who struggled for daily bread ;
Who mourned o'er the souls they brought to strife ;
But the angels gave them the bread of life.

They are one in Heaven—the wept and dear,
The foundling who perished, without a tear,
Of lands and titles earth's infant heir,—
And the blighted child of want and care.

These lambs of Christ ! by the founts and rills,
O'er the heights of the everlasting hills,
They follow with joy in their Saviour's train,
If ye love, can ye wish them back again ?

ONE WANTED.

God looked among his cherub band,
And one was wanted there,
To swell along that holy land
The hymns of praise and prayer.

One little soul, which long had been
Half way 'tween earth and sky,
Untempted in a world of sin,
He watched with loving eye.

It was too promising a flower
To bloom upon this earth ;
And God soon gave it angel power,
And bright celestial birth.

The world was all too bleak and cold
To yield it quiet rest ;—
God brought it to His shepherd-fold,
And laid it on His breast.

There, mother, in thy Saviour's arms,
Forever undefiled,
Amid the little cherub band,
Is thy belovéd child.

IN MEMORIAM.

(C. V. R. K.)

C. A. Tuckerman.

DARKNESS doth fill the measure of the house,
For lack of one sweet presence, one who wore
Her classic beauty as the vestal lamp
That grows not dim with burning ; one who moved
So gently through her duties and her loves,
That she was high in Heaven, ere they who watched
Knew she was no more with them. Such a death
Is like the broken alabaster box,
That held the precious ointment ; ne'er again

Shall it be gathered to its comely shape ;
But the spilt perfume shall throughout the house
Yield up perpetual fragrance, and the hearts
That clustered round it shall themselves become
Purer and sweeter for the sacrifice.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

W. L. G.

'Tis difficult to feel that she is dead ;
Her presence, like the shadow of a wing
That is just lessening in the upper sky,
Lingers upon us. We can hear her voice,
And for her step we listen, and the eye
Looks for her wonted coming with a strange,
Forgetful earnestness. We cannot feel
That she no more will come—that from her cheek
The delicate flush has faded, and the light
Dead in her soft dark eye, and on her lip
That was so exceeding pure, the dew
Of the damp grave has fallen ! Who so loved
Is left among the living ? Who hath walked
The world with such a winning loveliness,
And on its bright, brief journey, gathered up
Such treasures of affection ? She was loved
Only as idols are. She was the pride
Of her familiar sphere—the daily joy

Of all who on her gracefulness might gaze,
And in the light and music of her way
Have a companion's portion. Who could feel,
While looking upon beauty such as hers,
That it would ever perish? It is like
The melting of a star into the sky
While you are gazing on it; or a dream
In its most ravishing sweetness, rudely broken.

THE EARLY CALLED.

Willis Gaylord Clark.

GONE to the slumber which may know no waking
Till the loud requiem of the world shall swell;
Gone where no sound thy still repose is breaking,
In the lone mansion through long years to dwell;
Where the sweet gales that herald bud and blossom
Pour not their music, nor their fragrant breath—
A seal is set upon thy youthful bosom,
A bond of loneliness—a spell of death.

Yet 'twas but yesterday that all before thee
Shone in the freshness of life's morning hours;
Joy's radiant smile was playing briefly o'er thee,
And thy light feet impressed but vernal flowers.
The restless spirit charmed thy sweet existence,
Making all beauteous in youth's pleasant maze,
While gladsome hope illumed the onward distance,
And lit with sunbeams thy expectant days.

How have the garlands of thy childhood withered,
And hope's false anthem died upon the air !
Death's cloudy tempests o'er thy way have gathered,
And his stern bolts have burst in anguish there.
On thy pale forehead sleeps the shade of even ;
Youth's braided wreath lies stained in sprinkled dust,
Yet, looking upward in its grief to heaven,
Love should not mourn thee, save in hope and trust.

SHE SLEEPS THAT STILL AND PLACID SLEEP.

Thomas A. Herben.

SHE sleeps that still and placid sleep,
For which the weary pant in vain ;
And where the dews of evening weep,
I may not weep again.—
O never more upon her grave
Shall I behold the wild-flower wave !

They laid her where the sun and moon
Look on her tomb with loving eye,
And I have heard the breeze of June
Sweep o'er it like a sigh ;
And the wild river's wailing song
Grow dirge-like, as it stole along.

And I have dreamed, in many dreams,
Of her who was a dream to me ;

And talked to her, by summer streams,
 In crowds, and on the sea,
 Till in my soul she grew enshrined
 A young Egeria of the mind !

Rise, gentle vision of the hours,
 Which go like birds that come not back ;
 And fling thy pale and funeral flowers
 On memory's wasted track !
 O for the wings that made thee blest,
 To " flee away, and be at rest ! "

SHE FELL ASLEEP.

L. M. L.

SHE " fell asleep " at daybreak,
 Just when the morning light
 Began with golden fingers
 To chase away the night—
 Just when the pleasant sunshine
 Was glowing in the east,
 Her blue eyes closed serenely,
 Her gentle sighing ceased.

She " fell asleep " so calmly—
 With such a joyous faith,
 Her soul went through " the valley
 And shadow " dark of death ;

And leaning on The Mighty,
She lost her grievous fears ;
The surging waves of Jordan
Were music in her ears.

She "fell asleep" so sweetly,
That they who by her wept
Marveled to see the glory
Which crowned her as she slept.
A loveliness celestial
Seemed on her face to shine,
As she laid aside her pilgrim robes,
And left the shores of Time.

She "fell asleep" in Jesus—
Ah, slumber sweet and blest !
From which her spirit wakened
In His dear smile to rest !
Remember ye who loved her,
And ofttimes for her weep,—
All they with Christ shall rise again,
Who in Him "fell asleep !"

LADY MARY.

Rev. Henry Alford.

THOU wert, fair Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun ;
And fairer yet thou mightest be—
Thy youth was but begun.

Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep bright blue ;
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying,
At thine hour of rest :
The cold, pale moon was shining
On thy cold, pale cheek ;
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of the pure white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
In the chancel all alone :—
And I saw thee when the winter moon
Shone on thy marble cheek,
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

Now thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Among the perfect spirits,
In the Land of Rest :
Thou art even as they took thee,
At thine hour of prayer,
Save the glory is upon thee,
From the Sun that shineth There.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
On that shore unknown,
A pure and happy angel,
In the presence of The Throne :—
We shall see thee when the light divine
Plays freshly on thy check,
And the Resurrection morning
Hath just begun to break.

WHO WOULD RECALL HER?

Rev. Ray Palmer.

SHE hath but passed to Heaven, as if from sleep—
Sleep soft and peaceful ; she awoke to find
Earth with its pangs and tears all left behind !
Rose her freed spirit up the airy steep,
On steady wings, beyond where pale stars keep
Their watch o'er mortal griefs ; she upward sped,
Not lonely, but by sister spirits led,
To that dear home where eyes do never weep :
Strange rapture thrilled her there ; and straight her note,
With sweet accord, swelled the eternal hymn
Of souls redeemed, led by the seraphim ;
Whose echoes through the circling ages float.
Now living, conscious, pure as angels bright,
With God she dwells in everlasting light.

Who would recall her to tread o'er again
 The mortal path—from Heaven's pure bliss recall?
 The wish were weakness—though full oft must fall
 Thick blinding tears, from eyes that once were fain
 To catch her genial smile, ne'er sought in vain.
 Though many an hour fond hearts be sad and lone,
 And miss, and yearn once more to drink the tone
 That lingers in the ear, like some lost strain.
 No, ye that loved her, now to Heaven resign,
 Nor wish her from that nobler life withdrawn;
 The night of grief shall pass; and with the morn
 Shall come sweet memories; and a face divine
 With all your worthiest thoughts shall blend,
 And a fair form your wandering steps attend.

SHE IS IN HEAVEN.

Charlotte Elliott.

SHE is in Heaven! That thought alone
 Should chase the grief that clouds thy brow;
 'Twas said from her Redeemer's throne,
 "Into my joy now enter thou!"

She is in Heaven! How sweet the phrase!
 Yet its high import who can tell?
 Here like a glimmering beam it plays,
 Of light, of joy ineffable.

She is in Heaven, to form a link
Between thy heart and worlds unseen,
That then, when Nature's powers must sink,
Faith's holier virtue may be seen.

She is in Heaven, that thou may'st waste
No thought, no care, on earthly things,
But travel with an angel's haste,
And soar as on an angel's wings.

She is in Heaven, that thou, like her,
May'st shine with a pure, steadfast light ;
Attract their eyes whose footsteps err,
And guide their wandering feet aright.

She is in Heaven ; though still unseen,
With hers thy notes of praise may blend ;
On the same Rock thy soul may lean.
To the same centre hourly tend.

She is in Heaven ! When thou art faint,
And wouldst thy weary race were run,
Think that the voice of that loved saint
Whispers, "The prize will soon be won."

She is in Heaven—has crossed ere noon
The stream which bounds the' eternal land ;
And wilt thou not rejoin her soon ?
Yes, though till eve thou waiting stand.

THE BURIAL OF A CLASS-MATE.

Willis.

YE'VE gathered to your place of prayer
With slow and measured tread ;
Your ranks are full—your mates all there—
But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all ;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall ?

We reckon it in days, since he
Strode up that foot-worn aisle
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip wreathed with a smile.
O, had it been but told you then,
To mark whose lamp was dim,
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men
Would ye have singled him ?

Whose was the sinewy arm that flung
Defiance to the ring ?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung,
Yet not for glorying ?

Whose heart in generous deed and thought
No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he—go and look.

On now, his requiem is done,
The last deep prayer is said—
On to his burial, comrades—on,
With the noblest of the dead!
Slow—for it presses heavily—
It is a *man* ye bear!
Slow—for our thoughts dwell wearily
On the noble sleeper there.

Tread lightly, comrades!—we have laid
His dark locks on his brow—
Like life,—save deeper light and shade;
We'll not disturb them now.
Tread lightly—for 'tis beautiful
That blue-veined eyelid's sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull;
Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now! his journeying is done;
Your feet are on his sod—
Death's chain is on your champion—
He waiteth here his God.
Ay, turn and weep, 'tis manliness
To be heart-broken here—
For the grave of earth's best nobleness
Is watered by the tear.

VEILED ANGELS.

Author of "The Schonberg-Cotta family."

UNNUMBERED blessings, rich and free,
Have come to us, our God, from Thee ;
Sweet tokens, written with Thy name,
Bright angels, from Thy face they came.

Some came with open faces bright,
Aglow with heaven's own living light ;
And some were veiled—trod soft and slow,
And spoke in voices grave and low.

Veiled angels, pardon ! if with fears
We meet you first, and many tears ;—
We take you to our hearts no less ;
We know ye come to teach and bless.

We know the love from which ye come ;
We trace you to our Father's home ;—
We know how radiant and how kind
Your faces are, those veils behind.

We know those veils, some happy day,
In earth or heaven, shall drop away ;—
And we shall see you as ye are,
And learn why thus ye sped so far.

But what the joy that day shall be
We know not yet ;—we wait to see ;
But this, O Angels, well we know—
The way ye came our souls shall go :

Up to the Love from which ye come,
Back to our Father's blesséd home ;—
And bright each face, unveiled, shall shine,
Lord, when the veil is rent from Thine !

THE ANGELS OF SORROW.

Chittier.

WITH *silence* only as their benediction,
God's angels come,
When in the shadow of a great affliction
The soul sits dumb.

Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,
Our Father's will,
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon us, or ours, the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought ;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel—
The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given ;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

From the German.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes ;—
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet, in tender love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance ;
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
The ills and woes he may not cure,
He kindly helps us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brow with cooling balm ;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear :
And throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

Oh! thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned!
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
Thy dear Lord ordereth all things well."

THE ANGEL OF HOPE.

Spitta.

A GENTLE angel walketh throughout a world of woe,
With messages of mercy to mourning hearts below ;
His peaceful smile invites thee to love and to confide :
Oh, follow in his footsteps, keep closely by his side.

So gently will he lead thee, thro' all the cloudy day,
And whisper of glad tidings, to cheer the pilgrim way ;
His courage never failing, when thine is almost gone,
He takes thy heavy burden, and helps to bear it on.

To soft and gentle sadness he changes dumb despair,
And soothes to deep submission the storm of grief and care :
Where midnight cares are brooding, he pours the light of
noon,
And every grievous wound he heals, most surely, if not soon.

He will not blame thy sorrows, while he brings the healing
balm ;

He does not chide thy longings, while he soothes thee into
calm ;

And when thy heart is murmuring, and wildly asking why,
He smiling beckons *forward*, pointing upward to the sky.

He will not always answer thy questions and thy fear,
His watch-word is—" Be patient, the journey's end is near !"
And ever through the toilsome way he tells of joys to come,
And points the pilgrim to his rest, the wanderer to his home.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Rev. Charles C. Baird.

THERE is a blesséd angel,
A form of light and grace,
That ever watchful, near thee
Keeps his appointed place :

His wings are meekly folded,
His eyes are downward cast,
For he will never leave thy side,
Till mortal life be past.

Where leadest thou, dear angel,
This cherished one, thy charge ?
We would not lose the sight of her
In this world so wild and large :

This world so wild and dreary !
 We scarce can trust thy skill
 To smooth her devious journey
 O'er desert rude, and hill.

“ In the chosen paths I lead her,
 By God's own wisdom traced ;
 We shall not faint, nor weary grow—
 We shall not strive nor haste.

“ In ways ye could not measure,
 In ways ye cannot see,
 Ye may leave her,—well and wisely,
 To trust those ways with me.”

Then to thy safer guidance,
 O spirit, strong and good !
 We trust her—and we follow,
 As blinder mortals should.

.

There are three blesséd angels,
 Three forms of light and love,
 That keep their shining stations
 Thy sheltered paths above :

They spread their snowy pinions,
 Their looks are upward cast,
 But they will not leave thee far behind,
 Till human toils be past.

And wherefore do ye linger
So near a child of earth ?
For on your lustrous brows I read
Seals of your heavenly birth.

“ We were the guardian spirits
Of those that have gone before ;
We walked beside them day by day,
Till they reached the peaceful shore :
Till they passed beyond the pearly gates,
To go out thence no more.

“ Then back we turned with gladness,
For this our tender charge :
Ye need not fear we should lose her here,
In this world so wild and large.

“ For these outspread wings shall shield her
From the glare of its fervid day ;
And their silver light, in the darkest night,
Shall be shining on her way.”

Oh safely kept and guarded !
We shall not doubt for thee,
Whose steps by God's own love are watched,
And by these angels three.

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD.

J. H. Perkins.

It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our head
Are hovering, on noiseless wing,
The spirits of the dead.

It is a beautiful belief,
When finished our career,
That it too will be *our* destiny
To watch o'er others here :

To lend a moral to the flower—
Breathe wisdom on the wind—
To hold commune, at night's pure noon,
With th' imprisoned mind :

To bid the erring cease to err,
And hope to be forgiven ;—
To bear away from ills of clay
The infant to its Heaven.

Ah! when delight was found in life,
And joy in every breath,
I cannot tell how terrible
The mystery of death !

But now, the past is bright to me,
 And all the future clear,
 For 'tis my faith, that after death
 We still shall linger here.

GUARDIAN SPIRITS.

John Quincy Adams.

.
 FOND mourner, be this solace thine ;
 Let Hope her healing charm impart,
 And soothe, with melodies divine,
 The anguish of a mother's heart.
 O, think ! the darlings of thy love,
 Divested of this earthly clod,
 Amid unnumbered saints above.
 Bask in the bosom of their God.

O'er thee with looks of love, they bend ;
 For thee, the Lord of life implore ;
 And oft from sainted bliss descend,
 Thy wounded quiet to restore.
 Oft in the stillness of the night,
 They smooth the pillows of thy bed ;
 Oft till the morn's returning light,
 Still watchful hover o'er thy head.

Hark ! in such strains as saints employ,
They whisper to thy bosom, peace ;
Calm the perturbed heart to joy,
And bid the streaming sorrow cease.
Then dry, henceforth, the bitter tear ;
Their part and thine, *inverted* see :
Thou wert their guardian-angel here,
They, guardian-angels, now to thee.

VISITS OF ANGELS.

Rev. W. W. Rockwell.

WHENE'ER the balms of night my spirit cumber,
I hear the tread of angels without number,
Stealing on tiptoe, through the gates of slumber.

Like the soft fires of morning, newly risen,
Around, on every side, their pinions glisten,
And there are voices, unto which I listen ;

Voices, which strike upon my charmed ear,
Like the sweet music of some distant sphere,
As if a thousand flutes were warbling near.

And with them come sweet thoughts—joys long since
o'er,
And memories of those that went before,
Down to the dark and distant Nevermore.

They who passed hence!—the gentle and the lovely,
Ebbing away from life, so calm and slowly,
That death itself seemed beautiful and holy.

And 'mid them all, two little forms that stand,
With eyes bent earthward, from that summer-land,
The fairest of that fair and glittering band.

And in the air I hear their gentle voices
Above the reach of earth's discordant noises :
I hear them,—and my saddened heart rejoices.

Therefore, whene'er I feel life's load of pain,
It seems to me as if heaven's golden chain
Grew, link by link, more beautiful again.

For could we fathom with unclouded eyes
The viewless mystery that round us lies,
Griefs would appear "but blessings in disguise."

O, breaking hearts ! whose nights are nights of weeping :
O, weary eyes !—that close—but know no sleeping ;
God has vouchsafed to you this holy keeping.

He will not leave you utterly forsaken,
Though every comfort from your side be taken ;
Nor will He break the reed, though bruised and shaken.

From out the waves of Death's dark rolling river—
Its gloomy plunge—its cold and icy shiver,—
His mighty ransom will your soul deliver.

For He, His angels charge of thee hath given ;
And though by sorrow here thou may'st be riven,
There is a rest awaiting thee in heaven !

WHITE WINGS.

At my feet the ocean surges,
With its never ceasing roar ;
Singing war-songs, chanting dirges,
Evermore—ah, evermore !
All the sea is wild commotion,—
All its breakers white as shrouds :
While afar across the ocean
Spreads the shadow of the clouds.
But I know the sun is beaming,
Far beyond the shadow dark ;
I can see his radiance gleaming
On some distant white-sailed bark.

Thus the ocean of to-morrow
Breaks upon life's rocky shore.
With its turmoil—with its sorrow—
Evermore—ah, evermore !
But beyond, in furthest distance,
Far beyond all earthly things,
We can see the new existence
In the gleam of angel wings.

Angel wings of the departed,
 Bright with rays of fairer skies ;
 Are revealed to the true hearted,
 Through the spirit's purer eyes.

"RURAL FUNERALS."

Shakespeare.

HERE's a few flowers ! but about midnight more ;—
 The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
 Are strewings fittest for graves—
 You were as flowers now withered ; even so
 These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.

.

White his shroud as the mountain snow
 Larded all with sweet flowers ;
 Which be-wept to the grave did go,
 With true love showers.

.

With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack
 The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
 The azured hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
 The leaf of Eglantine ; whom not to slander,
 Outsweeten'd not thy breath.

Herrick.

SLEEP in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
 And make this place all Paradise :
 May sweets grow here ! and smoke from hence
 Pure frankincense.
 Let balms and cassia send their scent
 From out thy maiden monument.
 May all the maids at wonted hours
 Come forth to strew thy tombe with flowers !
 May Virgins when they come to mourn
 Sweete incense burn upon thine altar !
 Then return, and leave thee sleeping in thine urn.

.

Thus, thus, and thus, we compass round
 Thy harmlesse and unhaunted ground,
 And as we sing thy dirge, we will
 The daffodil
 And other flowers lay upon
 The altar of our love,—thy stone.

"Corndon's Knell."

A garland shall be framed
 By art and nature's skill,
 Of sundry colored flowers
 In token of good-will
 And sundry-color'd ribands
 On it I will bestow
 But chiefly black and yellowe
 With her to grave shall goe.

I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
 The rarest ever seen ;
 And with my tears as showers
 I'll keep them fresh and Greene.

Wordsworth.

. Many precious rites
 And customs of our rural ancestry
 Are gone, or stealing from us ; this, I hope,
 Will last forever. What traveller—who—
 (How far so'er a stranger) does not own
 The bond of brotherhood, when he sees them go,
 A mute procession on the houseless road ;
 In passing by some single tenement
 Or clustered dwellings, where again they raise
 The monitory voice ? But most of all
 It touches, it confirms and elevates,
 Then, when the body, soon to be consigned
 Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust
 Is raised from the Church aisle, and thus borne
 Upon the shoulders of the next in love,
 The dearest in affection, or in blood ;
 Yea, by the very mourners who had knelt
 Beside the coffin, resting on its lid,
 In silent grief their unuplifted heads,
 And heard the Psalmist's mournful plaint,
 And that most awful Scripture, which declares
 We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed !
 he that suffers most

He outwardly, and inwardly, perhaps,
The most serene, with most undaunted eye !
O ! blest are they who live and die like these,
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned !

“BEAR OUT THE DEAD.”

Alice B. Haven.

AYE, carry out your dead !
They have won *rest* ;—
Theirs was the burden, and the heat of day—
Now smoothe the shining hair, the white hands lay
Folded upon the breast.

The fluttering heart is still !
No hope—no care !
In moveless calm—the gentle throbbings cease ;
The marble forehead bears the seal of peace,
Its smile, the lips still wear.

Therefore, “bear out the dead,”
Where earthly calm
May image that which they have surely won,
Where careless feet the hallowed path shall shun,
Nor careless hands work harm.

Daisies and violets,
The snow-white rose,
The trailing ivy, o'er their graves shall wreath,
And solemn chants the lingering south winds breathe,
And fir and cypress grows.

No taint of sin or shame
The rippling tide,
Bears from the distant city, clearly seen—
The waters roll their clear bright waves between,
And Life from Death divide.

They ask this rest of thee,
All faith to prove,
In the fair stillness, eloquent to teach—
The Sabbath calm of Heaven, surpassing speech—
The dead ye mourn and love!

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

Mrs. Hemans.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed, far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, 'midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid ;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue, lone sea hath one
He sleeps where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed,
Above the noble slain :
He wrapped his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field in Spain.

And one, o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that loved band.

And parted thus, they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one mother's knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall
 And cheered with song the hearth—
 Alas for love! if *thou* wert all,
 And nought beyond, O Earth!

DIRGE.

L. E. L.

LAY her in the gentle earth,
 Where the summer maketh mirth,
 Where young violets have birth
 Where the lily bendeth.
 Lay her there, the lovely one,
 With the rose her funeral stone,
 And for tears, such showers alone
 As the rain of April lendeth.

From the midnight's quiet hour
 Will come dews of holy power
 O'er the sweetest human flower
 That was ever loved.
 But she was too fair and dear
 For our troubled pathway here ;—
 Heaven, that was her natural sphere,
 Has its own removed.

THE PAST.

Byrant.

THOU unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires set, in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone,
Lie deep, within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth
Youth, manhood, age that draws us to the ground,
And last, man's life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good, the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain, thy gates deny
All passage, save to those who hence depart :
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou givest them back,—nor to the breaking heart.

In thy abysses hide,
Beauty and excellence, unknown to thee—
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gathered, as the waters to the sea.

Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity—unbroken faith—
Love, that 'midst grief began,
And grew with years, nor faltered e'en in death.

Full many a mighty name,
Lurks in thy depths, forgotten, unrevered ;
With thee, have silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom, disappeared.

Thine, for a space are they—
Yet, shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last ;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past !

All that is good and fair
That's gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no !
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,—
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features—the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back—each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again :
Alone shall evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprang ;
And her, who still and cold,
Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young !

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

James C. Field.

UNDERNEATH the sod now lying,
Dark and drear
Sleepeth one, who left in dying
Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her
Eyes that weep ;
Forms that to the cold grave bore her
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
 Soft and fair,
 Friends she loved, in tears are twining
 Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
 Throned above ;
 Souls like thine, with God inherit
 Life and love.

"FOR EVERMORE."

"Dublin University Magazine."

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain.
 Whose magic joys we shall not see again ;
 Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore,
 Ah ! truly breathed we there
 Intoxicating air ;—
 Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of Nevermore !

The lover, there, drank her delicious breath,
 Whose love has yielded since, to change or death ;
 The mother kissed her child, whose days are o'er.
 Alas ! too soon have fled
 The ne'er returning dead ;
 We see them—visions strange—amid the Nevermore.

The merry songs some maidens used to sing,
 The brown, brown hair, that once was wont to cling
 To temples long clay-cold—to the very core
 They strike our weary hearts!
 As some vexed memory starts
 From that long-faded land, the realm of Nevermore!

It is perpetual summer there—but here
 Sadly do we remember rivers clear,
 And hare-bells quivering on the meadow floor;
 For brighter bells and bluer,
 For tender hearts and truer,
 People that happy land—the land of Nevermore!

Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
 We, pilgrims of eternal sorrow, stand;—
 What realm lies forward, with its happier store
 Of forests green and deep,
 Of valleys hushed in sleep.
 And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of Evermore!

Very far off its marbled cities seem;
 Very far off—beyond our sensual dream,
 Its woods unruffled by the wild wind's roar.
 Yet does the turbulent surge
 Howl on its very verge—
 One moment, and we breathe within the Evermore!

They whom we loved and lost so long ago,
 Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe,

Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet whispers soar.
 Eternal peace have they ;
 God wipes their tears away ;
 They drink that Fount of life which flows for Evermore !

Thither we hasten, through these rivers dim ;
 But lo ! the white wings of the Seraphim
 Shine in the sunset on that joyous shore !
 There, our light hearts shall know
 The life of long ago !—
 The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for Evermore !

R U I N S.

THEN—where the yellow sand
 Covers old Egypt's land ;
 Where by the Nile the huge pyramid towers ;
 Dwelt the proud race of old,
 Rich in their pomp and gold ;
 Strong were their fortresses, lovely their bowers

Thebes, with her hundred gates,
 Ruled o'er her vassal states.
 Worshipers knelt before Luxor's great fane,
 Kings, in their cars of pride,
 Rode through the portals wide—
 Without to conquer, and within to reign.

Now--o'er those ruins vast
Sweeps the cold desert blast,
Through the rent arch and the lone crumbling stair ;--
There doth the wild fox prowl,
There doth the jackal howl,
Finding in chambers of fair queens his lair.

Thus is all human pride
Slighted and cast aside ;—
Thus the world's idols, and who in them trust ;
Even on their triumph's spot
Are their proud names forgot !
While the cold desert winds sweep o'er their dust.

THE DEAD ARE EVERYWHERE.

THE dead are everywhere !
The mountain side, the plain, the wood profound,
All the wide earth, the fertile and the fair,
Is one vast burial-ground !

Within the populous streets,
In solitary homes, in places high,
In pleasure's domes, where pomp and luxury meet,
Men bow themselves to die.

The old man at his door,
The unweaned child, murmuring its little song,
The bondman and the free, the rich, the poor,
All—all to death belong !

The sunlight gilds the walls
Of kingly sepulchres inlaid with brass ;
And the long shadow of the cypress falls
Athwart the common grass.

The living of gone time
Builded their glorious cities by the sea ;
And awful in their greatness sat sublime,
As if no change could be.

There was the eloquent tongue ;
The poet's heart—the sage's soul was there ;
And loving women, with their children young,
The faithful and the fair.

They were, but they are not.
Suns rose and set, and earth put on her bloom ;
Whilst man, submitting to the common lot,
Went down into the tomb.

And still amid the wrecks
Of mighty generations passed away,
Earth's honest growth, the fragrant wild-flower decks
The tombs of yesterday.

And in the twilight deep
Go veiled women forth, like her who went—
Sister of Lazarus—to the grave to weep,
To breathe in low lament.

The dead are everywhere !
Where'er is love, or tenderness, or faith ;
Where'er is pleasure, pomp, or pride ; where'er
Life is, or was, is death !

THE DEPARTED.

Park Benjamin.

THE departed ! the departed !
They visit us in dreams,
And they glide athwart our memories,
Like shadows over streams ;
But where the cheerful lights of home
In constant lustre burn,
The departed, the departed
Can never more return !

The good, the brave, the beautiful,
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep !
Or where the surging night-winds
Pale winter's robes have spread
Above the narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead !

I look around, and feel the awe
Of one who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
In mournful ruin strewn ;
I start to hear the stirring sounds
Among the cypress-trees,
For the voice of the departed
Is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice ! it mingles with
Each free and careless strain ;
I scarce can think earth's minstrels
Will cheer my heart again.
The melody of summer waves,
The thrilling notes of birds,
Can never be so dear to me
As their remembered words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall ;
Their tones of love I faintly hear
My name in sadness call.
I know that they are happy,
With their angel plumage on ;
But my heart is very desolate
To think that they are gone.

I SEE THEE STILL.

Charles Sprague.

I SEE thee still :
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust ;—
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou 'rt with me through the gloomy night ;
In dreams I meet thee as of old :
Then thy soft arms my neck infold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear,
In every scene to memory dear
I see thee still.

I see thee still
In every hallowed token round :
This little ring thy finger bound ;
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded ;
This silken chain by thee was braided ;
These flowers, all withered now, like thee,
Sweet sister, thou didst cull for me ;
This book was thine—here didst thou read ;
This picture—ah, yes, here, indeed,
I see thee still.

I see thee still :
Here was thy summer noon's retreat ;
Here was thy favorite fireside seat ;

This was thy chamber—here, each day,
 I sat and watched thy sad decay ;
 Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie ;
 Here, on this pillow, thou didst die.
 Dark hour ! once more its woes unfold.—
 As then, I saw thee, pale and cold,
 I see thee still.

I see thee still :

Thou art not in the grave confined—
 Death cannot chain the immortal mind ;
 Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
 But goodness dies not in the dust.
 Thee, O my sister ! 'tis not thee
 Beneath the coffin's lid I see ;
 Thou to a fairer land art gone ;—
 There, let me hope, my journey done,
 To see thee still.

O U R Y O U N G E S T .

Whittier.

As one who held herself a part
 Of all who saw, and let her heart
 Against the household bosom lean,
 Upon the motley braided mat
 Our youngest and our dearest sat ;

Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
O, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still ?
With me one little year ago !
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain ;
And now, when summer south winds blow,
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak,
The hillside flowers she loved to seek—
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad ; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness ; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky ;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone, which should be nigh ;
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blows, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart ! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old ?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold ?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold

Thy love hath left in trust with me ?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are :—
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand ?

THE SHADOW O'ER THE HOUSEHOLD.

Knickerbocker Magazine.

A SHADOW broods o'er the household,
A shadow still and deep ;
I feel its presence round my heart
Like a thrill of suffering creep.

I look out in the sunshine
That bathes the earth in light ;
And the voice of Nature murmureth low
Her manifold delight.

But the shadow—oh ! close it falleth
Through the dim and dusky air,
And we whisper low, and with light footfall
We press the echoing stair.

And yet so still she sleeps alone,
In that chamber cold and dim ;
No noise from this busy world without
Can reach her world within.

The shadow cast from the old pine-tree,
Flickers upon her face,
Mocking the play of the features rare,
In their pure and chiseled grace.

And the wind stirreth tresses long and brown,
'Tis but the wind alone ;
Sad tears are filling our eyes, to see
How still she sleepeth on.

The sorrow that broods o'er the household,
Marks every weary brow ;
Hers only is calm and peaceful,—
She heeds no sorrow now ;—

She whose warm heart felt ever
The woes of other hearts,—
Whose sympathizing eye could draw
The sting of suffering's darts.

The shadow o'er the household !
The shadow from Death's black wing
Shall fill our souls with anguish
Of a life-long suffering !

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

Longfellow.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamp is lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The belovéd, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more.

And with them, the being beauteous
Who unto my youth was given
More than all things else, to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me;
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as *these* have lived and died.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

Albert Laighton.

A SIMPLE lock of golden hair ;
A sacred relic kept with care—
A memory of one so fair,

That angels left their hymning band,
And came to earth, to take his hand,
And lead him to the Unseen Land.

But ere he trod the starry way
That leadeth to Eternal Day ;—
As calm and beautiful he lay,

This curling tress of golden hair,
This sacred relic, kept with care,
She gathered from his forehead fair.

O, lingering o'er the treasure long,
A thousand tender memories throng,
She hears again his cradle song !

And yesternight, before she slept,
She pressed it to her lips and wept ;
Warm tear-drops down her pale face crept.

While to her aching heart she said,
“ Why mourn'st thou so, that he is dead ?
He sleepeth in a peaceful bed ;

God calleth him to a sweet repose—
And he hath slept through winter snows,
Till now the dewy violet blows

Above his grave,—soft mosses spring,
And birds, with free and happy wing,
All day their heaven-tuned praises sing.

Ah, yes, with joy, the April rain
Thrills Nature's breast,—but mine with pain
Sigheth—he will *never* come again!"

" ONLY A YEAR."

Mrs. M. B. Stowe.

ONE year ago,—a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair
Too fair to die.

Only a year!—no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair, but to die!

One year ago—what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial-stone,
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
Remain alone!

One year—one year—one little year—
And so much gone!
And yet that even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
Above that head ;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above,
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen?
What visions fair—what glorious life
Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
'Twixt us and thee ;
That mystic veil! when shall it fall,
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone—
But *present* still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear!
We lay in silence at Thy feet
This sad, sad year!

THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

Mrs. Howarth.

Thou wilt never grow old,
Nor weary, nor sad, in the home of thy birth;
My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold
In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth;
O holy and fair, I rejoice thou art There—
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold;
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet—
Never grow old!

I am a pilgrim with sorrow and sin
Haunting my footsteps, wherever I go;
Life is a warfare my title to win—
Well it be, if it end not in woe!

Pity me, sweet, I am laden with care ;
Dark are my garments with mildew and mould ;
Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,
And wilt never grow old, sweet—
Never grow old !

Now canst thou hear, from thy home in the skies,
All the fond words I am whispering to thee ?
Dost thou look down on me, with those soft eyes
Greeting me oft, ere thy spirit was free ?
So I believe, though the shadows of Time
Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold ;
Thou wilt still love me, and, pleasure sublime !
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet—
Never grow old !

Thus wilt thou be, when the pilgrim, grown gray,
Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are riven ;—
Faith shall behold thee, as pure as the day
Thou wert torn from the earth, and transplanted to
Heaven.
O holy and fair, I rejoice thou art There,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold,
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet—
Never grow old !

THEY SHALL BE MINE.

“THEY shall be mine!” Oh, lay them down to slumber,
Calm in the strong assurance that He gives ;
He calls them by their names, He knows their number,
And they shall live as surely as He lives.

“They shall be mine!” upraised from earthly pillows,
Gathered from desert sands, from mountains cold—
Called from the caves beneath Old Ocean’s billows,
Called from each distant land, each scattered fold.

Well might the soul—that wondrous spark of being,
Lit by His breath who claims it for His own,
Shine in the circle which His love foreseeing,
Destined to glitter brightest by His throne.

But shall the dust, from earthly dust first taken,
And now long mingled with its native earth,
To life, to beauty once again awaken,
Thrill with the rapture of a second birth ?

“They shall be mine!”—they, as on earth we knew them,
The lips we kissed, the hands we loved to press,
Only a fuller life be circling through them—
Unfading youth, unchanging loveliness.

“They shall be mine!” children of sin and sorrow
Giv’st Thou, O Lord ! Heaven’s almost verge to them ?
No ; from each rifled grave Thy crown shall borrow
An added light—a prized and costly gem.

“They shall be mine!” Thought fails, and feeling falters,
 Striving to sound and fathom Love Divine ;—
 All that we know—no time Thy promise alters—
 All that we trust—our loved ones shall be Thine.

BROKEN TIES.

J. Montgomery.

THE broken ties of happier days,
 How often do they seem
 To come before our mental gaze
 Like a remembered dream !
 Around us, each dissevered chain
 In sparkling ruin lies,
 And earthly hand can ne'er again
 Unite those broken ties.

The parents of our youthful home,
 The kindred that we loved,
 Far from our arms perchance may roam,
 To desert seas removed ;
 Or we have watched their parting breath,
 And closed their weary eyes,
 And sighed to think how sadly death
 Can sever human ties !

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
 They, too, are gone or changed ;

Or, worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened or estranged.
They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold, averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep their wrong,
And mourn o'er broken ties.

Oh, who in such a world as this
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain ?
That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies ;
Hope, that unites our souls to Heaven
By Faith's enduring ties.

Each care. each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above ;
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tell us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

LOST TREASURES.

Helen L. Parmlee.

LET us be patient. God has taken from us
The earthly treasures upon which we leaned,
That from the fleeting things which lie around us,
Our clinging hearts should be forever weaned.

They have passed from us—all our broad possessions.
Ships, whose white sails flung wide past distant shores;
Lands, whose rich harvests smiled in the glad sunshine,
Silver and gold, and all our hoarded stores.

And dearer far the pleasant home where gathered
Our loved and loving round the blazing hearth ;
Where honored age on the soft cushions rested,
And childhood played about, in frolic mirth.

Where, underneath the softened light, bent kindly
The mother's tender glance on daughters fair ;
And he, on whom all leant, with fond confiding,
Rested contented from his daily care.

All shipwrecked, in one common desolation !—
The garden walks by other feet are trod ;
The clinging vines by other fingers tutored
To fling their shadows o'er the grassy sod.

Let us be cheerful! The same sky o'erarches—
Soft rain falls on the evil and the good ;
On narrow walls, and through our humbler dwelling,
God's glorious sunshine pours as rich a flood.

Our life is not in all these brief possessions ;
Our home is not in any pleasant spot ;—
Pilgrims and strangers, we must journey onward,
Contented with the portion of our lot.

These earthly walls must shortly be dismantled ;
These earthly tents be struck by angel hands ;—
But to be built up on a sure foundation,
There, where our Father's mansion ever stands !

There shall we meet—parent and child, and dearer
That earthly love, which makes a heaven of home ;
There shall we find our treasures !—all awaiting,
Where change, and death, and parting never come.

H O M E S .

Thomas A. Hervey.

How beautiful a world were ours,
But for the pale and shadowy One
That treadeth on its pleasant flowers
And stalketh in its sun !

Glad childhood needs the lore of time
To show the phantom overhead ;
But where the breast, before its prime
That beareth not its dead—
The moon that looketh on whose home
In all its circuit, sees no tomb ?

It was an ancient tyrant's thought
To link the living with the dead ;
Some secret of his soul had taught
That lesson dark and dread.
And, oh ! we bear about us still
The dreary moral of his art—
Some form that lieth pale and chill
Upon each living heart,
Tied to the memory, till a wave
Shall lay them in one common grave !

To boyhood, hope—to manhood, fears !
Alas ! alas ! that each bright home
Should be a nursing-place of tears,
A cradle for the tomb !
If childhood seeth all things loved,
Where home's unshadowy shadows waive,
The old man's treasure hath removed—
He looketh to the grave !
For grave and home lie sadly blent
Wherever spreads yon firmament.

A few short years, and then the boy
Shall miss, beside the household hearth,
Some treasure from his store of joy,
To find it not on earth.

A shade within its saddened walls
Shall sit, in some beloved's room,
And one dear name he vainly calls,
Be written on a tomb ;—
And he have learnt, from all beneath,
His first sad bitter taste of death !

And years glide on, till manhood's come ;—
And where the young glad faces were,
Perchance the once bright happy home
Hath many a vacant chair.
A darkness from the church-yard shed
Hath fallen on each familiar room,
And much of all home's light hath fled
To moulder in the tomb—
And household gifts that memory saves,
But help to count the household graves.

Then homes and graves the heart divide,
As they divide the outer world ;
But drearier days must yet betide,
Ere sorrow's wings be furled ;
When more within the church-yard lie
Than sit and sadly smile at home.
Till home, unto the old man's eye
Itself appears a tomb—

And his tired spirit asks the grave
For all the home he longs to have!

It shall be so! it shall be so!—

Go, bravely trusting—trusting on.
Bear up a few short years, and lo!

The grave and home are one!—
And then, the bright ones gone before
Within another, happier home,
Are waiting—fonder than before,
Until the loved ones come.

A home, where but the Life-trees waive!
Like childhood's—That home hath no grave!

S T A R L I G H T.

DARKLING methinks the path of life is grown,
And solitude and sorrow close around;
My fellow-travelers one by one are gone,
Their home is reached—but mine must still be found.

The sun that set as the last bowed his head,
To cross the threshold of his resting-place,
Has left the world devoid of all that made
Its business, pleasure, happiness and grace.

But I have still a desert path to trace;—
Nor with the day has my day's work an end;
And words and shadows through the cold air chase,
And earth looks dark where walked we friend with friend.

And yet, thus wildered, not without a guide,
I wander on amid the shades of night ;
My home-fires gleam, methinks, and round them glide
My friends at peace, far off, but still in sight.

For, through the closing gloom, mine eyesight goes
Further in Heaven than when the sky was bright ;
And There, as earth still dark and darker grows,
Shines out for every shade, a world of light.

MEMORY.

WHEN fall the evening shadows, long and deep, across the
hill ;
When all the air is fragrance, and all the breezes still ;
When the summer sun seems passing above the mountain's
brow,
As if he left reluctantly a scene so lovely now :—

Then I linger on the pathway, and I fondly gaze and long.
As if reading some old story, those deep purple clouds
among ;
Then memory approaches, holding up her magic glass,
Pointing to familiar figures, which across the surface pass.

And often do I question, as I view that phantom train.
Whether most with joy or sadness I behold them thus
again ?

They are there—those scenes of beauty, where life's brightest hours have fled,
And I haste with dear companions the old paths again to tread.

But suddenly dissolving, all the loveliness is flown,
And I find a thorny wilderness, which I must walk alone.
Thou art there, so loved and honored, as in each former hour,
When we read thine eye's deep meaning, when we heard thy words of power ;—

When our souls as willing captives have sought to follow thine,
Tracing th'e eternal footsteps of Might and Love Divine.
But o'er that cherished image falls a veil of clouds and gloom,
And beside a bier I tremble—or I weep above a tomb.
And ever will the question come, O Memory ! again,
Whether in thy magic mirror there is most of bliss or pain ?
Would I not wish the brightness were forever hid from view,
If but those hours of darkness could be all forgotten too ?

Then, weary and desponding, my spirit seeks to rise
Away from earthly conflicts, from mortal smiles or sighs.
I do not think the blessed ones with Jesus have forgot
The changing joys and sorrows which once marked their earthly lot.

But now, on Memory's record, their eyes can calmly dwell ;
They can see, what here they trusted—God hath done all
things well.

And vain regrets and longings are as old things passed
away ;—

No shadows dim the sunshine now of that Eternal Day !

P H A N T O M S .

Calder Campbell.

As now within my winter's fire I look,

I seem to see

Pictures and shapes, that seem to gaze at me

Like midnight stars, from some clear summer brook,

O'er which no cloud its mist-line flag hath shook.

A palace—then a prison starts before me

With battlements ;

That frown austere o'er besieging tents,

'Mid which the shadow Death stalks red and stormy,

Whirling his blazing banner sternly o'er me.

Faces beloved, but passed away, I see—

The beautiful !

Whose hearts with mine—taught in the same fond school,

Brake in the strife which hath but shattered me,

Whose harsher nature braved grief's agony.

The beautiful, the dear, the true are there !—
 The false likewise ;—
 The false and cruel, with their cunning eyes,
 Or smiling, with a presence insincere,
 That but for burning flames would chill all near.

I look on scenes, piled in the blazing grate,
 Of early days !
 My pastoral home, whence first I sought the ways
 That lead from passionate love to bitter hate,
 Through the entangling maze of man's estate.

The hills of Scotland, and the woods of Ind,
 Gleam in that glow !
 Struggles and strifes—the battle and the brow
 Laureled, but bloody, in the fire I find,
 With graves of loved ones, 'mid grass-shaking wind.

Scent-eloquent flowers, and inarticulate weeds
 Before me speak
 Pathetic sentences, that nearly break
 My heart with memories of such love as leads
 Downward through death, where life to death succeeds.

Stir, stir the fire ! destroy the spectral strife
 That shows the Past !—
 Give me the Now—nor let me look aghast
 On grieving graves, with but the *Human* rife :—
 Onward the Future shines, bright with Immortal Life !

H A U N T E D .

John Sabage.

I AM haunted by a spirit
Everywhere I go ;
That I'm near it, yet not near it,
I too sadly know.

When I'm hushed and sorrow-laden,
'Tis a solace there ;—
When my heart would clasp its maiden
Figure,—it is air.

Now deluded, now hope-nurtured—
I am curs'd and blest,
Till I crave for this o'ertortured
Frame, eternal rest.

Yet the spirit looms about me,
Like a thought decreeing
As I from it—it without me—
Cannot have a being.

I am in the city's mazes
'Mid ten thousand men—
There the spirit's sweet sad face is
Smiling, just as when

In the midnight, it from study
All my soul has drawn ;
Or when it, at morning ruddy,
Smiles a rival dawn.

Sometimes it is sad and lonely—
Sometimes like a psalm,
A sacred, solemn joy—this only
When I'm very calm.

Sometimes 'tis as bright as dew, that
Pushed from opening bud,
Steals the light it first falls through,
And gilds e'en the sod.

Sometimes 'tis a gloomy grandeur—
Sorrow unconfessed—
Whose loud silence would command your
Life to calm its breast ;

Sometimes smiling as a dreaming
Child, the thoughts, alas !
Of the soul on lips are beaming,
That they cannot pass.

Sometimes, but, O heart, some feature
Bless in silent prayer !
All times seeming, 'tis some creature
Rare, exceeding fair !

So, two shadow's dim distraction
Dial every motion ;—
One, which points my body's action,
One, my soul's devotion.

*THE HAUNTED PALACE.**Edgar A. Poe.*

IN the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace,
(Snow-white palace) reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominions
It stood there !
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners, yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow ;—
(This, all this, was in the olden
Time, long ago.)
And every gentle air that dallied
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallied,
A wingéd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tuned law ;

Round about a throne, where, sitting
 (PorphYROGENE!)
In state, his glory well-befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing,
 Was that fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
 And sparkling evermore,
A troop of echoes, whose sweet duty
 Was only to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty
 The wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
 Assailed that monarch's high estate ;
(Ah ! let us mourn—for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him—desolate!)
And round about his home, the glory
 That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story,
 Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now, within that valley,
 Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody.
While, like a rapid ghastly river,
 Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
 And laugh—but smile no more.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

Longfellow.

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them on the doorway, on the stair,—
Along the passages they come and go ;
Impalpable impressions on the air—
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at the table than the host
Invited ; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear ;
He but perceives what is—while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title deeds to house or lands ;—
Owners and occupants of other dates,
From graves forgotten, stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense,
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires ;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

The perturbations, the perpetual jar
Of earthly wants, and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of that unseen star—
That undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon, from some dark gate of cloud,
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realms of mystery and night

So, from the world of spirits, there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

Charles Lamb.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days :
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces !

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies :
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces !

I loved a love once, fairest among women !
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces !

I had a friend, a kinder friend had no man ;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him to muse on old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So we talk of the old familiar faces ?—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed !
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces !

"LOVED ONCE."

Mrs. Browning.

I CLASSED—appraising once
Earth's lamentable sounds—the well aday ;—
The jarring yea and nay ;—
The fall of kisses on unconscious clay ;—

The sobbed farewell—the welcome mournfully ;
But all did leaven the air
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair
Than these words—"I loved once."

And who saith, "I loved once?"
Not angels, whose clear eyes love, love foresee,
Love through eternity,
Who, by To Love, do apprehend To Be.
Not God—called Love, his noble crown-name casting,
A light too broad for blasting!
The great God, changing not, from everlasting,
Saith never, "I loved once."

How say ye, "We loved once,"
Blasphemers! Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?
And could ye say of some, whose love is known,
Whose prayers have met your own;
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone,
Such words—"We loved them once?"

Could ye, "We loved her once,"
Say cold of me when further put away
In earth's sepulchred clay?
When mute the lips which deprecate to-day?
Not so! not then—*least* then! When Life is shriven,
And Death's full joy is given,—
Of those who sit and love you up in Heaven,
Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never ye loved once !
 God is too near above, the grave below—
 And all our moments go
 Too quickly past our souls, for saying so.
 The mysteries of Life and Death avenge
 Affection's light of range—
 There comes no change, to justify that change,
 Whatever comes.—“Loved once !”

H A L L O W E D G R O U N D .

Campbell.

THAT'S hallowed ground—where mourned and missed,
 The lips repose our lips have kissed :—
 But where's their memory's mansion ? Is't
 Your church-yard's bowers ?
 No—in ourselves their souls exist
 A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground,
 Where mated hearts are mutual bound :
 The spot where love's first links were wound,
 That ne'er are riven,
 Is hallowed, down to earth profound,
 And up to Heaven !

What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?
 'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap !—

In dews that heavens far distant weep,
 Their turf may bloom ;
 Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb :

But strew his ashes to the wind,
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind ;
 And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts them on high ?—
 To live in hearts we leave behind,
 Is not to die.

What's hallowed ground ? 'Tis what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !
 Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth
 Earth's compass round ;
 And your high priesthood shall make the earth
 All hallowed ground.

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

“ Dublin University Magazine.”

SUMMER is a glorious season,
 Warm, and bright, and pleasant—
 But the past is not a reason
 To depise the present.

So while health can climb the mountain,
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sunny days in Winter,
After all !

Spring, indeed, hath faded from us,
Maiden-like in charms ;
Summer, too, with all her promise,
Perished in our arms.
But the memory of the vanished,
Whom our hearts recall,
Maketh sunny days in Winter,
After all !

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh ;
All the best are dead ;—
But the wall-flower still perfumeth
Yonder garden-bed.
And the lily-flowered arbutus
Hugs its coral ball.
There are sunny days in Winter,
After all !

Summer trees are pretty—very,
And I love them well ;
But the *Holly's* glistening berry
None of them excel.
While the fir can warm the landscape,
And ivy clothes the wall,
There are sunny days in Winter,
After all !

Sunny hours in every season
Wait the innocent—
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God hath sent.
Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days in Winter,
After all !

Then, although our darling treasures
Vanish from the heart,
Then, although our once-loved pleasures
One by one depart ;
Though the tomb loom in the distance,
And the mourning pall ;—
There is sunshine—and *no* Winter,
After all !

THE HEART'S MELODIES.

“Chambers' Journal.”

LISTEN ! listen ! full is ever
This wide world with music true ;
Naught can still it, mar it never—
Naught that hate or wrong can do.

Gentle, humble, all who tremble
While fierce passions round them jar,
Shall hear whispers that resemble
Angel voices from afar.

None so weary, none so lonely,
But some heart responsive gives
Beat for beat ;—and Love need only
Touch the chords—and music lives.

Though the world with darkness blendeth,
Though the woods be hushed and drear,
Though the lone flower, trembling, bendeth
As the cold wind moaneth near,

Morn shall come ;—again from blindness
All to life and glory start ;—
So, like light—one touch of kindness
Wakes the music of the Heart!

*SPARE MY HEART FROM GROWING
OLD!*

OLD Time, I ask a boon of thee—
Thou'st stripped my heart of many a friend,
Ta'en half my joys, and all my glee,
Be just, for once, to make amend ;—
And since thy hand *must* leave its trace,
Turn locks to gray, warm blood to cold,
Do what thou wilt with form and face,
But spare my heart from growing old!

I know thou'st ta'en from many a mind
Its dearest wealth, its cherished store,
And only lingering left behind,
O'erwise Experience ; (bitter lore !)
'Tis sad to mark the mind's decay,
Feel wit grow dim, and memory cold—
Take these, old Time ;—take all away,
But spare my heart from growing old !

Give me to live with Friendship still,
And Hope and Love till life be o'er—
Let be the first, the final chill,
That bids the bosom bound no more.
That so, when I am passed away,
And in my grave lie slumbering cold,
With fond remembrance, friends may say,
“ That faithful heart grew never cold ! ”

T W I L I G H T R E V E R I E S .

Charlotte Brontë.

THE human heart has hidden treasures
In secret kept, in silence sealed ;
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
Whose charms were broken, if revealed.

And days may pass in gay confusion,
And nights in noisy riot fly,
While, lost in Fame's or Wealth's illusion,
The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as at twilight's silence come,
When soft as birds, their pinions closing,
The heart's best feelings gather home.
Then in our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief, that is not woe ;
And thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,
Now cause but some mild tears to flow.

And feelings, once as strong as passions,
Float softly back—a faded dream ;
Our own sharp griefs, and wild sensations,
The tastes of other's suffering seem ;—
Oh ! when the heart is freshly bleeding,
How longs it for that time to be,
When through the mists of years receding,
Its woes but live in reverie !

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,
On evening shades and loneliness,
And while the sky grows dim and dimmer,
Feel no untold and sad distress ;—
Only a deeper impulse given
By lonely hour and darkened room,
To solemn thoughts, that soar to Heaven,
Seeking a life and world to come !

TREASURES.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

LET me count my treasures,
All my soul holds dear,
Given me by the dark spirits
Whom I used to fear.

Through long days of anguish,
And sad nights, did Pain
Forge my shield—Endurance
Bright, and free from stain!

Doubt, in misty caverns,
'Mid dark horrors sought,
Till my peerless jewel,
Faith, to me she brought.

Sorrow, that I wearied
Should remain so long,
Wreathed my starry glory—
The bright Crown of Song.

Strife, that racked my spirit
Without hope or rest,
Left the blooming flower,
Patience, on my breast.

Suffering, that I dreaded,
Ignorant of her charms,—
Laid the fair child, Pity,
Smiling in my arms.

So I count my treasures,
Stored in days long past,—
And I thank the givers
Whom I know at last!

B L E S S I N G S .

Caroline Fy.

For what shall I praise Thee, my God and my King,
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise Thee for pleasure, for health or for ease,
For the Spring of delight—or the sunshine of peace?
Shall I praise Thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast,
For joys in perspective—for pleasures possessed?
For the spirits that heightened my days of delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow at night?
For this should I praise Thee ;—but if only for this,
I should leave half untold my donation of bliss.

I thank Thee for sickness—for sorrow—for care—
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear ;
For nights of anxiety, watching and tears,
A present of pain—a perspective of fears !

I praise Thee, I bless Thee, my King and my God,
For the good, for the evil, Thy hand hath bestowed.
The flowers were sweet—but their fragrance is flown ;
They yielded no fruits—they are withered and gone !
The thorn, it was poignant, but precious to me ;—
'Twas the message of mercy that led me to Thee !

MUSIC AND FLOWERS.

J. F. McLaren.

WHEN winter's snows have fled,
The wild-birds sweetly sing,
Ere from their humble bed
The gentle blossoms spring.
And with its higher power
Sweet music charms the ear,
Before in field or bower
The blooming flowers appear.

On graves sweet flowers may bloom,
Where dear ones lowly lie ;
But song survives the tomb
In hearts that live on high.
A humbler boon of love,
The flowers to Earth are given—
But for the saints above,
The harmonies of Heaven !

BELLS.

Howells.

How sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal !
As when at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel !
And hark ! with lessening cadence now they fall,
And now, along the wide and level tide
They fling their melancholy music wide,
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer days, and those delightful years,
When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears ;
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy, once heard —now heard no more !

FORTUNE-TELLING BELLS.

Jean Ingeloso.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol, by fall or by swelling,
 No magical sense conveys,—
 And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
 The fortune of future days.

Poor bells ! I forgive you ; your good days are over,
 And mine, they are yet to be ;
 No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover—
 You leave the story to me.

.
 I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover
 While dear hands are laid on my head ;
 "The child is a woman, the book may close over,
 For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
 Not one, as he sits on the tree ;
 The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it,
 Such as I wish it to be !

THE OLD CHURCH-BELL.

John C. Gitchell.

It swings and rings, the old church-bell,
 Fast for wedding, slow for knell—
 Which is best ? Can any tell ?

Go and ask her for whom a knell,
 Yesterday morn, came from that bell ;—
 Go and ask her, if *she* can tell.

She was a year ago made bride—
And he, who then stood by her side
As bridegroom, mourned not when she died.

It swung and rung, that old church-bell—
Fast for her wedding—slow for her knell :
Which was the best—can you now tell ?

*VESPER BELLS.**C. M. P.*

THE weary day at length is past ;
Pale shadows beckon it to rest ;
The slanting sunbeams, fading, cast
Their dim reflection through the west.

The song of birds, the hum of bees,
The drowning insect's shining wing
Are silent all—the evening breeze
Its plaintive monotone doth sing.

Now, holy bells, your chime begin
From towers that bathe in sunset air !
Lift these poor spirits from the sin
That chains with fetters gross or fair.

Speak of the coming shadowed night
That preludes Day no more to cease ;
Speak of the Love that gloom to light,—
And guide us to the Perfect peace !

VIGILS.

Bishop Cox.

It is the fall of eve,
And the long tapers now we light
And watch : for we believe
Our Lord may come at night.
Adeste Fideles.

An hour—and it is Seven,
And fast away the evening rolls :
O, it is dark in Heaven,
But light within our souls.
Veni Creator Spiritus!

Hark ! the old bell strikes Eight !
And still we watch with heart and ear,
For as the hour grows late,
The Day-Star may be near.
Jubilate Deo !

Hark ! it is knelling Nine !
But faithful eyes grow never dim ;
And still our tapers shine,
And still ascends our hymn.
Cum Angelis !

The watchman crieth Ten !
My soul, be watching for the Light,
For when He comes again,
'Tis as the thief at night.
Nisi Dominus !

By the old bell—Eleven !
Now trim thy lamps, and ready stand ;
The world to sleep is given,
But Jesus is at hand.
De Profundis !

At midnight—is a cry !
Is it the Bridegroom draweth near ?
Come quickly, Lord, for I
Have longed Thy voice to hear !
Kyrie Eleison !

Could ye not watch one hour ?
Be ready : or the bridal train
And Bridegroom, with His dower,
May sweep along in vain—
Misere mei !

By the old steeple—Two !
And now I know the day is near !
Watch—for His word is true,
And Jesus may appear !
Dies Irae !

Three—by the drowsy chime!
And joy is nearer than at first:
O, let us watch the time
When the first light shall burst!
Sursum Corda!

Four—and a streak of day!
At the cock-crowing He may come;
And still to all I say,
Watch—and with awe be dumb.
Fili David!

Five!—and the tapers now
In rosy morning dimly burn!
Stand, and be girded thou,
Thy Lord will yet return!
Veni Jesu!

Hark! 'tis the Matin call!
Oh, when our Lord shall come again
At prime, or even-fall,
Blest are the wakeful men!
Nuno dimittis!

THE SABBATH.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

FRESH glides the brook, and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill,
The whirling wheel—the rushing sail—
How motionless and still !

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of Want may be ;
The seventh—thy limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free.

Ah, tender as the Law that gave
This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know the wheel may rest !

But where the waves the gentlest glide,
What image charms, to lift thine eyes ?
The spire reflected on the tide,
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler growth,
This rest from mortal toils is given ;—
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass—a guest to heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming-school,
 Of Power, from old dominion hurled,
 When rich and poor, with juster rule,
 Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since Time itself began,
 That fable hath but fooled the hour;
 Each age that ripens Power in man,
 But subjects man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least
 One brief Republic shall be known.
 Man's world, awhile, has surely ceased,
 When God proclaimed His own!

Six days may Rank divide the poor,
 O Dives, from thy banquet-hall—
 The seventh—the Father opes the door,
 And holds His feast for all!

PAST AND PRESENT YEARS.

Campbell.

THE more we live, more brief appear
 Our life's succeeding stages!
 A day to childhood seems a year,
 And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals, lingering like a river smooth,
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of death,
Find we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

TIME'S FOOTSTEPS.

Translation of an Ancient Spanish Poem.

O, LET the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses, and awake
 To see how soon
Life, in its glories, glides away,
And the sure footsteps of decay
 Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing footsteps glide
 Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
 That will not last.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
 To-morrow than to-day ;—
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight,
 Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
 Are doomed to fall—
The sea of Death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
 And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulet's glide
 To that sad wave !
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
 Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place ;—
Life but the running of a race,
 And Death the goal.
There all our glittering toys are brought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
 Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all the glittering toys of earth
 That lure us here—
Dreams of a sleep that Time must break.
Alas ! before it bids us wake,
 We disappear.

Long ere the damp of Death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
 Has passed away.
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair ;
Age came, and laid his impress there—
 And where are they ?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone ?
The strength is gone—the step is slow—
And days grow wearisome with woe,
As Time steals on !

C H A N G E .

WE did not fear them once—the dull gray mornings
No cheerless burden on our spirits laid ;
The long night-watches did not bring us warnings
That we were tenants of a house decayed.
The early snows to us like dreams descended ;
The frost wrought fairy work on pave and bough ;
Beauty, and power, and wonder have not ended—
How is it that we fear the winters now ?

The house-fires fall as bright on hearth and chamber ;
The northern star-light shines as coldly clear ;
The woods still keep their holly for December,
The bells ring joyous still for the New Year—
And far away, in old-remembered places,
The snow-drop rises, and the robin sings,
The sun and moon still look with loving faces—
Why have our days forgot such goodly things ?

It is that now the north wind finds us shaken
By tempests fiercer than its bitter blast,
Which fair beliefs, and friendships too have taken
Away like summer foliage as they passed,
And made life leafless in its pleasant valleys
Waning the light of promise from our day,
Till mists meet even in the inward palace
A dimness,—not like theirs, to pass away!

It was not thus, when dreams of loves and laurels
Gave sunshine to the winters of our youth,
Before its hopes had died in Fate's keen quarrels,
Or Time had bowed them with its heavy truth;
Ere yet the twilight found us strange and lonely,
With shadows thickening, as the fire burns low,
To tell of distant graves and losses only—
The past, that cannot change and will not go.

Alas! dear friends, the winter is within us;
Hard is the ice that grows about the heart;
For petty cares and vain regrets have won us
From life's true heritage and better part.
Seasons and skies rejoice, nay worship rather.
But myriads toil and tremble e'en as we,
Hoping for harvests they will never gather,
Fearing the winters they may never see.

THE DYING YEAR.

Mrs. Sigourney.

VOICE of the dying year ! I hear thy moan,
Like some spent breaker of the distant sea
Chafing the fretted rock. Is this the end
Of thy fresh morning music, gushing out,
In promises of hope ? Have the bright flush
Of Spring's young beauty, crowned with budding flowers,
The passion vow of Summer, and the pledge
Of faithful Autumn, come to this ?
I see the youngling moon go down the west,
The midnight clock gives warning, and its stroke
Must be thy death-knell. Is its quivering gasp
The last sad utterance of thy agony ?
I see thy clay-cold fingers strive to clasp
Some prop—in vain !

And so thou art no more—
No more ! Thy rest is with oblivious years
Beyond the flood. Yet when the Trump shall sound,
Blown by the strong Archangel, thou shalt wake
From the dim sleep of ages. When the tombs
That lock their slumbering tenants cleave in twain,
Thou shalt come forth. Yea, thou shalt rise again.
And I shall look upon thee when the dead
Stand before God. But come not murmuring forth,
Unwillingly, like Samuel's ghost, summoned

To daunt me at the Judgment. No, be kind—
 Be pitiful—bear witness tenderly ;—
 And if thou hast a dark account for me,
 Go, dip thy dread scroll in Redeeming Blood !

A U T U M N F L O W E R S .

Mrs. Scuthey.

THESE few pale autumn flowers !
 How beautiful they are—
 Than all that went before,
 Than all the summer store,
 How lovelier far !

And why ?—they are the *last*—
 The last—the last !
 Oh, by that little word
 How many thoughts are stirr'd !
 That sister of the past !

Pale flowers—pale fading flowers !
 Ye're types of precious things ;
 Types of those better moments
 That flit like life's enjoyments
 On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
 (That time the fastest spends.)
 Last tears—in silence shed,
 Last words—half uttered,
 Last looks of dying friends !

Who but would fain compress
 A life into a day ;
 The last day spent with one
 Who, ere the morrow's sun,
 Must leave us—and for aye ?

O precious, precious moments !
 Pale flowers, ye're types of those—
 The saddest—sweetest—dearest !
 Because, like those the nearest
 Is an eternal close.

Pale flowers—pale fading flowers !
 I woo your gentle breath ;
 I leave the summer-rose
 For younger, fairer brows—
 Ye tell of change and death !

THE DEAD YEAR.

Jean Ingeloto.

ON her bier
 Quiet lay the buried year ;
 I sat down where I could see
 Life without, and sunshine free—
 Death within. And I between,
 Waited my own heart to wean

From the shroud that shaded her
 In the rock-hewn sepulchre ;
 Waited till the dead should say,
 “ Heart, be free of me this day”—
 Waited with a patient will—
And I wait between them still.

WITHERING.

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

WITHERING—withering ! all are withering—
 All of Hope’s flowers that youth hath nursed.—
 Flowers of Love—too early blossoming ;—
 Buds of Ambition—too frail to burst.
 Faintly, faintly, O ! how faintly
 I feel life’s pulses ebb and flow !
 Yet, Sorrow, I know thou dealest daintily
 With one who should not wish to live more.

Nay, why young heart thus timidly shrinking ?
 Why doth thy upward wing thus tire ?
 Why are thy pinions so droopingly sinking,
 When they should only waft thee higher ?—
 Upward—upward, let them be waving,
 Lifting thy soul toward her place of birth.
 There are guerdons There, more worth thy claiming,
 Far more than any that lure on earth.

L I F E.

Richard H. Wilde.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away !
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand—
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand.
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me!

A L A M E N T.

Shelley.

SWIFTER far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than clouds by night,
 Art thou come and gone—
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
 I am left alone.

The swallow-summer comes again,
The owlet-night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan-youth is fain
 To fly away as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow ;
Vainly would my winter borrow
 Leaves from any bough.

Lilies for an infant's bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
 Pansies my flowers shall be.
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear—
Let no friend, however dear,
 Waste one thought for me.

THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

Epes Sargent.

WE will not deplore them, the days that are past ;
The gloom of misfortune is over them cast—
They are lengthened by sorrow, and sullied by care,
Their griefs were too many, their joys were too rare ;
Yet, now that their shadows are on us no more,
Let us welcome the prospect that brightens before !

We have cherished fair hopes, we have plotted brave
schemes,
We have lived till we find them illusive as dreams ;
Wealth has melted like snow that is held in the hand,
And the steeps we have climbed have departed like sand ;
Yet should we despond while of health unbereft,
And honor, bright honor, and freedom are left ?

O, shall we despond while the pages of Time
Yet open before us their pages sublime !
While ennobled by treasures more precious than gold,
We can walk with the martyrs and heroes of old ;
While Humanity whispers such truths in the ear,
Which softens the heart like sweet music to hear ?

O, shall we despond, while with visions still free,
We can gaze on the sky, and the earth, and the sea ;

While the sunshine can waken a burst of delight,
 And the stars are our joy, and a glory by night ;
 While each harmony running through Nature can raise
 In our spirits the impulse of gladness and praise ?

O ! let us not longer, then, vainly lament
 Over scenes that are faded, and days that are spent ;
 But, by Faith unforsaken—unawed by mischance,
 On Hope's waving banner still fix'd be our glance ;—
 And should Fortune prove cruel and false to the last,
 Let us look to the Future—and not to the Past.

DEPARTED DAYS.

Oliber W. Holmes.

YES, dear departed, cherished days,
 Could Memory's hand restore
 Your morning light, your evening rays,
 From Time's gray urn once more,
 Then might this restless heart be still,
 This straining eye might close,
 And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
 While the fair phantom rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
 We strive against the stream,
 Each moment further from the shore
 Where Life's young fountains gleam—

Each moment fainter wave the fields,
 And wilder rolls the sea ;
 The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
 Day fades—and where are we ?

SOJOURNING AT AN INN.

A. D. J. Randolph.

I LOOK abroad upon the verdant fields ;
 The song of birds is on the summer air ;—
 Within, how many a treasure something yields,
 To bless my life, and round the edge of care !
 And yet, the earth and air,
 All that seems good and fair,
 That still is mine—or once hath been,
 Now teach that I am but a Pilgrim here,
 Without a home—and dwelling at an Inn.

Not ever has the out-look been so clear—
 There have been days, when stormy gusts went by ;
 Nights, when my wearied heart was full of fear,
 And God seemed further off than stars or sky.
 E'en then, when grief was nigh,
 My soul could sometimes cry
 Out of the depths of sorrow and of sin,
 That I, at worst, was but a Pilgrim here,
 With home beyond, while dwelling at an Inn.

Now, I complain, not of this life of mine,
I less of shade have had, than of the sun ;
The gracious Father, with a hand Divine,
Has crowned with mercies His unworthy one ;
My cup has overrun,
And I, His will undone,
Have changed His blessings into sin,
As I forgot I was a Pilgrim here,
Homeless at best, and dwelling at an Inn.

Look at me, Lord ! Have I not need to pray
That this fair world, which gives so much to me,
Serve not to lead my steps so far astray,
That at the end they leave me not with Thee ?
Dear Lord, let not this be ;
Nay, rather let me see
Beyond this life my days begin ;
And singing on my way, a Pilgrim here,
Rejoice that I am dwelling at an Inn.

Dear Son of God ! by whom this world was made,
Yet homeless, had not where to lay Thy head,
(Not e'en by kindred was Thy body laid
In Joseph's tomb—Thou Lord of quick and dead !)
By Thy example led,
Of me may it be said,
When I shall rest, and peace begin,
He lived as one who was a Pilgrim here,
And found his home, while dwelling at an Inn.

L O O K I N G H O M E W A R D .

Spitta.

AH! this heart is void and chill,
 'Mid earth's noisy thronging—
For the Father's mansion still
 Vehemently is longing!

In the garments once so strong
 Now are rents distressing ;
And the sandals borne so long
 Heavily are pressing.

Ah! to be at home, and gain
 All for which we're sighing—
From all earthly want and pain
 To be swiftly flying!

With this load of sin and care,
 Then no longer bending,
But with waiting angels, there,
 On our Lord attending!

Ah! how greatly blessed they
 Who have rightly striven,
And rejoice eternally
 With the Lord, in Heaven!

I AM WEARY.

"Hymns of the Church Militant."

I AM weary of straying ; oh, fain would I rest
In the far-distant land of the pure and the blest,
Where sin can no longer its blandishments spread,
And fears and temptations forever are fled !

I am weary of hoping, where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew ;
I long for that land whose blest promise alone
Is changeless and sure as Eternity's throne !

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fled at their birth ;
O'er the pangs of the loved, that we cannot assuage,
O'er the brightness of youth, and the weakness of age.

I am weary of loving what passes away :
The sweetest, the dearest, alas ! may not stay ;—
I long for that land where these partings are o'er,
And death and the grave can divide hearts no more !

I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving Thy love ;
Oh, when shall I rest in Thy presence above ?
I am weary—but oh ! let me never repine,
While Thy word, and Thy love, and Thy promise are
mine !

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

Burns.

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like sna'—wraiths in tha', Jean,
 I'm wearin' awa'
 To the Land o' the Leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nither could nair care, Jean,
The days are a' fair
 I' the Land o' the Leal.

O, dry your glistening e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
 And angels beckon me
 To the Land o' the Leal.
Ye have been gude an' true, Jean,
Your task's near ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
 To the Land o' the Leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And we grudged her sair
 To the Land o' the Leal!
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joys are coming fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last,
 I' the Land o' the Leal.

Our friends are a' gane, Jean,
 We've long been left alane, Jean,
 We'll a' meet again
 I' the Land o' the Leal.
 Then fare thee weel, my ain Jean,
 This warld's cares are vain, Jean,
 We'el meet, an' a'll be plain,
 I' the Land o' the Leal!

"MY AIN COUNTREE."

I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary oftenwhiles,
 For the langed-for hame—bringing, an' my Father's welcome
 smiles ;
 I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see
 The gowden gates o' Heaven, an' my ain Countree !

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh an' gay.
 The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae ;
 But these sights an' these soun's will be naething to me,
 When I hear the Angels singing, in my ain Countree !

I've His gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the
 King
 To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring ;
 Wi' een an' wi' hearts running o'er, we shall see
 The King in His beauty, an' our ain Countree !

My sins have been mony, an' my sorrows ha' been sair,
 But There, they'll nair mair vex me, nair be remembered
 mair ;

His bluid hath made me white, His hand shall dry mine ee,
 When He brings me hame at last, to my ain Countree !

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
 I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Saviour's breast ;
 For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like
 me,
 An' He carries them Himsel' to His ain Countree !

He's faithfu' that hath promised ; He'll surely come again :
 He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken ;
 But He bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be
 To gang at ony moment to my ain Countree !

So I'm watching aye an' singing o' my hame, as I wait,
 For the sounin' o' His foot-fa' this side the Gowden Gate.
 God gie His grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
 That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain Countree !

"ONLY WAITING."

"ONLY waiting" till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown ;
 "Only waiting" till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam has flown ;

Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day ;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

"Only waiting" till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer's time is faded,
And the autumn's winds have come.
Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart—
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

"Only waiting" till the angels
Open wide the Mystic Gate,—
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate :
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices, far away ;
If they call me, I am waiting—
Only waiting to obey.

"Only waiting" till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam has flown :
Then, from out the gathering darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies !

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